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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

HERMAN MELVILLE.
By Lewis Mumford. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 377 pp. *New York*

Mr. Mumford sees Melville as one of the final and most glorious flowers of the "two hundred and fifty years of life in America" which ended with the catastrophe of the Civil War. The present generation, he believes, is turning to him because the new civilization that then succeeded the old has revealed its "lopsidedness, its aimlessness, its grand attempt to conceal its emptiness by extending concrete roads and asphalted streets and vacuum cleaners to more and more remote terrains." The genius of Melville culminated in "Moby-Dick." When he came to it, with "Typee" and the other South Sea books behind him, he mounted to "that lonely wind-swept plateau in whose rarefied air only the finest imaginations can breathe." It belongs with "Hamlet" and "The Brothers Karamazov" and "War and Peace." Mr. Mumford, with great diligence, has got together more matter than appears in any other account of Melville. The story of the man's hapless life is related at every step to the ideas visible in his books. There is detailed and painstaking criticism of those books, and most of it is penetrating and sound. The sixth chapter, describing the writing of "Moby-Dick," was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December, 1928. At the end of the volume there is a bibliographical note, followed by an index.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR: *Landlord of New York.*
By Arthur D. Howden Smith.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 296 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Smith admits frankly that he is on Astor's side. The old fellow, in the course of his long life of money-getting, grabbed it wherever and however he could, and without any too delicate regard for the claims of others, but there was nevertheless something unmistakably gallant about him and "bafflingly attractive." He was, in the main, "quite blandly antisocial," but, "capable at the same time of the loftiest affection." Like most of his descendants, male and female, he made a good marriage, and was eager for countenance as a man of fashion. How much he was worth when he died is not known. Common report put it at $20,000,000, but his grandson, Charles Astor Bristed, who had turned literary, protested that it was "a little less than $8,000,000." Very little of it went for public purposes; he thought of his family first, and his heirs have followed his example to this day. Since his death ingenious genealogists have provided him with a florid pedigree going back to Pedro d'Astorga, a knight of Castile who fell before Jerusalem in 1100. But all that is known of a certainty is that he was born in the little village of Waldorf near Heidelberg, and that his father was the town butcher and a considerable drinker. Mr. Smith's account of him is careful and interesting.

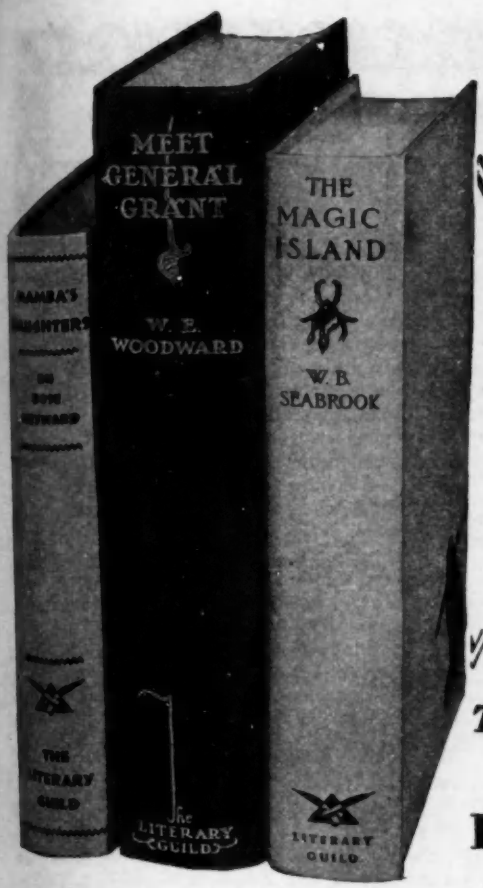
JOHN MITCHELL. *Miner.*
By Elsie Glück. *The John Day Company*
$3 9½ x 6½; 270 pp. *New York*

Mitchell died in 1919, at the age of forty-nine. For ten years he had been boss of the United Mine Workers, and probably did more than anybody else to make that organization a powerful union. He increased the miners' wages, decreased their working hours, and did away with many of the restrictions formerly imposed upon them by their employers. With this he seemed to have been satisfied, and there he stopped. It was thus not long after he quit office, in 1908, that the troubles of the mine workers began all over again: unemployment, low wages and the old restrictions. He did not know what to do, and apparently did not worry very much. He had no labor philosophy, and was even more conservative in both his politics and economics than Gompers. He was always for "dignity and proper restraint," and was heart-broken when President Wilson failed to appoint him Secretary of Labor. The last ten years of his life he spent as a Chautauqua lecturer and as chairman of the Trade Agreement Department of the National Civic Federation, Mark Hanna's organization for the smoothing out of labor difficulties—and also as a gambler in the stock market. The general impression was that he was a poor man, but when he died he left an estate of almost $250,000, most of it in railroad and mine stocks. In 1924 a monument was erected to his memory in Scranton, Pa., and on it was graven the legend, "Champion of Labor—Defender of Human Rights." Professor John R. Common, the illustrious authority on labor matters, says in the introduction to this book that Mitchell's life "is a useful lesson in leadership and democracy." Miss Glück has amassed a great deal of material, but her writing is rather dull. There is a bibliography.

ROBERT A. WOODS.
By Eleanor H. Woods. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8⅞ x 6; 376 pp. *Boston*

Robert A. Woods was born in 1865 and died in 1925. He spent the greater part of his adult life in and about

Continued on page vi



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

Boston, and it is there that he achieved the reputation of being perhaps the greatest social worker America has ever had. Since his death four years ago he has grown greatly in stature, and several professors have even gone so far as to call him a profound social and political philosopher. This is going a little too far. He surely did a great deal for the poor of Boston: he got them free public baths and free public parks, and he did much for the education of their children. The South End House, which he founded and guided as long as he lived, was and still is a model settlement house. He wrote wisely and courageously about municipal government, and his two books on the subject, "Americans in Process" and "The City Wilderness," can still be read with profit. When Mr. Woods discoursed on the problems of city life, he was nearly always on solid ground, but when he ventured beyond he usually made a sorry spectacle of himself. He was against socialism and capitalism and communism, but he had no well-considered opinions about any of them. He wrote a lot of nonsense about "the socialized captain of industry" and about instilling "the democratic spirit" into employers. He had "a sublime confidence in the administrative powers of the Federal government," and was heartily in favor of national Prohibition. He thought that the latter would prove especially beneficial to the people of Irish antecedents, because "the loss of drink would mean a restoration of native powers of exceptional quality." The author of the present biography is Mr. Woods' widow, and was associated with him in most of his social work. The book is heavily documented, and there are five illustrations.

THE MAGNIFICENT MONTMORENCY.
By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.75 8¾ x 5¼; 285 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hartmann tells us he "had known little of him [Henri Duc de Montmorency, 1595–1632] beyond the fact that he was a great nobleman executed for opposition to Richelieu and rebellion against Louis XIII," until he came upon "a manuscript of the duke's trial and execution." Handsome, clever and romantic, Henri caused his devoted, pious wife much distress. But battle was his forte and he fought against the Italians and Spaniards for a thankless king. Finally, he cast his lot with the Orléanist troops, whose failure to overthrow Richelieu caused his collapse. Louis was deaf to the pleas of the many friends who asked for mercy for the defeated duke, and he was brought to the scaffold. There are eight illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

JAMES FORD RHODES. *American Historian.*
By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 376 pp. *New York*

Rhodes was born in Cleveland in 1848, and devoted the first forty-five years of his life to the management of a large pig iron company. Having accumulated a fortune by the turn of the century, he relinquished all his business connections, and spent the rest of his days in literary pursuits, especially the writing of history. He died in 1927. His "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the End of the Roosevelt Administration," in nine volumes, will be remembered. It is an uneven work. The volumes dealing with the period of the Civil War will perhaps remain the standard work on the subject for many years to come, but those that follow are not so good. Mr. Howe is an old hand at the writing of biography, and thus his book is ably put together, and makes good reading. But like all his other essays in the field it is somewhat lacking in insight. There is a complete bibliography of Rhodes' work.

ROYAL ELIZABETHS. *The Romance of Five Princesses, 1464–1840.*
By E. Thornton Cook. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 163 pp. *New York*

The five Elizabeths are Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville; Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn; Elizabeth Stewart, "First-Dochteur of Scotland" and "Queen of Hearts"; Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I and Henrietta Maria; and Elizabeth, Princess of England, daughter of George III and Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. For those unacquainted with the lives of these royal ladies, there is much entertaining material here. There are illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
By Margaret Kuelbaum-Siebert.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 504 pp. *New York*

The author confines this romantic biography to the eight years in which Mary Stuart reigned in Scotland. The lovely, intelligent, witty Queen of Scots comes out of the story with blood on her hands: it is hard to believe that she did not know of the plot against Darnley at Kirk-o'-fields. The story ends with her flight to England. A vivid, dramatic recital, from which she emerges as a highly emotional, proud woman who ofttimes fought her enemies recklessly. The translation from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton is excellent.

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Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS

Published Once A Month By Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 386 Fourth Avenue, New York Copyright, 1929

The Editorial Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club consists of:

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HERE are some interesting and pertinent data for the intelligent book-reader, who for one reason or another finds he does not read as many of the new books as he would like to. It is a list of the books the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have chosen as the "book-of-the-month," in addition to those recommended, in the last three years. Here they are, going backward from June, 1929.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	Remarque
A PREFACE TO MORALS	Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH	Francis Hackett
CRADLE OF THE DEEP	Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER	Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH & HIS BRETHREN	H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND	Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS	Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN	Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI	Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE	
TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM	George Bernard Shaw
THE CLOSED GARDEN	Julian Green
THE HOTEL	Elisabeth Bowen
DELUGE	S. Fowler Wright
DISRAELI	Andre Maurois
CLAIRE AMBLER	Booth Tarkington
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Carl Sandburg
RED SKY AT MORNING	Margaret Kennedy
RIGHT OFF THE MAP	C. E. Montague
DUSTY ANSWER	Rosamond Lehmann
MEANWHILE	H. G. Wells
YOUR MONEY'S WORTH	Chase & Schlink
GIANTS IN THE EARTH	O. E. Rolvaag
MARCHING ON	James Boyd
REVOLT IN THE DESERT	T. E. Lawrence
ELMER GANTRY	Sinclair Lewis
NAPOLEON	Emil Ludwig
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS	Ed. by Bliss Perry
THE ORPHAN ANGEL	Elinor Wylie
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS	Ellen Glasgow
THE TIME OF MAN	Elisa M. Roberts
SHOW BOAT	Edna Ferber
THE SILVER SPOON	John Galsworthy
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID	W. N. Burns
O GENTEEL LADY	Esther Forbes
TEEFTALLOW	T. S. Stribling
LOLLY WILLOWES	Sylvia Townsend Warner

In addition to this list, *between six and seven hundred books* during the last three years have been reported upon and recommended by our judges. Our subscribers did not have to take any one of the books above, but could have taken one of these alternates. One-third of our subscribers —*thirty-five thousand every month*—either do this, or avail themselves of the privilege of taking no book at all, when none of those reported upon appeals to them.

It should be remembered, also, that sometimes a worthy book has not been chosen in a particular month, but could only be strongly recommended as an alternate because our five judges felt that there was some other *more* worthy book, in their opinion, which should be chosen.

This list, we believe, is one to be proud of. Our judges are human. They have made some mistakes in their choices; and know it. But, on the whole, we feel their record is a remarkable one—and completely refutes the few critics who have been absurdly barking at them, for the last three years, on the ground that they are popularizing "cheap" books, with no literary merit. And when it is remembered that 35,000 of our subscribers every month either take one of the alternate books reported upon, or none at all,—the further criticism that they are "standardizing" reading, and leading our subscribers by the nose, also shows up, clearly, for the kind of twaddle that it is.

One of the leading publishers in the United States tells everybody who asks him that, since the Book-of-the-Month Club started, it is far easier for publishers and booksellers to sell worthy books than before. In other words, one clear effect of this new development in the book world is *that the standard of best sellers has been raised!* We believe many publishers would agree with this.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE NEW DAY.
By Herbert Hoover. *The Stanford University Press*
$3 8¾ x 5⅜; 230 pp. *Palo Alto, Calif.*

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, now a member of the Cabinet, introduces this collection of Dr. Hoover's campaign speeches by comparing them to the speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas debate. It would be hard to imagine anything more silly, even coming from a politician. They are chiefly remarkable, in fact, for their vapidity. Nowhere in them is there to be found any frank and honest discussion of the real issues of the campaign. They show only a puerile evasiveness, and the shabby English in which they are couched well matches the hollowness of their content. They deserve to be read and pondered, if only as a proof of the depths to which American political discussion has sunk.

THE ECONOMICS OF FARM RELIEF.
By Edwin R. A. Seligman.
The Columbia University Press
$3 7⅞ x 5½; 303 pp. *New York*

The adverse reaction of American agriculture after the World War, says Professor Seligman, was due "to the deflation, to the increase of supply here and abroad, to the collapse of the foreign market, and to the disappearance of price fixing." There is no specific remedy for the present-day troubles of the farmer, but there are several economically sound ameliorative measures. The Federal government ought to do something in the way of lowering agricultural freight rates, and should be ready "to defray the deficit which might result" from such action. As for the development of water transportation, "the time has not yet come for the expenditure of the billions of dollars requisite for this purpose, and . . . the same objects can be secured more cheaply and on the whole more equably by devoting the funds to land rather than to water transportation." In the matter of the tariff, "a reversal of the policy of industrial protection is not immediately to be expected, and an increase in agricultural protection can be of little avail in most of the cases where we are still on an export basis." A great deal could be accomplished by the creation of a Federal Farm Board, independent of the Department of Agriculture but closely affiliated with it. Its chief activity "must be devoted to securing a more equable feeding of the supply to the market throughout the season, which can be accomplished only by controlling, through the proper organizations or corporations, each respective crop as a whole."

A SOCIAL INTERPRETATION OF EDUCATION.
By Joseph K. Hart. *Henry Holt & Company*
$4.50 8¾ x 5½; 458 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hart is professor of education at the University of Wisconsin. His main thesis is that what is taught and what in general goes on in the average schoolroom is in no way related to what goes on in real life, and that schools are thus "impertinences . . . and immoral institutions. . . . The curriculum is, even now, in multitudes of cases, something to be escaped from by the most alert children and youths, in order that their real education may get ahead—by means of extra-curricular activities." Little can be expected from the New Pedagogy: "it helps to produce a mechanician rather than a teacher." Worse, it is blind to the real educational problem. "The true educational agency is the community within which and by means of which the individual comes to whatever maturity he reaches." Thus the real problem is this: "How can youth avoid the dead hand of the past, and still secure for its own uses the living tissues of the past? Or, how can the new generation escape the domination of the passing generation, and yet come into possession of the wisdom that the world has found, to date?" Dr. Hart merely posits the problem; he does not offer a solution. Nevertheless, his book is full of sense. It belongs to the American Social Science Series, edited by Professor Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina.

CIVIC TRAINING IN SOVIET RUSSIA.
By Samuel N. Harper. *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 9¾ x 6½; 401 pp. *Chicago*

That every phase of life in Russia has been strongly affected by Bolshevik propaganda has been known for a long time, but Dr. Harper is the first American investigator to tell precisely and fully how this influence works. He knows his Russia very well; he has visited it off and on from the days of the Revolution of 1905, and was last there in the Summer and Autumn of 1926. His inquiry covers every phase of Soviet culture, from the periodical press and the public celebrations to the radio and the cinema. There is also an excellent introductory chapter dealing with the inner politics of the Communist party. In all the Bolshevik civic enterprises, says Dr. Harper, "the two ideas of promoting the international movement centered at Moscow and of defending the Soviet Union are always present." There is an extensive bibliography.

Continued on page x

YALE

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By George Vernadsky

Research Associate in History, Yale University

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EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Robert A. Millikan. 95 pages. $1.00

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

THE LAW

THE MILLIGAN CASE.
Edited by Samuel Klaus. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 476 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of a series of American Trials, to be issued at intervals under the editorship of Samuel Klaus of the New York bar, with Professor Underhill Moore of Columbia and James N. Rosenberg as consultants. Though American jurisprudence is rich in interesting cases there has been no such series heretofore; in England there are several. The Milligan case is known to all lawyers, for it was the most important piece of domestic litigation issuing out of the Civil War, but its record is not generally accessible. Here it is set forth at length, with a long and learned introduction by the editor, and an appendix giving the proceedings of the court martial which tried Milligan and his associates, and a brief record of the analogous Merryman case, with Chief Justice Taney's historic decision therein. Many eminent counsel appeared in the Milligan case when it came before the Supreme Court, including James A. Garfield and David Dudley Field for the petitioner and Benjamin F. Butler for the government. The principles enunciated in the case are now chiefly of historical interest, for during the World War they were generally ignored by the Federal courts, though not, perhaps, formally repudiated. The present volume is well printed and substantially bound and at the end of it there is a good bibliography, but an index is unaccountably omitted, as is a list of the illustrations, all of them portraits of the judges and lawyers concerned. Subsequent volumes in the series will deal with the case of the Chicago anarchists, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tenn., the case of Laidlaw against Sage, the Leo Frank case in Georgia, the Victor G. Berger case, and other such celebrated cases. The records of many of them are now hard to get at, and some have never been printed at all.

CURIOUS TRIALS & CRIMINAL CASES, *From Socrates to Scopes.*
By Edward Hale Bierstadt. *Coward-McCann*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 366 pp. *New York*

Beginning with the trial of Socrates, Mr. Bierstadt includes such representative cases as the trial of George Wishart, burnt for heresy, in 1545; the trial of Mrs. Arden, and other divers persons, for the murder of Mr. Arden, 1551; the trial of Count Königsmark and others, for the murder of Thomas Thynn, 1682; the trial of Arthur Gray, for burglary and intended rape, 1721; the trial of Robert Francis Damiens, for stabbing Louis XV, 1757; the trial of William Henry, Duke of Cumberland, for adultery with Lady Grosvenor, 1770; the trial of the Wakefields for conspiracy and for the abduction of Miss Turner, 1827; the trial of Bastien and Robert, 1833, for the murder of Madama Houet; and finally, the trial of Scopes. Mr. Bierstadt describes many of the early trials in the language of their original commentators. There is a statement of sources at the end and many illustrations.

HISTORY

THE CRUISE OF THE *KRONPRINZ WILHELM.*
By Alfred von Niezychowski.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 *Garden City, L. I.*
8⅛ x 5⅜; 304 pp.

The *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, one of the star ships of the North-German Lloyd fleet, was at Hoboken on August 2, 1914. Next day she sailed with sealed orders, two days later she met the cruiser *Karlsruhe* at sea and was transformed into an auxiliary cruiser, and thereafter, until April 10, 1915, she roamed the Atlantic, preying upon Allied shipping. In all, she remained at sea 251 days, and during that time covered 37,000 miles, and sank fourteen ships, aggregating 58,201 tons. Her coal and provisions she got from her prizes, always on the open sea. Scores of Allied warships joined in the effort to hunt her down, but she always escaped, and in the end she reached Hampton Roads and was interned at Norfolk. Count Niezychowski, who was one of her officers, is a Pole by birth and has become an American citizen since the war. His narrative is simply but vividly written, and is full of thrills. The *Kronprinz* made dozens of narrow escapes, and was reported sunk as many times. Her last and greatest exploit was her eluding of the British warships off the Virginia Capes. They were on the watch for her, but she slipped past them in the night, passing between two that were no more than a mile apart. When she reached her berth at Norfolk she had less than enough coal left for a day's steaming. There is a foreword to the book by Rear Admiral Walter McLean, U. S. Navy, ret. "It shows," he says, "that Germany, in war, had the same sense of chivalry on which we prided ourselves." There are also a brief introduction by Count Felix von Luckner, and many illustrations.

MEDIEVAL CULTURE: *An Introduction to Dante & His Times.*
By Karl Vosler. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$8 8⅝ x 5½; 2 vols.; 354+454 pp. *New York*

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Continued on page xii

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Continued from page x

(it turns out, by the way, that they are very slim), the author proceeds to deal with the theological, political and ethical ideas prevailing in Europe in Dante's time, and then takes up the matter of the poet's character as patriot, Christian, moralist, lover and man. All of these things are gone into at great length. In order to elucidate the medieval concept of immortality, for example, the author goes back to the beliefs of the Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians. The result is a vast accumulation of information, some of it relevant and some of it not. The work is scarcely to be read *seriatim*. Rather it is a mammoth commentary, to be consulted by the lover of Dante as difficulties confront him. Its value is greatly increased by a long bibliographical note by J. E. Spingarn, confined to books in English. Dr. Spingarn not only lists these books; he summarizes their contents briefly and pungently. The excellent translation is by William Cranston Lawton. There is a good index.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.
By Ford Madox Ford. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4½; 149 pp. *Philadelphia*

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN HISTORY.
By Samuel Eliot Morison. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4½; 157 pp. *Philadelphia*

These are the first two volumes of the new Lippincott One Hour Series, to be made up of brief historical surveys of the various arts and sciences. The Ford history of the English novel leaves much to be desired. It is badly organized, and so clumsily written that long stretches of it come very close to being unintelligible. Moreover, it is full of strange and unsupported critical opinions. For example: (*a*) "Great imaginative literature began in England with Archbishop Warham in the Sixteenth Century and ended with the death of Thomas Vaughan . . . in the first year of the Eighteenth Century, to come to life again with Joseph Conrad and the *Yellow Book* about 1892 and once more to disappear about the fourth of August, 1914;" (*b*) " 'The Time of Man' is the most beautiful piece of writing that has yet come out of America;" (*c*) "The English language is not very distinguished for its prose;" (*d*) "Dickens and Thackeray [were] immense amateurs who wrote from time to time very admirable passages;" and (*e*) "The author of 'Ulysses' . . . is certainly the greatest of all virtuosos of the word." Dr. Morison's book is in marked contrast to Ford's pretentious and mainly silly essay. It is well planned, it is ably written, it is as comprehensive as the allotted space will allow, and it shows an intelligent point of view. It also contains an excellent one page bibliography.

LITERATURE

CONTEMPORARY MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE.
Edited by William Rose & J. Isaacs. *The Dial Press*
$4 8⅞ x 5¾; 289 pp. *New York*

Eight different literary historians discourse here on the recent literature of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia and Czechoslovakia. All of them write in the manner of second-rate contributors to second-rate encyclopedias. The various bibliographies are so meagre as to be useless.

THE HEART OF HAWTHORNE'S JOURNALS.
Edited by Newton Arvin. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅜; 345 pp. *Boston*

This is a good book. It lives up in every way to the standard set by the Emerson and Thoreau volumes in the same series. If anything, it is probably a little more valuable, since it contains material hitherto in the sole possession of the Morgan Library. Mr. Arvin has made use only of absolutely authenticated Hawthorneiana; on this score he has made no excerpts from the still dubious First Diary. There is a very good index.

FRENCH NOVELISTS. *Manners and Ideas from the Renaissance to the Revolution.*
By Frederick C. Green. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 239 pp. *New York*

This history of one of the most brilliant, if not very prolific, periods in the history of French fiction is an able piece of work. It is comprehensive, it presents clearly the ideational origins of the several fictional movements, and it is informed with an intelligent critical sense. Dr. Green is professor of French at the University of Toronto. A bibliography would have added to the value of the book.

TRAVEL

CLAVIJO: *Embassy to Tamerlane: 1403–1406.*
Edited by Guy Le Strange. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8½ x 5½; 375 pp. *New York*

Together with a friar and an officer of the royal guard, Clavijo was sent to Tartary by Henry III of Castile in 1403. The Turks were then menacing Constantinople, and Tamerlane had joined the kings of Christendom in trying to beat them off. As a result of his aid they were kept out of the city until 1453. Clavijo expected to find Tamerlane somewhere in Georgia, but the great klan had moved eastward, and so he had to be followed to his capital, Samerkand.

Continued on page xiv

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The narrative is full of picturesque detail, and makes capital reading. Somewhat curiously, the translator has made use of a Spanish text printed in Russia in 1881. A MS., perhaps contemporary, survives in the Royal Library at Madrid; certainly it should have been consulted. The narrative was first printed in 1582. The last translation in English goes back to 1859. The present version is supplemented with excellent notes, and there is an adequate index. The volume belongs to the Broadway Travellers Series, edited by Sir E. Denison Ross and Eileen Power.

HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES. *The Isles of Greece.*
By George Horton. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 379 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mr. Horton was United States consul at Athens, Saloniki, Smyrna and Budapest from 1893 to 1924. There is much of interest and beauty in this account of the history and the folk-lore of Greece—the wonder-working icon of Tinos; Mykanos where, according to fable, the giants slain by Hercules were buried; Delos, famous as the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis; the island of Santorine, notorious in the Seventeenth Century as a nest of vampires; Crete, with its legend of Theseus and the Minotaur, and Mitylene, the home of Sappho. There are many illustrations and an index.

I DISCOVER GREECE.
By Harry A. Franck. *The Century Company*
$4 7⅞ x 5⅜; 359 pp. *New York*

In company with Mr. George H. Shorey, an old friend, Mr. Franck wandered all over Greece, and also found time for a preliminary look at Cyprus, now a British possession. His narrative is much like his previous accounts of pilgrimages to unfamiliar places. That is, it is full of pungent and amusing observation, but seldom gets much below the surface. He went to Greece in Summer and found it almost unbearably hot. Almost everywhere, even in the remotest parts of the country, he met Greeks who had been to America, and were eager to show off their American English. His book is illustrated with photographs made by himself.

CRITICISM

SWINBURNE.
By Samuel C. Chew. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5⅞; 335 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Chew has put in twenty years of work on this study of Swinburne, and it may well be that it is the best book on the man now in print. There is in it, among other things, the first comprehensive critique of Swinburne's dramatic and critical writings.

Continued on page xvi

Life and Labor in the Old South
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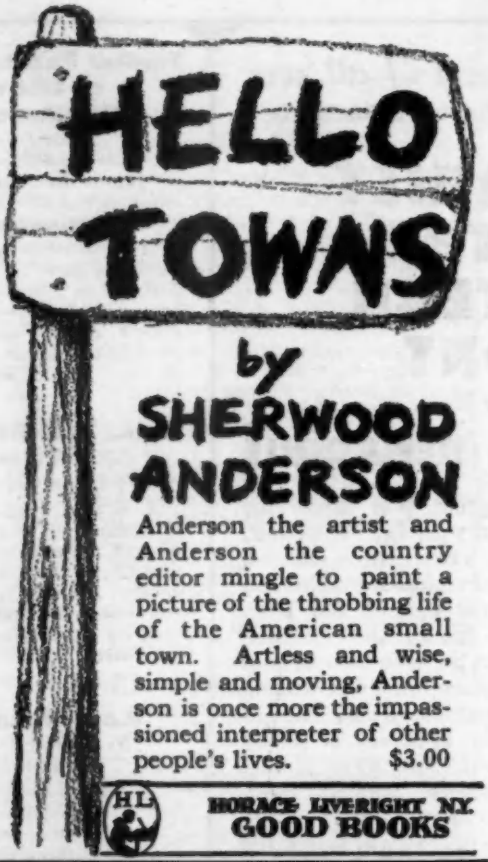
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As for his poetry, Dr. Chew agrees with Gosse that it was not of the first rank, nor even of the second rank. "If we view the [Nineteenth] Century as a whole, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning stand above him. Coleridge, by the quality of a few poems, is immeasurably his superior, but in the mass of his achievement less impressive. Byron equals him in mass and surpasses him in strength, but as an artist is far below him. Arnold offers special appeal to a limited number of minds. No one else can be brought into possible comparison." There are six illustrations and a bibliography.

THE GOOD ESTATE OF POETRY.

By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. *Little, Brown & Company*

$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 241 pp. *Bellon*

Dr. Tinker has been on this planet fifty-three years, and the greater part of that time he has spent studying the philosophy of *belles lettres*. He has written and edited numerous books of literary criticism, and since 1924 has been Sterling professor of English literature at Yale. The present work is his first major essay in the field of the criticism of poetry. Some of the profound things he says in it are the following: (*a*) The facts of a poet's life cannot always be relied upon to explain his verses: "it is the mark of the creative mind that in the very midst of its experience it begins to dramatize its sorrows." (*b*) No theories can ever really explain the emergence of a great poet: "it is perhaps time to remind ourselves that the poet is a divine accident." (*c*) All this talk about the need of a genuinely native American poetry is nonsense: many of our poets have dealt with American scenes—as witness Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell—and anyway, "the poet may lay his scene in the mountains of the moon or confine himself to the sidewalks of New York, provided only that he remain true to the Lord of Parnassus." (*d*) "The notion that a flourishing state of the arts is not unrelated to a firmly rooted faith, a conviction that this transitory life is somehow conditioned by and progressing toward a vaster life of which it is a part, is repugnant to many in our easy-going, fatalistic day; but it is a notion of the first importance to a good estate of poetry."

REPRINTS

THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL LORD OF MONTAIGNE.

Edited by Desmond MacCarthy.

E. P. Dutton & Company New York

$10 7⅜ x 5¼; 3 vols.; 371+523+431 pp.

This is a reprint of John Florio's translation, first published in 1603. It is apparently collated with the

Continued on page xviii

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later editions of 1613 and 1632. As far as possible, Florio's original spelling and pronunciation are preserved. The volumes are well printed and bound, and there are twenty-six excellent line drawings by G. E. Chambers, and many reproductions of old portraits in photogravure. At the end of the third volume there is a useful glossary, and following it a reprint (in French) of an essay on Montaigne by Emile Faguet, and an index. The last is confined to proper names.

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Continued on page xx

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Continued from page xviii

RELIGION

THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY.
By Peter Ainslie. *Willett, Clark & Colby*
$2 7½ x 5; 212 pp. *Chicago*

The scandal of Dr. Ainslie's title is interdenominational hatred. He argues very persuasively that so long as it continues unabated there will be only folly in talk of conquering the world for Christ. The fact is plain enough, but what is to be done about it does not appear. Despite various more or less gingery attempts at reunion, it seems manifest that the dislike and distrust of Christian for Christian is increasing rather than decreasing. Theology, after a long exile from the arena of practical politics, is now creeping back again, and mountebanks are getting into high office by the ancient device of fanning its flames. Dr. Ainslie, despite all this, cherishes certain hopes, but they run thin whenever he thinks of the Catholics, who are debarred from any serious *rapprochement* with Protestants by the vested interests of the Pope. He describes a conference of the Christian Unity League, at Baltimore last year, in which Catholics met (unofficially) with Methodists, Episcopalians and Unitarians, but though the other delegates swallowed their hatred of one another long enough to take communion together he seems to indicate that the Catholics held aloof. Dr. Ainslie is a believer in total immersion, but he is otherwise very liberal in his ideas and did himself honor during the World War by refusing to join his fellow divines in their bawling for blood.

GODS & MEN: *The Attainment of Immortality.*
By W. J. Perry. *William Morrow & Company*
$1 7 x 4⅜; 87 pp. *New York*

Professor Perry employs this brief treatise on the origin of gods to expound anew his familiar theory that the Egyptians were the originators of everything falling under the definition of civilization, and that, under the name of Children of the Sun, they carried it all over the world. His theory has holes in it, and here they are revealed in a very painful manner. It leads him, among other things, into arguing that the first gods were simply men who had set up a claim to divinity. Here he obviously confuses gods with priests. There is, in fact, not the slightest reason to believe that the first gods were men. Nor is there any sound evidence for the notion of Professor Perry, Dr. G. Elliot Smith and the other English dispersionists that the only inventors of religious and cultural ideas were the ancient Egyptians. That notion was put to death in a recent book by Dr. Roland B. Dixon, of Harvard, by title, "The Building of Cultures." In a final note Professor Perry announces that he will presently publish further material in support of his case. His case certainly needs it badly.

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

FICTION

THE PEEP SHOW.
By Alice Dudeney. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 346 pp. *New York*

The Hon. Penelope Wilson, upon the death of her aunts, with whom she has lived for forty years, leaves the old Georgian house at Brighton and goes to Paris in search of a man she was engaged to many years ago. Disappointed there, she proceeds to Coblenz and meets Andrew McShon, a wealthy Scotchman, seventeen years her junior. They fall in love at first sight. She takes him back home, and then the author draws back the curtain on her early life. The psychological research into Penelope's youth is good.

THE PATHWAY.
By Henry Williamson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 397 pp. *New York*

The author, who wrote so understandingly and beautifully of wild life in "Tarka, the Otter," deals with the mystical hero of this story quite as skillfully. William Maddison, a war veteran, returns to Devonshire, where he was born, a disillusioned Shelley, a befogged Jesus. He is graciously received by the people of the countryside, but they do not understand him. He falls in love with Mary Ogilvie and she, along with a younger sister, Jean, and a friend, Diana Shelly, all fall in love with him. Torn between what he would have life be and what it is, he drowns himself. A book of much beauty.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.
By Sarah Gertrude Millin. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 284 pp. *New York*

In this novel, compact of irony and compassion, Mrs. Millin tells the story of petty lives in the small town of Gibeon, in South Africa. There are Arnold Duerdon—Major Duerdon—who organizes the local Vigilants against the Kaffirs; Old Nathan, a Jewish shopkeeper, whose sole diversion is his weekly chess game with the German, Dr. Diethelm; Dr. Saul Nathan, Old Nathan's son, who comes home to practise medicine; and Hermia, Duerdon's wife, whom both Saul and Duerdon love—"a woman who had long ago discovered that one could exercise a great charm by being intimately inquisitive." Their lives, in the events Mrs. Millin describes, become inextricably tangled. The climax comes when Saul is killed in a Government attack on the Levites, a group of Kaffirs who have embraced the Baptist American theology of an epileptic Negro, Aaron, and gone to the height beyond Gibeon to await the coming of the Lord. In the end there are a series of tragic reconciliations, as Gibeon settles down to normal again. The Duerdons come to a closer understanding and Old Nathan resumes his chess with Dr. Diethelm. Mrs. Millin has done a novel worthy of her best.

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VOLUME XVII NUMBER 66

The American
MERCURY

June 1929

MURDER IN THE MAKING

BY LAWRANCE M. MAYNARD

IT IS probable that as kids the members of our gang were no worse than other youngsters. If some of them became outlaws and went to jail as they emerged from their teens it was not because they were vicious at heart. It was because the line of demarcation between the games of childhood and the crimes of adulthood was never fully comprehended by them. Their progress from neighborhood mischief-making to burglary and robbery was a slow, steady, insidious mutation until the arrival of Prohibition gave it its great encouraging push.

As kids of twelve they barricaded themselves in toy forts, heaving clods and sticks at opposing gangs in sham battles. After supper, under the arc-lights in the streets, they played run-sheep-run and cop-and-robber. Some smoked on the sly. Ev Drake, the oldest, had a girl. From him we absorbed our first lessons in biology, only half believing most of the things he told us in his supercilious, man-of-the-world way. None of the boys consciously thought of a future career of crime. Life was simply full of games which they tried to make realistic. Most of them came from unhappy homes in which fathers and mothers fought over domestic problems and let the kids run wild.

In later years when, still mere boys, some of them landed for the first time in jail, they were rather bewildered to discover that they were criminals. It was their first realization that the gentle outdoor sport known as lush-rolling was not a game, but a crime to be avenged by the law. They saw for the first time that using strong-arm methods on a citizen to relieve him of his surplus cash was not quite the same thing as a raid on a passing vegetable wagon, for which the worst thing that had ever happened to them had been an occasional bawling out by the cop on the beat. It surprised them to learn that a lush was not legitimate prey, and that any cash he might have managed to hold out from the saloon was not free booty for the first boy who found him. Very indignantly they went to jail.

Store-keepers in our neighborhood were wary of us. They allowed us to loaf around because they knew better than to antagonize us. The property of others had no real value in our eyes. We did not pause to consider what it might mean to old Uncle Sligo when we threw bricks through his shop window, smashing not only the window but breaking two show-cases inside as well. We did not consider his girl, Mary, who was crying in the back-room because she was lame and could not help the old man. Uncle Sligo had given us the bum's rush from his little store because we lifted pieces of his cheap candy and loafed there

in the evenings. For that we called him an old crab and wrecked his store. A short time later, because he was very old and it was time for him to go, he died. Then Mary Sligo, the cripple, ran the store by herself.

The boys probably felt as sorry for Mary as they could feel, in their thoughtless way, for anyone. They gave her their patronage, such as it was. She sold candy, cakes, ice-cream, soda-pop, fruits and watermelons in season—and she handled cigarettes. It cannot be said that she sold many cigarettes. Probably no member of the gang ever bought a pack. They all smoked moderately and they never lacked cigarettes, but to pay money for them was against their code. They felt about it much as a fisherman feels about purchasing trout in a fish-market. Earlier in life, they had felt the same about taking potatoes from the vegetable wagon.

Mary kept her stock of tobacco on a shelf back of the counter. Everything in her store was kept on low shelves, for she had to propel herself about in a wheeled-chair to wait on customers. Everything had to be within her reach. In our neighborhood she was no longer called Mary Sligo. We called her Crippled Mary. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed little thing who always smiled, but her smile hadn't any Pollyanna sweetness and light in it. It was rather the smile of one who has seen through life and thinks it not worth frowning about. Once she said:

"God made me a cripple, so He can just watch out for me. I ain't gonna pray none to Him, though. He can't expect me to beg for what He owes me, can He?"

It took Mary a long time to understand why, since she seldom sold a pack, her cigarettes disappeared so quickly from the shelf. Nobody ever robbed her of more than one pack at a time. When the gang had finished one, another was taken. All we had to do was reach over the counter when Mary's attention was distracted, and smokes for the gang would be in hand.

When she finally caught on she never said a word. She just had a couple of workmen come in and move her counter two feet farther from the wall and the shelves. But we were only temporarily disconcerted. How could Mary expect to outwit the combined ingenuity of the gang? Two days later her cigarettes were disappearing as persistently as ever. A common pin on the end of a stick bridged the space.

Never again did Mary make any effort to change the course of events in her life. The moving of the counter had been her one feeble effort to assert her will. After that she just smiled.

We didn't take the cigarettes in a spirit of meanness. We didn't consider it stealing. We did it in exactly the same spirit in which One-Eyed Connolly crashes the gate at a prize-fight.

II

The first really criminal job to be carried out by our gang was planned in the store of Crippled Mary, and Mary herself inspired it. In those pre-Prohibition days there was only one saloon in our neighborhood. It was patronized by the foreigners who worked on the docks nearby, and who lived in their own settlement half a mile away. Our own neighborhood, at that time, was populated almost exclusively by poor American families. The Polacks and Hunkies who patronized the saloon minded their own business, and we had nothing to do with them. But they made money for the saloon and for big Tony Amati, the saloon-keeper. It was known that a wealthy old woman owned the saloon, and that she collected a percentage from Tony.

The old woman was known as the Widow. A time was to come when every wife in our section expected to be widowed at any time, but at that time it was something of a distinction to be a widow. The title deserved capitalization.

One day the Widow came into Mary's for a dish of ice-cream. This was very unusual. When she had gone, Mary smiled and said:

"Well, Ev, if you had her dough you wouldn't have nothin' to worry about."

"Has she got much?" asked Ev Drake. He was a husky lad, always the instigator and leader of every adventure. Probably the least intelligent of our gang, he ruled it by strength of will. His one desire was to be feared and obeyed by his associates. He wished to be king of the neighborhood, and we were willing that it should be so. We had looked up to him since boyhood days, when he had awed us with the sorry details of his love affair. Even Crippled Mary always spoke directly to him when her words were meant for all of us.

"They say the Widow's a regular old miser," Mary answered Ev's query. "Keeps thousands of dollars hid in her old house. Never spends nothin'. Today's first time she's been in here for months. Must have a million dollars salted away. Don't keep it in no bank, neither."

The seed was planted. Almost without talking about it our gang decided that the Widow's hoard must be raided. It was known that she went for a walk every afternoon at two o'clock. She lived alone. The house would be deserted. Ev Drake was to ransack it while the rest of us watched the neighborhood to make sure that he was not disturbed. With the treasure we would all sail for China. Just why it was to be China would be hard to say. Probably it sounded romantic and adventurous. When we thought of large sums of money we always thought of travel. (Most of the still-living members of that gang still romance about foreign lands when they talk of the big hauls they intend to make when something breaks right for them. But most of them never travel beyond the jurisdiction of the cops who throw them into jail.)

Ev Drake did get into the Widow's house. He stayed there an hour. We waited anxiously, thinking that he must be having a bit of difficulty loading up all the money to be found there. We tried to appear nonchalant as we strolled about the neighborhood. Whenever two of us met we spoke in hushed, awed tones of the bonanza which was to make our fortunes.

When Ev finally emerged he had a yellow cat under his arm. We followed him to Crippled Mary's to get our share of the treasure, but he merely tossed the cat in Mary's lap and said:

"Here, Mary, you can have it."

"Where's the money?" somebody asked.

"There wasn't no money."

We were stupefied. From half a dozen throats came the question:

"What the hell did you take the cat for?"

"Well," he said, "the damned thing kept purrin' around all the time. I couldn't find no dough, an' that made me sore. So I just grabbed the cat an' beat it outa there. I just took the lousy cat 'cause I was sore."

We had dreamed of a million dollars, and we had got—a yellow cat. But we did not upbraid Ev, or tease him about the cat. His attitude toward his action was one of arrogance, so that the whole episode took on an air of heroism to us. Ev had a way of assuming that everything he did was right. Who were we to doubt it?

The next day we were in the store when one of the fellows came in and said to Ev:

"I seen Pat Kennedy, the cop, down the street. Says somebody stole the Widow's cat. Says the Widow is drivin' him crazy 'bout that fool cat. Says she thinks she's gonna die 'fore night if he don't find her cat. He says she loves that lousy cat 'cause it's the only livin' thing 'at could ever live in the same house wit' her."

"Well, what of it?" Ev wanted to know.

"Well, you don't want Pat Kennedy to be driv crazy by 'at old Widow, do you?"

"Who cares?"

"Well, you don't want 'at old Widow to die 'fore night, do you?"

"Who cares?"

Ev's indifference added much to our awe of him. Here was a man defying the law and the Widow, not to mention public opinion, all in the same breath. The stealing of the cat took on, in our eyes, the pro-

portions of a vast crime. Vicariously we were covered with glory. We forgot the million dollars. The cat stayed with Mary. Somewhat to our disappointment Pat Kennedy didn't quite go crazy, nor did the Widow die before night. A month later the cat, of its own accord, found its way home. Everything was thus adjusted. Only Mary seemed a little regretful. She had grown fond of the cat.

III

At this time, back in 1918, all of us were still in our teens. The youngest was fifteen; Ev Drake was nearing twenty. We thought we were tough. We smoked, and some of us chewed. We did not drink much. Once in a while we managed to get hold of a gallon of Dago Red, purchased for us by an elevator operator in an uptown office building. With this we would throw a party, winding up at a dance-hall for what we considered a wild time. We could not enter saloons, nor could we buy our own bottled goods at the wholesale houses. In those pre-Prohibition days there was a law which said that minors could not be served with intoxicating liquors. By the licensed saloon-keepers this law was strictly observed. Over every double-swing door was a sign: "No Minors Admitted." We did not know what a speakeasy was. To us, a moonshiner was only a romantic character in the movies, who melodramatically defied the revenooers in the Kentucky mountains. We knew, vaguely and by hearsay, what a bootlegger was, but we would have stared at our elevator-operator friend with great curiosity had anyone informed us that *he* was one.

Ever since we could remember there had been talk of something called Prohibition. People said that it was coming in much the same tone in which other people warned of the imminent coming of the Lord or the end of the world. We took one warning as seriously as the others. It was something always coming, but never to arrive.

But it did arrive. It arrived suddenly, the only sudden change which had ever disturbed the even evolution of our neighborhood. We were shocked, and lamented the sad news that no more could we enjoy the stolen thrill of a demijohn of red wine, and that there would be no saloons for us when we should reach the magic age of twenty-one. All of us had looked forward to the day when we would be able to stroll fearlessly into a bar-room and order glasses of beer. Now the saloons were to be no more. They had gone before we had even had the chance to enter one.

But our fears had been grounded on ignorance of human nature. By the time Ev Drake was twenty-one and the rest of us were from sixteen to twenty, the speakeasy had come to take its permanent place among us. The old law no longer barred minors from saloons. The speakeasy, being an outlaw anyway, did not discriminate. A kid of fifteen could now buy a drink as easily as a man of forty. It was a new freedom for our gang. It was the beginning of our real career in crime. In the speakeasies we met older men who were trained, not only in the arts of the racketeers, but in the more grim business of cutthroat competition, which meant the survival of the fittest, and rivals put out of the way. We found that our own petty thieving had been childish, no racket at all. We wanted to be like the big shots who began to infest our neighborhood.

Another strange thing happened. The Polacks and Hunkies who had been the slum people of our neighborhood suddenly came into power. They were the big bootleggers, Prohibition's new politicians. They were aliens with no legal vote, giving orders to officials! Italians also moved into the neighborhood. They were soon the biggest bootleggers. They made booze in their cellars, and the law didn't seem to touch them, even when the smell of the stuff pervaded the atmosphere for blocks. It was no longer safe to walk the streets of our neighborhood unarmed.

At some time during the period of tran-

sition Crippled Mary had become a fence. None of us could have told just when it came about. As in the case of our own progression from kid games to crime, her racket had developed gradually. At first she merely bought an occasional trinket which appealed to her love of adornment. Then she would buy from one and sell to another who wanted a present for some girl from a dance-hall. These small profits gave her the idea. As we became more bold in our depredations, going out into the districts of the wealthier to steal, we found that Mary was always ready to buy what we brought to her. As we developed into burglars Mary developed into a full-fledged fence. Somehow she made connections with crooked jewelers and clothing merchants. Hardly realizing that it had ever been anything else, we came to look upon her confectionery business as a blind for less legal commerce. She no longer made any pretense of selling her legitimate stock. Her candy jars became fly-specked and her counters and shelves were dust-covered. She made money. Her racket soon paid better than ours. She had a small safe installed. She became all business, so that we no longer felt welcome to loaf in her place. She paid us well for our loot, and we were glad to have a place to unload.

She never made any apology or explanation for her entry into crime. She became the silent partner of our forays in much the same manner in which she had once quietly moved her counter to protect her cigarettes. It had been something which she had accepted because it came to her rather than something she had sought. Wheeling herself about in her chair, she could always smile and take life as it came.

"If I hadn't been lame," she would say, "I might 'a' been a regular gun-moll."

This was untrue. Had she not been lame she would have fled the neighborhood and sought shelter in marriage to some honest man long before crime found her. She was not the type to become a part of any but a placid life. Her life, indeed, was always placid, even in the midst of crime.

And then, as I have said, came Prohibition, with its new criminals and its new valuations of the old. Gangsters who had fought with their fists became gunmen who shot their competitors in the back from ambush. Tony Amati, who had run the saloon, now became our neighborhood's most influential man. He was the big boss of the local booze ring, and his henchmen were killers and hijackers who fought each other over his favors. All of us, with the exception of Ev Drake, stood in awe of this mighty presence. Ev sneered at Amati, and the Italian was aware of it.

One day Amati flustered us all by suddenly appearing at Mary's place. We left them alone to talk. Next day Mary locked her shop door. Workmen came. We heard the sounds of rapping hammers and rasping saws. We saw the personal belongings of Mary being moved over into the vacant store-room next door. We wondered what was the cause of her move. We peered through the windows and saw that a door had been cut, connecting the two stores. Evidently Mary's home was to be in this annex.

When she reopened her shop she was running a speakeasy. Tony Amati had backed her. Ev Drake was furious.

"I'm gonna run that wop outta town," he blustered. "I'm gonna run this racket myself. Just you wait, Mary Sligo! A year from now you'll be buyin' your stuff from me."

Through the devious channels of underworld communication Ev's threat reached the ears of Amati. A week later the big bootlegger met Ev on the street.

"Better you keep your big mout' shut," he warned. "I don' wanna keel you, but maybe sometime you talk too damn' much."

Our neighborhood, which had been fairly peaceful before the war, developed into a battle-ground after Prohibition. One by one the law-abiding citizens evacuated the territory. Lunch-rooms became speakeasies. The larger houses became bordelloes. Pool-rooms had back-rooms for gam-

bling. Stills and wine presses worked twenty-four hours a day in cellars. Aliens who were just learning English fought over booze markets and controlled the district's politics. A man named Volstead had been very kind to them. He had blessed them with a great boon. They were all for him. Was he not making them rich?

IV

Six years after the death of old Uncle Sligo our neighborhood had established itself as the official underworld of the city. Crippled Mary's joint had become notorious far and wide as the toughest den in the county. Corrupt politicians had seen that she was given a restaurant license. She had a bar over which a greasy mop openly served rotgut to all but the favored big shots, who demanded and received the best. She always smiled. Her personality had not changed. She sat in her wheeled-chair and ruled in the manner of an indifferent angel presiding over Hell.

The trouble between Ev Drake and Tony Amati had grown bitter, but had never come to a head. Ev had been the ringleader of our old gang. It greatly wounded his vanity to see himself stripped of glory and influence in the neighborhood, while the wop gathered all prestige to himself.

The greatest incentive to the machine-gun type of crime is a childish vanity. The little fellows want to be known as big shots. To achieve this they must attract attention. They must win the favor of men like Tony Amati. To that end they are willing to risk anything. Their crimes are committed with great excitement and ballyhoo and much carnage. They read of their exploits in the newspapers, and gloat over the more gaudy accounts.

Tony Amati was clever enough to surround himself with such satellites. Some of them thought he was a friend, but men of his type are friends of no man. They will not hesitate to bump off their closest associates if by doing so they can add to their own power, or remove a rival. They are close to the police who give them protection, and turn over a victim now and then when an arrest must be made to satisfy the public. Such men have under them hordes of morons who think it an honor to be recognized by them. These morons are all chumps. They are used and disposed of. But sometimes even intelligent square-shooting racketeers are taken in by the suave promises of men like Tony Amati. They do not wake up to their predicament until it is too late.

Many of our gang went to work for Tony, but among those who would have none of him was Ev Drake. Tony thus saw a menace in Ev. He knew that Ev had friends. He made up his mind to get Ev before he could rally his forces. The little imitations of the big shots always toady to those who are able to exert power. By disposing of Ev, Tony could win to his side all those who were undecided.

One night we were all in Mary's joint discussing the members of the old gang who had left the neighborhood. In those days few save the followers of the big shots remained. The boys who were clever enough to think for themselves had long since realized that there was no sense in staying to be bulldozed by Tony Amati or Ev Drake. They realized that it is the mob which works quietly that lasts. They had seen through Amati. They knew that he was without honor even among thieves. Some of them had become safe-crackers and hold-up men. Others had gone in for more genteel rackets, such as forgery or counterfeiting or confidence games. They used their brains and got by without mixing conspicuously in politics or indulging in profitless gun-fights. Many of them had homes, and even their next door neighbors knew nothing of their rackets. They were of the real underworld. At that time we, who thought *we* were the underworld, thought little of them. Our heroes were men like Amati, who kept in the public eye.

As we sat in Mary's joint that night we talked of the great Italian in awed tones.

There was some boasting by those who had been noticed by him. Some of them were yearning for a chance to show their gallantry by being let in on a bumping off party. To be looked upon as a man of parts by Tony Amati was the ambition of every one. Exhibitionism was prodding them on. It had driven Ev Drake past the stage where he wanted to be one of Amati's gunmen. He could be satisfied only by seeing the Italian dethroned and himself arrogantly on the dais. Ev, his huge form slouched in a chair, his elbows resting on the table between a small glass and a bottle of gin, sniffed contemptuously at our praise of Tony.

"That damned wop ain't so much," he snorted. "Some o' these days I'm gonna put him where he belongs."

We all looked at him, startled, admiring. We were always quick to appreciate recklessness. Mary, in her wheeled-chair by the piano, spoke up—smiling as she always smiled.

"Please, Ev, don't make cracks like that in here. Don't ya know Amati's got pals around here?"

"What the hell do I care for the wop's pals? I ain't takin' nothin' from him or his wop friends."

We were all a little scared. The place was full of Italians. Some were friends of Amati, some were his enemies. We didn't relish the idea of getting tangled up in a row with that mob of knife slingers. Ev had been drinking. He wanted to talk. He didn't care what he said or who might hear.

"Let the damned grease-ball come an' try to get me if he wants me," he shouted. "Damn him, he'll think he's standin' over that wop volcano—whatchu call it?—if he gets gay. Just let him start somethin'. It'll be just too bad for him."

It happened then. First a shot from the door, and then the voice of Amati himself.

"Alla right, then. I come an' get you—just lika you say. I theenk you better die."

He fired again. Ev slipped quickly from his chair, and turned the table over for a shield. His revolver began to spit, the bullets striking the wall on each side of Amati. The other wops in the joint stood along the bar, nervously fingering their knives. Ev fired again. Amati laughed. He was taking his time, letting Ev waste his ammunition. Amati was enjoying the situation, waiting his chance to plug Ev with one shot. It wasn't bravery that made him stand there under Ev's fire. It was egotism, his desire to dramatize the moment, to hog the spotlight. Ev didn't have a chance. We all saw that. None of us tried to help him. It wasn't our fight. We all dropped flat on the floor, trying to keep out of range of the bullets. Suddenly Amati raised his heavy automatic and pumped five shots straight at Ev's exposed head. Ev gasped and clutched at his head. Blood trickled between his fingers. He toppled over. Amati barked something in his native tongue. A little wop with a black moustache darted over and looked at the body. He uttered one word: *morto*. Amati nodded, smiled, and turned on his heel. He was gone. We stared after him. Ev was dead. Long live Amati!

Over in a corner one of the girls was working over Mary. We had all started to sneak out of the joint before the arrival of the police, but the girl called out:

"Mary is shot!"

We didn't know exactly what to do. Some of us went over to her side. It appeared that she was dying, but she was still smiling.

If any of us had ever thought enough about life to wonder why she had stuck while the neighborhood degenerated around her, why she had changed passively from a respectable candy-store keeper into a fence for thieves, and then into the keeper of a notorious dive, why she had never protested at anything that life had tossed her way, why she had become the willing associate of criminals, it was all explained by the last words she was ever to utter. As she sat there, dying, with a bullet in her side, she smiled and said:

"I am lame. . . . How—could—I get—out of—the way?"

THE TAKING OF MONTFAUCON

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I BEEN ask did I get a D. S. C. in the late war, and the answer is no, but I might of got one if I had not run into some tough luck. And how that was is pretty mixed up, so I guess I better start at the beginning, so you can get it all straight and I will not have to do no backtracking.

On the 26th of September, 1918, when the old 79th Division hopped off with the rest of the A. E. F. on the big drive that started that morning, the big job ahead of us was to take a town name of Montfaucon, and it was the same town where the Crown Prince of Germany had his P. C.[1] in 1916, when them Dutch was hammering on Verdun and he was watching his boys fight by looking up at them through a periscope. And our doughboys was in two brigades, the 157th and 158th, with two regiments in each, and the 157th Brigade was in front. But they ain't took the town. Because it was up on a high hill, and on the side of the hill was a whole lot of pillboxes and barbed wire what made it a tough job. Only I ain't seen none of that, because I spent the whole day on the water wagon, along with another guy name of Armbruster,[2] and we was driving it up from the Division P. C. what we left to the Division P. C. where we was going. And that there weren't so good, because neither him, me, nor the horse hadn't had no sleep, account of the barrage shooting off all night, and every time we come to one of them sixteen-inch guns going through the woods and a Frog would squat down and pull the cord, why the horse would pretty near die and so would we. But sometime we seen a little of what was going on, like when a Dutch aviator come over and shot down four of our balloons and then flew over the road where we was and everybody tooken a shot at him, only I didn't because I happen to look at my gun after I pulled the bolt and it was all caked up with mud and I kind of change my mind about taking a shot.

So after a while we come to a place in a trench and they said it was the new Division P. C., and Ryan,[3] who was the stable sergeant, come along and took the horse, and we got something to eat and there was still plenty shelling going on, but not bad like it was, and we figured we could get some sleep. So then it was about six o'clock in the evening. But pretty soon Captain Madeira,[4] he come to me and says I was to go on duty. And what I was to do was to go with another guy, name of Shepler[5] to find the P. C. of the 157th Brigade, what was supposed to be 1,000 yards west of where we was, and then report back. And why we was to do that was so we could find the Brigade P. C. in the night and carry messages to it. Because us in the Headquarters Troop, what we done in the fighting was act as couriers and all like of that, and what we done in between the fighting was curry horse belly. So me and Shepler started out. And

[1] Post of Command, a field headquarters. In military operations it is moved frequently, as conditions require.

[2] Wagoner George Armbruster, Headquarters Troop, 79th Division.

[3] Stable Sergeant Lucius K. Ryan, Headquarters Troop, 79th Division.

[4] Capt. Edward W. Madeira, commanding officer, Headquarters Troop, 79th Division.

[5] Horseshoer Ross Shepler, Headquarters Troop, 79th Division.

as the Brigade P. C. was supposed to be 1,000 yards west, and where we was was in a trench, and the trench run east and west, it looked like all we had to do was follow the trench right into where the sun was setting and it wouldn't be no hard job to find what we was looking for.

And it weren't. In about ten minutes we come to the Brigade P. C., and there was General Nicholson,[6] and his aides, and a bunch of guys what was in Brigade Headquarters, all setting around in the trench. But they was moving. They was all set to go forwards somewheres, and had their packs with them.

"Well," says Shep, "we ain't got nothing to do with that. Le's go back."

"Right," I says. But then I got to thinking. "What the hell good is it," I says, "for us to go back and tell them we found this P. C., when in a couple of minutes there ain't going to be nobody in it?"

"What the hell good is the war?" says Shep. "We was told to find this P. C. and we've found it. Now we go back and let them figure out what the hell good it is."

"This P. C.," I says, "soon as the General clears out, is same as a last-year's bird's nest."

"That's jake with me," says Shep. "In this man's army you do what you're told to do, and we've done it. We ain't got nothing to do with what kind of a bird's nest it is."

"No," I says, "we ain't done it. We was told to find a P. C. And soon as Nick gets out this ain't going to be no P. C., but only a dugout. We got to go with him. We got to find where his new P. C. is at, and then we go back."

"Well, if we ain't done it," says Shep, "that's different."

So in a couple minutes Nick started off, and we went with him, and a hell of a fine thing we done for ourself that we ain't went back in the first place, like Shep wanted to do. Because where we went, it weren't over no road and it weren't through no trench. It was straight up toward the front line over No Man's Land, and a worse walk after supper nobody ever took this side of Hell. How we went was single file, first Nick, and then them aides, and then them headquarters guys, and then us. About every fifty yards, a runner would pick us up, and point the way, and then fall back and let us pass. And what we was walking over was all shell-holes and barbed wire, and you was always slipping down and busting your shin, and then all them dead horses and things was laying around, and you didn't never see one till you had your foot in it, and then it made you sick. And dead men. The first one we seen was in a trench, kind of laying up against the side, what was on a slant. And he was sighting down his gun just like he was getting ready to pull the trigger, and when you come to him you opened your mouth to beg his pardon for bothering him. And then you didn't.

Well, we went along that way for a hell of a while. And pretty soon it seemed like we wasn't nowheres at all, but was slugging along through some kind of black dream what didn't have no beginning and didn't have no end, and them goddam runners look like ghosts what was standing there to point, only we wasn't never going to get where they was pointing nor nowheres else.

But after a while we come to a road and on the side of the road was a piece of corrugated iron. And Nick, soon as he come to that, unslung his musette bag and sat down on it. And then all them other guys sat down too. So me and Shep, we figured on that a while, because at first we thought they was just taking a rest, but then Shep let on it looked like to him they was expecting to stay a while. So then we went up to Nick.

"Sir," I says, "is this the new Brigade P. C.?"

"Who are you?" he says.

"We're from Division Headquarters," I says. "We was ordered to find the Brigade P. C. and report back."

[6] Brig.-Gen. William J. Nicholson, commanding officer, 157th Infantry Brigade.

"This is the new P. C.," he says.

"This piece of iron?" I says.

"Yes," says he.

"Thank you, sir," I says, and me and Shep saluted and left him.

"A hell of a looking P. C.," says Shep, soon as we got where he couldn't hear us.

"A hell of a looking P. C. all right," I says, "but it's pretty-looking alongside of that trip we got going back."

"I been thinking about that," he says.

So then we sat down by the road a couple of minutes.

"Listen," he says. "I ain't saying I like that trip none. But what I'm thinking about is suppose we get lost. I don't mind telling you I can't find my way back over them shell-holes."

"I got a idea," I says.

"Shoot," he says.

"This here road we're setting on," I says, "must go somewheres."

"They generally do," he says.

"If we can find some place what's on one end of it," I says, "I can take you back if you don't mind a little walking. Because I know all these roads around here like a book." And how that was, was because I had been on observation post before the drive started, and had to study them maps, and even if I hadn't never been on the roads I knowed how they run.

"I'll walk with you to sun-up," he says, "if it's on a road and we know where we're going. But I ain't going to try to get back over that No Man's Land, boy, I'll tell you that. Because I just as well try to fly."

So we asked a whole lot of guys did they know where the road run, and not none of them knowed nothing about it. But pretty soon we found a guy in the engineers, what was fixing the road, and he said he thought the road run back to Avocourt.

"Le's go," I says to Shep. "I know where we're at now."

So we started out, and sure enough after a while we come to Avocourt. And I knowed there was a road run east from Avocourt over the ridge to Esnes, if we could only figure out which the hell way was east. So the moon was coming up about then, and we remembered the moon come up in the east, and we headed for it, and hit the road. And a bunch of rats come outen a trench and begun going up the road in front of us, hopping along in a pretty good line, and Shep said they was trench camels, and that give us a laugh, and we felt better. And pretty soon, sure enough, we come to Esnes, and turned left, and in a couple minutes we was right back in the Division P. C. what we had left after supper, and it weren't much to look at, but it sure did feel like home.

II

Well, we weren't no sooner there than a bunch of guys begun to holler out to Captain Madeira that here we was, and he come a-running, and if we had of been a letter from home he couldn't of been more excited about us. "Thank God you've come," he says.

"Sure we've come," says Shep; "you wasn't really worried about us, was you?"

But I seen it was more than us the Captain was worrying about, so I says:

"What's the matter?"

"General Nicholson has broken liaison," he says, "and we've got not a way on earth to reach him unless you fellows can do it."

"Well, I guess we can, hey kid?" I says to Shep.

But Shep shook his head. "Maybe you can," he says. "But I ain't got no more idea where we been than a blind man. I'll keep you company, though, if you want."

"Company hell," says the Captain. "Here," he says to me, "you come in and see the General."

So he brung me into the dugout what was the P. C. to see General Kuhn.[7] And most of the time, the General was a pretty snappy looking soldier. He was about medium size, and he had a cut to his jaw and a swing to his back what look like

[7] Maj.-Gen. Joseph E. Kuhn, commanding general, 79th Division.

them pictures you see in books. But he weren't no snappy looking soldier that night. He hadn't had no shave, and his eyes was all sunk in, and no wonder. Because when the Division ain't took Montfaucon that day, like they was supposed to, it balled everything up like hell. It put a pocket in the American advance, a kind of a dent, what was holding up the works all along the line. And the General was getting hell from Corps, and he had lost a lot of men, and that was why he was looking like he was.

"Do you know where General Nicholson is?" he says to me, soon as Captain Madeira had told him who I was.

"Yes sir," I says, "but I don't think *he* does."

Now what the General said to that I ain't sure, but he mumbled something to hisself what sound like he be damned if he did either.

"I want you to take a message to him," he says.

"Yes sir," I says.

So he commenced to write the message. And while I was standing there I was so sleepy everything look like it was turning around, like them things you see in a dream. It was a couple of aides in there, and maybe a orderly, and Captain Madeira, and it was in behind a lot of blankets, what they wet and hang over the door of a dugout to keep out gas. And in the middle of it was General Kuhn, writing on a pad in lead pencil, and I remember thinking how old he looked setting there, and then that would blank out and I couldn't see nothing but his whiskers, and then that would blank out and I would be thinking it was pretty tough on him, and I would do my best to help him out. It weren't no more than a minute, mind. Why I was thinking all them things jumbled up together was because I hadn't had no sleep.

"All right," he says to me; "listen now while I read it to you."

And why they read it to you is so if you lose it you can tell them what was in it and you ain't no worse off. And he hadn't no sooner started to read it than I snapped out of that dream pretty quick. Because it was short and sweet. It said that Nick was to attack right away soon as he got it. And I knowed a little about this Montfaucon stuff from hearing them Brigade guys talk while we was going over No Man's Land, so I knowed I weren't carrying no message what just said good morning.

"Is that clear to you?" he says.

"Yes sir," I says.

"Deliver that to General Nicholson," he says.

"Yes sir," I says.

"Captain, give this man a horse. As good a horse as you've got."

"Yes sir," says the Captain.

"You better ride pretty lively. And report back to me here."

"Yes sir."

"No, wait a minute. I'm moving my P. C. to Malancourt in the next hour. Do you know where Malancourt is?"

"Yes sir."

"Hunh," he says, like he meant thank God there was somebody in the outfit what knowed right from left, and I was glad I had studied them maps good like I had and could be some use to him.

"Then report to me in Malancourt." And me and the Captain saluted and went out.

So the Captain took me to Ryan, and Ryan saddled me a horse, and while he was doing it Shep come up and begun to talk about the argument we had about whether we was going with Nick or not, and he handed it to me for figuring out the right thing to do, and the Captain said he was goddam proud of us both for carrying out orders with some sense when everybody else act like they had went off their nut and things was all shot to hell, and I felt pretty good. So pretty soon Ryan come with the horse, and I started out, and after I had went about a couple miles it was commencing to get light, so I dug my heels in, because I knowed I didn't have much time.

III

Well, in another five minutes I come to Avocourt. And soon as I rode around the bend I got a funny feeling in my stomach. Because I seen something I had forgot when me and Shep was there, and that was that there was two roads what run from Avocourt up to the front line, one of them running north and the other running northeast, and they kind of forked off from each other in such a way that when you was coming down one of them like we done you wouldn't notice the other one at all. And I knowed soon as I looked at them that I didn't have no idea which one we had come over and it weren't no way to find out.

So I pulled in and figured. And I closed my eyes and tried to remember how that road had looked when we was coming back down it into Avocourt, with the moon rising on our left before we hit the road to Esnes, and that was dam hard, because I was so blotto from not having no sleep that soon as I closed my eyes all I got was a bellering in my ears. But I squinched them up good, and pretty soon it jumped in front of me, how that road looked, and right near Avocourt was a bunch of holes in the middle of it, what look like a tank had got stuck there and dug them up trying to get out. So I opened my eyes and was all set to hit for them holes. But then I knowed I was in for it good. Because in between while we had been over the road, them engineers had surfaced it, and it weren't no holes, because they was all covered up with stone.

But it weren't doing no good setting on top of the horse figuring, so I picked the righthand road and started up it. I figured I would go about as far as me and Shep had come, and then maybe I would run into Nick, or somebody that could tell me where he was at, or what the right road was to take, and that the main thing was to get a move on. But that there sounds easier than it was. Because once you start out somewheres, and get to wondering are you headed right or not, you're bad off, and you might just as well be standing still for all you're going to get there.

I kept pushing the horse on, and every step he took I would look around to see if I could see something that me and Shep had seen, and about all I seen was tanks and engineers forking stone, what was what we had saw the night before, but it didn't prove nothing because you could see tanks and engineers on any road. And them engineers wasn't no help, because engineers is dumb as hell and then they ain't got nothing to do with fighting outfits and 157th Brigade sound just the same to them as any other Brigade, and a hell of a wonder me and Shep had found one the night before that could even tell us which way the road run.

Well, after I had went a ways, about as far as I thought me and Shep had come, and ain't seen a thing that I could say for certain we had saw the night before, and no sign of Nick or his piece of corrugated iron, what might be covered up with stone too for all I knowed, I figured I was on the wrong road sure as hell, and I got a awful feeling that I would have to go back to Avocourt and start over again. Because that order in my pocket, it weren't getting no cooler, I'm here to tell you. It was dam near burning a hole in my leg, and a funny hiccuppy noise would come up out of my neck every time I thought of it.

But I went on a little bit further, just to make sure, and then I come to something that I thought straightened me all out. It was a kind of a crossroads, bearing off to the left. And I couldn't remember that we had passed it the night before, so I figured I must of gone wrong when I tooken the righthand fork at Avocourt. But this road, I thought, will put me right, because it leads right acrost to the other one and I won't have to lose all that time going back to Avocourt. So I helloed down it, and for the first time since I left Avocourt I felt I was going right. And sure enough, pretty soon I come to the other road, and it weren't no new stone on it at that place,

so I turned right, towards the front, and started up it. And I worked on the horse a little bit, because without no loose stone under his feet he could go better, and kind of patted him on the neck and talked to him, because he hadn't had no sleep neither and he was tired as hell by this time, and then I lifted him along so he went in a good run. And it weren't quite light yet, and I thought thank God I'll be in time.

IV

So pretty soon I come to some soldiers what wasn't engineers. So I pulled up and hollered out:

"Which way to the 157th Brigade P. C?"

"The what?" they says.

"The 157th Brigade P. C.," I says. "General Nicholson's P. C."

"Never hear tell of it," they says.

"The hell you say," I says. "And you're a hell of a goddam comical outfit, ain't you?"

Because that was one of them gags they had in the army. They would ask a guy what his outfit was, and then when he told them they would say they never hear tell of it.

So I rode a little further and come to another bunch. "Which way is the 157th Brigade P. C.?" I says. "General Nicholson's P. C.?"

But they never said nothing at all. Because they was doughboys going up in the lines, and when you hear somebody talk about doughboys singing when they're going up to fight, you can tell him he's a dam liar and say I said so. Doughboys when they're going up in the lines they look straight in front of them and they swaller every third step and they don't say nothing.

So pretty soon I come to another bunch what wasn't doughboys and I asked them. "Search me, buddy," they says, and I went on. And I done that a couple more times, and I ain't found out nothing. So then I figured it weren't no use asking for the Brigade P. C. no more, because a lot of them guys they wouldn't never of hear tell of the 157th Brigade even if they was in it, so I figured I would find out what outfit they was in and then I could figure out from that about where I was at. So that's what I done.

"What outfit, buddy?" I says to the next bunch I come to. But all they done was look dumb, so I didn't waste no more time on them, but went on till I come to another bunch, and I asked them.

"A. E. F." a guy sings out.

"What the hell," I says. "You think I'm asking just for fun?"

"Y. M. C. A.," says another, and I went on. And then all over a sudden I knowed why them guys was acting like that, and why it was was this: Ever since they come to France, they had been told if somebody up in the front lines asks you what your outfit is, don't you tell him because maybe he's a German spy trying to find out something. Because of course they wasn't really worried none that I was a German spy. What they was worried about was that maybe I was a M. P. or something what was going around finding out how they was minding the rule, and they wasn't taking no chances. Later on, when a whole hell of a lot of couriers had got lost and the American Army didn't know was it coming or going, they changed that rule. They marked all the P. C.'s good so you could see them, and had arrows pointing to them a couple miles away so you couldn't get lost. But the rule hadn't been changed that morning, and that was why them guys wouldn't say nothing.

Well, was you ever in a lunatic asylum? That was what it was like for me from that time on. I would ask and ask, and all I ever got was "Y. M. C. A.," or "Company B," or something like that, and it getting later all the time, and me with that order in my pocket. And after a while I thought well I got to pretend to be a officer and scare somebody into telling me where I'm at. So the first ones I come to was a captain and a lieutenant setting by the side of the road, and they was wearing bars. But me

not having no bars didn't make no difference, because up at the front some officers wore bars but most of them didn't, and if you take the bars off, one guy without a shave looks pretty much like another. So I went up to them and saluted and spoke sharp, like I had been bawling out orders on the parade ground all my life.

"Which way is General Nicholson's P. C.?" I says, and the captain jumped up and saluted.

"General Nicholson?" he says. "Not around here, I'm pretty sure, sir," he says.

"Hundred and Fifty-Seventh Brigade?" I says, pretty short, like he must be asleep or something if he didn't know where that was.

"Oh no," he says. "That wouldn't be in this division. This is all 37th."

So then I knowed I was sunk. The 37th Division, it was on our left, and that meant I had been on the right road all the time when I left Avocourt, as I seen many a time since by checking it up on the maps, and had went wrong by wondering about that fork. And it weren't nothing to do but cut across again, and hope I might bump into General Nicholson somehow, and if I didn't to keep on beating to Malancourt, so I could report to General Kuhn like I had been told to do. And what I done from then on I ain't never figured out, even from them maps, because I was thinking about that order all the time, and how it ought to been delivered already if it was going to do any good, and I got a little wild. I put the horse over the ditch and went through the woods, and never went back to the crossroads at all. And them woods was all full of shell-holes, so you couldn't go straight, and the day was still cloudy, so you couldn't tell by the sun which way you was headed, and it weren't long before I didn't know which the hell way I was going. One time I must of been right up with the fighting, because a guy got up out of a shell-hole and yelled at me for Christ sake not go over the top of that hill with the horse, because there was a sniper a little ways away, and I would get knocked off sure as hell. But by that time a sniper, if he only knowed where the hell he was sniping from, would of looked like a brother, so I went over. But it weren't no sniper, because I didn't get knocked off.

And another time, I come to the rim of a shell-hole what was so big you could of dropped a two-story house in it, and right new, but it weren't no dirt around it and you couldn't see no place the dirt had went. And right then the horse he wheeled and begun to cut back toward where we had come from. Because he was so tired by then he was stumbling every step and didn't want to go on. So I had to fight him. And then I got off him and begun to beat him. And then I begun to blubber. And then I begun to blubber some more on account of how I was treating the horse, because he ain't done nothing and it was up to me to make him go.

And while I was standing there blubbering, near as I can figure out, the 313th, what was part of the 157th Brigade, was taking Montfaucon. Because General Kuhn he ain't sat back and waited for me. Soon as I left him he got on a horse and rode up to the front line hisself, there in the dark, and passed the word over they was to advance, and then relieved a general what didn't seem to be showing no signs of life, and put a colonel in command of that end of the line, and pretty soon things was moving. So Nick, he got the order that way and went on, and the boys, if they had Nick in command, they would take the town all right. So they took it.

V

It must of been after eleven o'clock when I got in to Malancourt. And there by the side of the road was General Kuhn, all smeared up with mud and looking like hell. And I went up to him and saluted.

"Did you deliver that message?" he says.

"No sir," I says.

"What!" he says. "Then what are you doing coming in here at this hour?"

"I got lost," I says.

He never said nothing. He just looked at me, starting in from my eyes and going clear down to my feet, and that there was the saddest look I ever seen one man turn on another. And it weren't nothing to do but stand there, and hold on to the reins of the goddam horse, and wish to hell the sniper had got me.

But just then he looked away quick, because somebody was saluting in front of him and commencing to talk. And it was Nick. And what he was talking about was that Montfaucon had been took. But he didn't no more than get started before General Kuhn started up hisself.

"What do you mean!" he says, "by breaking liaison with me? And where have you been anyway?"

"Where have I been?" says Nick. "I've been taking that position, that's where I've been. And I did not break liaison with you!"

So come to find out, them runners what had showed us the way over No Man's Land was supposed to keep liaison, only it was their first day of fighting, same as it was everybody else's, and what they done was keep liaison with that last year's bird's nest what Nick had left, and didn't get it straight they was supposed to space out a little bit till they reached to the Division P. C.

"And anyway," says Nick, "there was a couple of your own runners that knew where I was. Why didn't you use them?"

So of course that made me feel great.

So then they begun to cuss at each other, and the generals can outcuss the privates, I'll say that for them. So I kind of saluted and went off, and then Captain Madeira, he come to me.

"What's the matter?" he says.

"Nothing much," I says.

"You didn't make it, hey?"

"No. Didn't make it."

"Don't worry about it. You did the best you could."

"Yeah. I done the best I could."

"You're not the only one. It's been a hell of a night and a hell of a day."

"Yeah, it sure has."

"Well—don't worry about it."

"Thanks."

So that is how I come not to get no D. S. C. in the late war. If I had of done what I was sent to do, maybe they would of give me one, because Shep, he got cited, and they sure needed me bad. But I never done it, and it ain't no use blubbering over how things might be if only they was a little different.

KINDLY OMIT FLOWERS

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

VERY long ago did I select the punning title, "Townsend of Lichfield," for that book which was to have continued "The Cords of Vanity," and which would have brought the literary career of Robert Etheridge Townsend to its full flowering. Yet it is a book you will not ever read. I lament that fact in all sincerity, because the book would have annoyed such a great host of people whom it is really one's altruistic duty to annoy. . . . For I had looked forward to a liberal dealing with real persons—under pseudonyms, of course,—and to some salutary loosing of long pent-up malice, in this intended handling of the contemporary life of Lichfield during the last twenty-five years, and in this handling also of certain chicaneries and small droll happenings in the literary world of America during the same period.

But a number of reasons, which here I need not go into, have caused me to abandon this scheme: and "Townsend of Lichfield" is fated to remain forever in John Charteris' library of unwritten books. When I last visited Fairhaven it stood in very excellent company, between Milton's "King Arthur" and Frances Newman's "History of Sophistication": and a brief peep into its pages convinced me that in this romance was contained, beyond any question, the finest examples of my work.

This "Townsend of Lichfield," however, was to have dealt with Robert Etheridge Townsend's personal observations as to American letters since 1903 and as to life in Lichfield during the same period; and it was to handle both themes candidly. So I daresay that, for my own comfort's sake, it is quite as well that the book never got written. For it would have summed up, as fairly as I could, the comedy of my own generation in American letters and the comedy of my own generation in Lichfield.

It would thus have dealt with a state of affairs, and with an entire civilization, now wholly done with: and its punning title would have been well justified, now that the Lichfield about which I have written so much is as thoroughly ended as is Poictesme. Moreover, the book would have had for the younger generation a very positive historic value. It would have been a thesis wholly fit to commemorate my graduation from, and my eternal leave-taking of, the younger generation, alike in life and in letters.

I approach thus unavoidably a theme which nobody can approach with any real profit. I mean, the younger generation. I mean that the conduct of the younger generation is a topic concerning which the sole possible verdict to be rendered from the more sedate side of forty was long ago fixed by adamantean usage.

To such time-ripened judgment the activities of the younger generation have always, without any exception, been a sign of world-wide degeneracy ever since these activities provoked the Deluge, and brought about the decadence of Rome—*ætas parentum tulit nos nequiores*, you may find Horace lamenting at, quaintly enough, about the time of Christ's birth,—and enraged Dante, and upset John Milton into reams of marmoreal blank verse, and, at a slightly later period, aggrieved the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe.

From the beginning, it would seem, all really matured opinion has been at one

on the point that the younger generation was speeding posthaste to the dogs. Since the commencement of recorded literature, in any event, full proof has not been lacking that oldsters everywhere in every era have drawn a snarling comfort from this pronouncement just as pertinaciously, and just as pathetically, as the world's current youth has always been positive that, once everybody over fifty was disposed of, the human race was bound for the millennium around the next corner but one.

In practice, though, the younger generation appears invariably to get to middle age before it does to either the dogs or the millennium; and then of course replaces the fallacies of youth with such substitutes for logic as middle age finds acceptable whensoever it discourses as to yet another pestiferous younger generation.

Of middle age I intend to speak later. Meanwhile, so far as I may conjecture, the younger generation has always passed through its so brief career in a never failing excitement,—an excitement roused by the discovery that the existence of God is open to dispute, but that the pleasures of sex are not.

I can well recall that in my own Victorian first heyday these facts were known. They were not, to be sure, very often encountered in print: but in the conversation of the young, and especially in, as it were, co-educational tête-à-têtes, I am afraid that no themes were more familiar.

II

That fictitious city which I have called Lichfield may of course have differed from all other places: yet I think it did not: and I really cannot remember that in our late Victorian, entirely imaginary Lichfield (McKinley being Consul), young persons when left to themselves were over-rigorously hampered either in speech or action. Certain words one avoided: but all these had many synonyms, apart from the fact that the things they stood for could be, and were, made livelily communicative in pantomime. In brief, all our unlegalized and callow, but consummated, amours were conducted with a civil furtiveness, yet without, in the last outcome, demanding any strenuous and time-taxing amount of concealment.

One found, instead, that society at large was here, in a benevolent, slightly flustered way, intent to ignore what was plain enough. Approaching points a bit more delicate, and entering now in reverie the Rooseveltian era, one found that intelligent husbands and intelligent parents had every logical reason to avoid publicity for all such discoveries as they, in either capacity, would particularly deplore. It followed that the Rooseveltian husband or the Rooseveltian parent—in Lichfield,—whensoever visited by unavoidable suspicions was at polite pains not to verify them.

For, in this concededly fictitious city, we had the rule of thumb, to which I have elsewhere alluded in the stories about Lichfield, that "immoral" conduct did not exist until some open mention of it was printed in the local newspapers. . . . It is an odd fact that to be mentioned in a New York paper, as the mishaps of Lichfield now and then were mentioned (with those Northerners' notorious lack of good breeding), did not count. One could ignore that; one could pretend not to have seen it: and one did. . . . Meanwhile, fairly well-connected persons could have pretty much anything "kept out of the papers" —out of, that is, the only two papers which counted,—short of a murder or a suicide. Neither, I rejoice to report, occurred over frequently in the best circles. And, besides, whensoever among really nice people alcohol or the divided affections of a gentlewoman did result in an undeniable murder, then the police were conveniently obtuse about finding any clues as to its perpetrator, and the whole affair was quickly dropped: whereas a suicide, when committed by a person of sufficiently high social standing, was described always, in print, as a regrettable accident.

Embezzlements also, now that I think of it, were awkward, since they necessitated a brief paragraph: but this was printed inconspicuously, on the second or third page of the paper, where, again, you could loyally pretend not to have seen it. . . . I can recall a veritable epidemic of embezzlements committed by junior members of the leading Lichfieldian families. But I recall, too, that every difficulty was quietly settled out of court, and that nobody went to jail. The jail was for colored people. . . . As concerns adultery and fornication, I really cannot describe Lichfield's attitude toward such matters any more clearly than I have already done in "Something About Eve." Such affairs, howsoever widely known, were simply assumed not to exist among the wellbred; and they were thus forever disposed of, through this assumption, without troubling anybody's home life or moral standards. The oligarchy of Lichfield, in fine, was held together with innumerable small bonds of mutual silence. . . . Under such a régime—the collapse of which "Townsend of Lichfield" was to have depicted,—the younger generation was more quiet than are its present-day successors in Lichfield and in all other places: but I cannot assert that, beneath this relative quietness, it was any the less sophisticated, nor that it sacrificed upon the altars of respectability any undue amount of carnal indulgence.

III

In short, I incline to think that in human economy the younger generation has always remained a tolerably staple product. Its language varies, as does also perhaps, at times, the pitch of its voice: but its theme does not vary. Its age-old theme is, always, a restatement of the truism that its elders have lied about most matters, and have mismanaged all matters, beyond human endurance. And its mistake is—always—to believe that the lying and the mismanagement may by and by be remedied.

For youth, to the one side, has faith and hope. But middle age tends rather to dismiss these two cardinal virtues in favor of charity. Youth, in a less happy aspect, is heir to the superior pleasures of pessimism, and to the warm gustos of moral indignation: but middle age has mastered that invaluable gesture which is known as a shrug.

Meanwhile, until forty-five or thereabouts, no man has any first-hand knowledge as to the average of human life, through the sufficing reason that he has seen but tatters and small scattered segments of the affair. At forty-five, though, he has watched his own thinned generation straggle into maturity, and the generation of his parents filed away in caskets. Old age still remains to be endured—perhaps. But he has observed it, day by day, through near half a century: he has seen his elders pass, by the hundreds, baffled and withered and yet, in some pathetic way, content enough: so that he knows in general terms what old age too is like.

Thus does it come about that to whosoever reaches forty-five the entire average course of human life has been displayed in somewhat the bewildering fashion of a moving picture of which the first and second halves are being shown simultaneously on the same screen. The spectator has got little enough out of it, God knows. Even so, he has the sad advantage of one who has not yet witnessed the inconsequent, astounding jumble. He at least has perceived it all with his own senses: he has perceived, with an immediacy which no report can parallel, what actually does befall the average man between the hours of birth and death: and it remains an affair of which his knowledge, howsoever blurred, and howsoever limited, comes to him at first hand. He is not dependent, as his juniors yet stay necessarily dependent, as even the superior thirties yet stay dependent, upon guesswork and the statements of others and those extremely misleading posters in the lobby. . . . Or let us vary

the figure. Let us say that the traveler who has made a journey, it matters not how unperceptive his nature, does, after all, know more about that particular journey than is ever revealed to the most faithful and the most imaginative student of guide-books.

IV

Thus, then, the average of human life has been shown in its entirety to every man of forty-five. The verdicts vary: but you may note, even so, that after forty-five the cynic and the pessimist turn unaccountably mellow. Life, it would seem, like a trip to the dentist, is not so very bad, after all, once you have put up with it. Life does not bid fair, to the tiring eyes of forty-five, ever to become a perfect business: and to preserve any especial altruism at forty-five is to present a happily rare case of arrested development. But the point is that when the performance has been witnessed, in its entirety, and with one's own senses, then the average of human life does tend to seem well enough just as it stands. The lying and the mismanagement do not promise ever to be rectified: but that appears hardly an elegiac matter, after all; for middle age, I repeat, has mastered that invaluable gesture which is known as a shrug.

Such is the discovery made by all men at forty-five or thereabouts: such, if you so prefer to phrase it, is the illusion to which middle age becomes a victim: such, in any case, is the eternal crux between middle age and youth. Youth is credulous in many matters, but upon one single issue youth stays as iron and granite: youth does not ever believe that life serves well enough just as it stands. To believe that such is just possibly the case remains the attested hall-mark of middle life. . . . Thereafter optimism develops insidiously: and the most of us sink, cackling thinly, into an amiable senescence.

But it is with the younger generation in letters, rather than in life, that I am here the more distinctly concerned, now that time dissevers me from both. . . . For this never written "Townsend of Lichfield" was to have made plain the fact of there being in literary fields at least one rather striking offset to that particular bit of knowledge to which I have just now referred as being acquired by most men at forty-five. It is that any writer who thus comes to forty-five has purchased his knowledge without—at best—improving upon his chances of communicating that knowledge.

For, after forty-five or thereabouts, it is inevitable that a writer should cease to develop as a writer, just as he ceases to develop as a mammal. No one of his faculties, whatsoever else may happen to them, can improve after that all-arresting date. Some few—though not many authors, it more or less inexplicably appears,—begin to fail earlier. But the average writer has reached his peak at, to my finding, forty; and with favoring luck, with all that he has learned of technique to counterbalance a perhaps lessened exuberance in creative power, he may retain that peak for some years. Yet this retention profits him little. He has nothing new to give: and you may look henceforward to get from him no surprises.

Ultimately this does not matter: and, where the writer is at all remembered, posterity selects, in a rough and ready and very often wrong-headed fashion, that which posterity esteems to be the best of this writer's work, without any need to bother over the relative order of its composition. But during the remainder of the man's career as a practising author this individuality which permeates the work of every writer worth his salt does matter a great deal, to the debit side of his ledger.

For we ask—not at all illogically,—that a new book shall contain something new. We expect, in fine, some element of surprise: and after a writer's style is fairly formed, after his talents have each been competently developed, that is precisely the one element which he cannot supply. There is, from his point of view, no reason

why he should supply it. He is still—so does he think, perhaps rightly, perhaps in merciful illusion,—still at his best, such as that best is. Yet, even be he right, each book that he publishes is a disappointment, howsoever loyally concealed, to his readers; and his most excellent work no longer produces the same effect upon his readers, because that excellence is familiar.

Every considerate person must respect, for example, the genius of Mr. Kipling and of Mr. Shaw, of Mr. Wells and of Mr. Bennett: yet the publication of a new book by any one of them is not, nowadays, an event in which it is possible to take real interest. It is an event which at bottom we deplore. And so is it with every writer whose manner has been admirable long enough to become familiar. He publishes perforce a book which in every essential we have already read, time and again. We purchase, in loyalty to old delight: but we labor through the text with a sort of unadmitted impatience, by which those braver persons who write book reviews are irritated far more candidly.

Meanwhile the report gets about that the man is making money out of his writing: and in the corrupting miasma of that rumor no literary reputation, howsoever lusty, can long survive. It follows thus that by the time a tolerably successful artist in letters is really in full control of his powers, such as they are, he is definitely, for the rest of his lifetime, outmoded. In fact, he has become in some sort a pest.

There is loss here for the reader, though, I confess, I can see no possible way out. But for the artist there is no weighty loss, nor any valid ground upon which, as it were, to repine. Every artist in letters must become, ere he reach sixty, more or less of a nuisance to the world of current reading-matter: but that, after all, is not an affair with which he himself is vitally concerned. For this sybarite spoils paper, as I have elsewhere tried to explain, for his own diversion: he knows that the artist, lucky above all men, and alone of human beings, is sometimes, if only for a season, praised, and even is paid sound money, for diverting himself: and he knows, too, that to the artist, when the applause lessens and the autograph hunters depart, there still remains the chance—granted to him alone of human beings,—to continue to divert himself in precisely that way which he most prefers.

But from the front ranks of contemporary writers, from the ranks of those who exercise an actually vital and yet growing influence, an author at about the time of his fiftieth birthday must withdraw perforce. These ranks are being filled—again, perforce,—by the younger men who have at least the one indispensable quality. They are new.

V

Meanwhile, I have said, "The average writer has reached his peak at, to my finding, forty; and with favoring luck, with all that he has learned of technique to counterbalance a perhaps lessened exuberance in creative power, he may retain that peak for some years." The trouble is that he does not retain it indefinitely: the trouble is that in no great while the creative power is quite surely lessened; and the technique does but play futilely with the picked bones of defunct talents. The trouble is, in brief, that even for the most prodigally gifted of creative writers the way lies, by and by, downhill forever.

It has been the fate of but too many of our more captivating prosateurs to outlive their powers (which was a venial and often an unavoidable happening), and to outlive the desire to write, and yet, whether out of sheer habit or out of man's normal need for an income, to go on writing,—which was in all respects a calamity. . . . Here my theme becomes difficult. For to name here the living were uncivil: it is politely possible, though, to point in one embracing gesture to Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, and to recall the arid inferiority of all these giants' later labors.

It is possible, too, to let the last-named

speak for the three of them. "All I can do now," said Thackeray,—at about the time of his fiftieth birthday,—"is to bring out my old puppets, and put new bits of ribbon on them. I have told my tale in the novel department. I only repeat old things in a pleasant way. I have nothing new to say. I get sick of my task when I am ill, and I think, 'Good Heavens! what is all this story about!'"

It is a query which has been echoed by his readers, and by the readers of Dickens, and by the readers of Scott, and by the readers of many another aging novelist. . . . I pause here. I am tempted. But I reflect, rather wistfully, that I had resolved to name here no living American author.

I now regret that resolve. I would much like here to speak frankly of my own generation in American letters. . . . For it was, in so far as it stays at all memorable, the first generation which criticized the polity of the United States. It was the first generation which said flatly: All is not well with this civilization. And it was, preëminently, the generation which destroyed taboos,—not all taboos, of course, but a great many of those fetishes which the preceding generations had all left in unmolested honor.

To the other side, it is a generation of which the present-day survivors appear, to my finding, a bit ludicrously to go on fighting battles that were won long ago. It is a generation which nowadays evinces a quite distressing tendency to preserve at all costs the posture of Ajax defying the lightnings under an unclouded sky. It has thus become, already, a depressingly comic spectacle. It has done its work successfully: and that gratifying fact is the one fact which this generation of writers who prided themselves upon facing all facts, will not face today. Instead, it goes on working at its some-while-since-finished job, and it tilts at dead dragons, rather dodderingly, in the beginning palsy of superannuation.

So is it that, speaking always under the correction of time, I would say this is a generation destined quite quickly to be huddled away, by man's common-sense, into oblivion. For this generation has said, All is not well. To say that is permitted; to say that is indeed a conventional gambit in every known branch of writing. But this generation thereafter proffered no panacea: and that especial form of reticence is not long permissible. To the contrary it is plain here that, just as Manuel told Coth, the dream is better. It is man's nature to seek the dream; he requires an ever-present recipe for the millennium; and he most vitally needs faith in some panacea or another which by and by will correct all ills. This generation has proffered no such recipe: and that queer omission has suggested, howsoever obliquely, that just possibly no panacea may exist anywhere. This is a truth which man's intelligence can confront for no long while. He very much prefers that equivalent of hashish which I have seen described, in the better thought of and more tedious periodicals, as constructive criticism. Most properly, therefore, have those junior writers who were not ever harried by taboos, or by the draft laws, begun to suggest a tasteful variety of panaceas: and all persons blessed with common-sense will eventually select, if but at random, some one or another of these recipes, wherein to invest faith, and wherefrom to extract comfort.

Meanwhile all intelligent persons will, moreover, put out of mind, as soon as may be possible, that unique and bothersome generation of writers who suggested no panacea whatever. . . . And meanwhile, too, as I remarked above, I intend here to say not anything about this generation, which "Townsend of Lichfield" would more or less have commemorated.

EDITORIAL

THE colored brother, sweating up from slavery, pauses now and then to take stock of himself. Such a stock-taking engages him today, and I gather from the reports issuing out of it that there is a considerable satisfaction in dark society. A few killjoys, to be sure, cackle somewhat dismally—for example, the uremic George S. Schuyler, of the Pittsburgh *Courier*—, but the prevailing tone of the discussion is one of complacency. The worst days, it seems to be pretty well agreed, are past. The Aframerican actor, for long condemned to rough and bawdy shows, is now received gravely on Broadway, and in sombre, indignant rôles. Books by Aframerican authors are read and their contents noted. An Aframerican scientist, leaping from yarbs to the higher chemistry, has discovered a way to make breakfast foods and automobile tires out of peanut hulls. Aframerican music is moaned and grunted everywhere, abroad as well as at home. In all the great centers of culture there are swarms of Aframerican publicists, orthodontists, insurance agents, realtors, beauticians, morticians and booticians, and soon there will be Rotarians and Kiwanians, as there are already Freemasons, Maccabees and Elks. An Aframerican lawyer has been elected to Congress. The color line vanishes in New York society, and a file of high yallers threatens to follow the Ashkenazim into St. Bartholomew's. Finally, lynching has begun to go out of fashion below the Potomac, save only in the Baptist republic of Mississippi, and even there it is appreciably less popular than it used to be.

All this is pleasant to contemplate, for the dark brethren have had a hard time in the world, and every boon they enjoy today they have got by bitter effort. May the tongue freeze and the tonsils boil in whosoever raises a hoot against them! Nevertheless, it is still possible, while granting them everything that is their due, to view their achievement with a certain judicial calm, pointing out wherein they have got something valuable and wherein they have fallen short. My belief as a sincere partisan is that, on the whole, their fallings short mount up to more than their gains, and that their present situation is far less cheerful than most of them appear to think. For all their progress, economic, political and cultural, they have yet failed to accomplish two things that are of the first importance—indeed, more important than any other. The first is the organization of their people into a coherent and reasonably steadfast *bloc*, capable of acting, when the common interest is at stake, as a unit. The second is the formulation of a programme for it, with clear and attainable goals.

The last, I suppose, should go first, for unless there is an aim there can be no effective organization. At the moment all one beholds is a woeful scattering of purpose and effort. The old division between the idealogy of W. E. Burghardt DuBois and the idealogy of Booker T. Washington is as wide and deep as ever, and in addition there is a new movement which turns its back on both. That movement seems to get very little attention, even from Negro publicists, but it is visible and significant none the less. If Washington counselled patient industry and DuBois is all for challenge and defiance, then this third wing follows the philosophy of *laissez faire*. It is the wing of easy contentment, of antinomian opportunism, of well-fed complacency, of black Babbittry. Its stronghold is among Negro business and professional men, especially in the big cities. Here a dark

bourgeoisie begins to rear itself, and it shows the same depressing characters that one will find in any other. One hears of Negro luncheon clubs, Negro country clubs, Negro golf matches, Negro football "classics," and all the rest of it. A naïve and imbecile class consciousness, grounded upon money, wipes out the old race consciousness, which becomes furtive and discreditable. There is no contact with either the intellectuals who carry on their forlorn crusades above, or the masses who wallow in darkness below. The thing that matters is not being a good Negro, but being a toney one.

II

Elmer Gantry, of course, marches after Mr. Babbitt, and at his usual respectful distance. He is, like his white compeer, half ignoramus and half knave. His victims are the hordes who are even more ignorant than himself. Ostensibly, his purpose is the promotion of virtue and the saving of souls; actually, it is the advancement of his own fortunes. Religion among the lower classes of blacks thus becomes a form of exploitation, and it has probably cost them far more than any variety ever practised by their white masters. Not only in the villages, but also in the big cities, they are kept poor by the endless squeezing. It goes on week in and week out, year after year; there is never any let-up. The moment they have paid one bill, they are presented with another. The leadership that manages this evil business is inordinately bold, callous and vicious. It is not only responsible for the slow economic progress of the Negro toilers; it is also responsible, quite as much as the dearth of schools, for their simian ignorance.

The thing began back in slavery times. The slave-holders, with very few exceptions, were members of the American branch of the Church of England, which is to say, they had a general feeling that religion was a worthy and useful agent, but were not actively religious. What was to be done about their chattels? To leave them heathen might be dangerous; to make Episcopalians of them would be inconvenient and absurd. The Methodist itinerants who roamed the South after the Revolution, and especially after the War of 1812, offered a ready solution. They were turned loose in the slave quarters, and were soon making converts by the thousand. The whoopee that they preached was exactly to the African taste. It held out promises of a gaudy Heaven, and it was noisy and exhilarating on this earth. There followed Baptist brethren, and the job was done. By 1850 there was probably not a slave south of the Potomac who was not "saved," and at least 98% of them were either Methodists or Baptists. They remain so to this day.

Unfortunately, the gentry, though they accomplished their immediate purpose, enlarged a serpent in their midst. The wandering missionaries, having fetched the blacks, became ambitious to bag tenderer game. So they flung themselves upon the poor whites, and were presently rolling up new and grander successes. There is no record that they ever converted what passed locally for a gentleman, but among the lower orders they made a vast killing, and its consequences have afflicted the South ever since. All the fire-eating ecclesiastics who now infest the Confederate States, whooping for Prohibition and against Evolution, come out of the class of poor whites. So do the cotton-mill sweaters and other Babbitts who support and encourage them. Nine-tenths of the new money in the South is in such horny and grasping hands.

The fact, better than any other, explains the cultural backwardness of the region. It is not that the South does not produce its fair share of intellectual vigor and enterprise; it is that everything of the sort is swamped in the tide of Babbittry and Gantryism. There is no chance for a civilized idea to prevail against the Chamber of Commerce and Little Bethel. Three times out of four a young Southerner, on

feeling the stirrings of the enlightenment, clears out.

What is thus true of the whites is also true of the blacks, and to an exaggerated degree. Among the former the old gentry somehow holds out, though its old influence is fast fading; among the latter there is nothing of the kind. No effort is ever made to liberate the colored people from Methodism, either by whites or by fellow blacks. They are abandoned to their prehensile pastors, and in the fact lies the hopelessness of their situation. Emptied of their money as fast as they can earn it, and held in brutal ignorance by a theology that is the complete antithesis of sense, they stagger on upon a level but little removed from savagery. If they stay at home, they are completely shut off from the possibility of progress. And if they escape to the North they are pursued into their hovels by the same exploiters who degrade and devour them at home.

III

It seems to me that the intellectuals who essay to lead the American Negro out of the bullrushes will never get very far until they grapple boldly with the problem thus presented to them. It confronts the leaders of the white South too, but not to the same dismaying degree. The white South, indeed, already makes some progress toward solving it, if only to the extent of comprehending its nature. Gantry still reigns, but opposition to his rule is rolling up. The Negro leaders are recreant here: they struggle for their people without recognizing frankly what is principally the matter with them. Uncle Tomism is denounced, but the hordes of clerical Uncle Toms are scarcely challenged. Yet it must be plain that the Negroes will never make themselves felt as a race, save upon the lowest level of servitude, so long as nine-tenths of them take their notions of the true, the good and the beautiful from professional enemies of every intellectual dignity and decency. Here is where their leaders had better strike in. It is a waste of effort to save men from lynchers and then resign them to revivalists.

The problem of the Negro Babbitt is easier. It will probably work itself out. There is, indeed, some advantage in this region in making haste slowly. The Negroes, a few years back, were leaping from the cotton-field to the groves of learning with dangerous precipitancy. They lacked the capital to see them through, and became mendicants: they remain so very largely to this day. Worse, they took on their cargoes of culture without giving prudent thought to their markets, and multitudes of them thus found themselves with unsalable goods on their hands. It is always well for an aspiring group to make thrift its chief virtue. The only really sound progress is that which pays its own way. The Negro realtors, insurance magnates, bootleggers and other grotesque upstarts of today are accumulating a fund which, in the long run, will achieve more for their race than any conceivable white philanthropy. Their sons and grandsons, tiring of golf, will turn either to worse things or to better ones. From among the best of them will come a new leadership, and it will be more effective than any ever seen in the past, for it will be grounded upon economic security, and so it will be free. The Negro leader of today is not free. He must look to white men for his very existence, and in consequence he has to waste a lot of his energy trying to think white. What the Negroes need is leaders who can and will think black.

When they appear, with money behind them, they will be attended to. No man with money behind him goes unregarded in America, be he white, black or blue. But no man without it can do more than make a harmless nuisance of himself. Thus Black Babbitt may turn out to be a more useful man, in the long run, than either Washington or DuBois. There may be a marshal's baton in his diamond-studded gin-flask.

H. L. M.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE DONKEY

BY HOWARD LEE McBAIN

The perpetually amazing thing about democracy is that though it so frequently defies all rational explanation of its workings it nevertheless works. It is almost as mysterious as creation itself. Certainly it is one of the things that collective men and women operate with little or no understanding of what individuals do or why. There is not a person living who can give anything like a complete explanation of why Mr. Hoover was elected and Mr. Smith defeated in the last election, though no doubt thousands—perhaps millions—have answered that question to their own complacent satisfaction. Of the more than twenty-one millions who voted for Mr. Hoover nobody knows how many voted for him because of his personality or his history or his stand on one or another of the nominal issues of the campaign, or merely because he was the Republican candidate. And especially does nobody know how many of his votes were votes not for him at all but against Smith, though that number must have been very considerable.

One thing alone is certain: that these twenty-odd millions have no solidarity of interest or of creed or of programme. They are a *bloc*—a *bloc* of unorganized and amorphous groups—and not even Mr. Hoover knows their relative strength in his impressive majority. Of course every minority pressure group that contributed toward his election is claiming chief credit for the result and is demanding its pound of flesh. But the election was in fact a clear mandate for just nothing at all in constructive politics, with the possible exception of farm relief of some unknown variety; and it now appears from the figures that even his promise in that regard of an immediate session of Congress was probably wholly unnecessary. Mr. Hoover himself, intelligent as he is said to be, has not the slightest idea what the whole people who elected him really want him to do, and for the quite ungilded reason that the great conglomerate mass of people who figuratively met one another at the polls and who actually went through the identical motion of casting ballots for him have as a whole little or nothing in common.

There is a huge hiatus between the theory and the practice of political parties. The theory, briefly put, is that persons of generally like beliefs in matters political unite and organize for the purpose of electing candidates of their choice who will further governmental policies which the members of the party approve. But every observing person knows that, in the United States at least, this theory is largely awry with the facts. The more important cohering elements that hold our two major parties together cannot be struck off in a few words. But certainly opposing common creeds and programmes are not the sole elements—nor even the principal of such elements. Strictly party votes on measures in either house of Congress are almost as rare as Juvenal's white raven. Practically, the parties are always bifurcated on legislative proposals. Their platforms are very nearly identical—at length even in respect of that historic bone of contention, the tariff. At least there is no difference to get very excited about. Major issues they nearly always straddle or evade.

II

The question is often asked, especially by interested foreigners, why we do not develop a truly conservative and a truly liberal party, with genuine differences of creed and of programme. Certainly our two major parties are not such today, though, generally speaking, the Republican party is probably a pale shade more conservative than the Democratic.

Well, there are several answers to that question. But no doubt the foremost cause is the fact of our geographic sectionalism. Both parties are in effect loose federations of sectional parties. The erstwhile solid South in the Democratic ranks is the most notorious instance of such sectionalism. The South has and will continue to have an issue of its own—the issue of white supremacy. But the Democracy of the rest of the nation is not in the least interested in that issue. Indeed, it is difficult to see what the people of the South have in common, either spiritually or economically, with the foreign stock elements that are the strength of the Democracy in Northern and Western cities. Tradition, however, has kept them in this unholy and illogical alliance because they have had nowhere else to go except into a party that was founded in anti-slavery agitation and has, at least theoretically, been opposed to white supremacy.

But the elements that strangely mingle in the Democratic party are no more oil and water than are certain elements in the Republican party. What possible affinity can there be, for example, between the Republicanism of Pennsylvania and that of La Follette's Wisconsin or the now waning state socialism of the North Dakota Non-Partisan League? One can easily understand how the non-slave holding farmers of the North and West were in the eighteen fifties and sixties lured into the Republican party by moral and economic indignation against slavery and by the promise and gift of free lands. But one cannot understand their remaining in those ranks through the recent second granger movement except upon the theory that they had no more satisfactory affiliation to choose. Certainly the Democratic party was quite as uncongenial to them as the Republican. So tradition held.

I say tradition. But it is more than that. It is tradition that is made almost inevitable by our own peculiar political institutions. Once in four years we put up for election candidates for national leadership. They may or may not be actual leaders of their parties when we put them up. They rarely are, except in the case of one who is already President and is seeking reëlection. He is usually his party's leader; but he is leader solely because of the fact that he is President and not because of anything else. Beyond question neither Mr. Hoover nor Governor Smith was *the* leader of his disjointed and inharmonious party before his nomination, although it may be that Governor Smith was in his party the most available candidate, as the phrase runs.

Now, this scheme of choosing the leader necessitates a nation-wide party. A sectional party would have no chance at all. Moreover, the President has political largess to distribute, which rightly or wrongly is thought to be of importance. For the disaffected, therefore, it pays to stay sufficiently in step and sufficiently under the nominal party banner to be sure of being able to feed, from the presidential trough, one's supporters in the far off home State. If we were operating under a parliamentary system of government it is reasonably certain that our two parties would rapidly disintegrate, so that we'd soon have the *bloc* or coalition system with which European countries are familiar. But our presidential system would utterly collapse under such an arrangement. We therefore wisely even though unconsciously maintain our *blocs* within the two major parties.

This is one of the reasons, perhaps the chief reason, why there are no out-and-out conservative and liberal parties in the United States. Sectional allignments make such a party allignment almost impossible.

III

It has been suggested that, now that a rift has been made in the solid South, the way is open for the Democratic party, rid of a section that has been at once its chief asset and an incubus, to grow into a genuine party of liberalism. Manifestly, that was impossible so long as the South remained in the party, for, by and large, the people of the South are essentially conservative, the history of populism to the contrary notwithstanding. Manifestly also, the South is indispensable to the Democratic party unless that party can make compensatory gains elsewhere in the country. Why might it not steal from the Republican ranks by way of fair exchange at least the uncongenial more or less radical States of the Middle and North-West?

Such an eventuality is not wholly impossible. But there are at least three high hurdles to leap. In the first place it is by no means certain that the Southern rift is permanent. If those who think that it was the growing industrialization of the South that swelled the recent Republican vote in that region will examine the figures, they will find that it was not so much the urban as the backwoods rural South that voted the Republican ticket. That seems to imply, as doubtless most people will concede, that many if not most of the new Republican votes south of Mason and Dixon's line were cast not for Mr. Hoover but against Governor Smith and for one reason at least that was unique to this election. Even so, the actual break, whatever its cause, may have far-reaching psychological effects. If the South sees that a State may with impunity go Republican without any jeopardy to white supremacy, it may well be that we shall witness a new emancipation in that region. It may be that the new industrial South will in whole or in part cross over to the Republican party for reasons other than liquor or religion. Emancipation indeed!

A second high hurdle is the matter of leadership. There is no major country on earth in which the problem of developing a national party leadership is more difficult than in the United States. This is due in part to the sectionalism already mentioned, in part to our federalism, in which State party machines may, and often do, enjoy considerable independence of national machines, in part to our mere geographical size, and in no small part to the decentralized and chaotic methods by which the business of Congress is carried on. Apart from the President himself, there is seldom, if ever, any one recognized national leader of either party. But the creation of a new liberal party or the metamorphosis of either of the existing parties would require national leadership of a rare order. Where is the man for the job?

A third hurdle to be leaped is the utter lack in the United States of an adequate philosophy of liberalism. No party of any vital power was ever born in any country without a philosophy. A party of mere protest is usually a party of temporary and inefficacious emotions. Such was the Progressive party of 1912. It rallied vociferously around a histrionic leader; but—to misquote Burns—it was, like a snowflake on a river, a moment seen, then gone forever. It had no gripping philosophy. It is one thing to hold an established party together without a philosophy. It is quite another thing to create a new or rehabilitate an old party without such an indispensability.

Proof of the latter was demonstrated in the swift débâcle of the Progressive party. Proof of the former, if proof be needed, was furnished by Mr. Hoover in the recent campaign. The philosophy he proclaimed was that of "rugged individualism." Yet Mr. Hoover knows that every trend of our times, regrettably or not, is away from individualism. However wildly and patriotically we may wave the good old flag of the vanished pioneers, we actually live in an age of rapidly intensifying collectivism. If by rugged individualism he means that we still enjoy individually the right to speculate on a highly collective Stock

Exchange—which in these days requires some ruggedness, to be sure—or the right to compete for position and profit in large and ever larger collective corporate enterprises, his phrase is justified. But that is a curious conception of rugged individualism. It would be much more appropriate to speak about our rugged collectivism. For truth to tell, we are so completely abandoned to corporate organization of business and the courts have told us for so long that corporations are persons, that most of us believe without question this combination of legal truth and of factual folly.

Of course, there are many small business men who are still rolling their own. But everybody knows what a relatively insignificant rôle they play in the telling economic life of the nation. When in economic affairs we speak today of individualism we really mean corporatism. And the step from giant corporatism and giant trade unionism to state socialism is not so great a leap as some of us actual and not merely imaginary individuals may think. Which is not to imply that we are on the eve of any large cataclysm. The only certain cataclysm would be the result of another great war. As surely as a World War recurs, whatever is left of Western civilization will just as surely go bolshevist or something of the kind in the aftermath. Let individualism and capitalism and imperialism make no mistake about that. It behooves these isms to boast and bluster less and to ponder and pray more. They are not eternal. They may be very finite.

In the relatively near future, even under conservative leadership, England may go socialistic to an extent that would shock our present-day American conceptions. Of course it will not be called socialism. No achieved socialism ever is so called. But nobody in America, with the possible exception of voters, will be fooled all the time by rhetorical reference to the rugged individualism of the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Federal Trade Commission or the Federal Reserve Board and such like organizations, created for the express purpose of subjecting to control not merely individuals but Gargantuan aggregations of individuals assembled in corporations whose corpus they remotely touch through stock brokers who are often as ignorant of company affairs as are the individuals themselves.

IV

But I was discussing philosophies—the need of a philosophy for a party of liberalism. What is liberalism? We bandy this word "liberal" freely and frequently. Deliberately or casually many of us clip upon men liberal or conservative labels of our own making and remorselessly file them away in our mental pigeonholes. But few of us have constructed these pigeonholes with much reflection. Especially is our liberal pigeonhole a compartment of highly uncertain dimensions. Nor is the fault wholly our own. Some of it derives from the inherent difficulty of defining abstractions and some of it from the fact that even if a definition could be agreed upon human beings are not always 100% liberal or 100% conservative. To attempt to lay down a precise definition of liberalism would be an impossible task. But it may be helpful to glance briefly at the evolution of the concept.

In origin the term was unquestionably identified with individualism—that is to say with anti-authoritarianism of every variety, whether in the realm of things mental or moral or material. In England Herbert Spencer was its high priest from the publication of his "Social Statics" in 1850 to his "Man Versus the State" in 1885; and he sneered at the liberals of his day as being "only Tories of a new type." John Stuart Mill was only a little less unconditional than was Spencer. "Whatever crushes individuality," he declared, "is despotism, by whatever name it may be called."

Now it is undeniable that in the realm of things mental liberalism is still instinct

with individualism. It yet echoes the thunder of Thomas Jefferson when he said: "I have sworn upon the altar of the living God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Strictly speaking, there can of course be no tyranny over the mind of man. A thought cannot be captured or coerced. That is probably the largest single compensation of life. We are at least completely free to think what we choose, right or wrong, sagacious or silly, helpful or hurtful to ourselves or to others. Science has not yet invented, and pray God never will invent, a machine that will record the processes of individual thoughts. If science ever does achieve that end—which is by no means altogether impossible—the major portion of our population will probably be clapped into insane asylums, unless, forsooth, we can put the machine under control of those who are themselves relatively insane and who in consequence would fear the personal result of their temerarious judgments.

No, thoughts cannot be tamed. But the expression of them can be. It can be severely curbed by authoritarianism. We know that because it has been and is being done. Every reasonable person recognizes that freedom of speech and of the press cannot be put wholly outside the pale of legal redress. That would be intolerable, despite the innumerable petty libelous lies that go in our daily intercourse without being pushed to redress, and despite the fact that the law of libel is not infrequently threatened or invoked to shield actual but unprovable guilt.

Every reasonable person also knows that the government must in rare emergencies protect itself—or rather what it presumably represents, the amorphous public—against unlimited freedom of utterance. In time of peace and quiet this is not of great importance. The government is so firmly screened that it can afford to be quiescent or indifferent toward the occasional beetles who dash their hostile wings upon the embattled windows of entrenched power. But in time of stress, when the question is of far greater moment, it is quite otherwise. No genuinely liberal party could have written the Espionage Act of 1917–18—at least as it was interpreted and applied by the courts—nor the criminal syndicalism statutes that now disgrace the books of many of our States. No genuinely liberal party would tolerate the high-handed fashion in which freedom of assembly and discussion is sometimes ruthlessly suppressed in some of our local communities with or without express legal authority.

In the field of protective morality your authentic liberal is likewise an individualist. He will concede that there must be some restraint in the interest of public morals and decency. But he will fight for a minimal amount of it, putting a heavy burden of proof upon the Comstocks and the Sumners. He will prefer the risk of an occasional corrupted youth to that of a hamstrung literature or art. He will believe that men cannot be made good by law. He will in consequence be wholly out of sympathy with the spirit of blue laws. It is difficult to see how a liberal can believe in the wisdom of national Prohibition, especially since it has been so hypocritically tried and found wanting in such huge measure. But apparently, on this one great subject of nation-wide contention, some otherwise liberal persons are closely joined with the most ardent authoritarians.

Again, your unalloyed liberal will not view without alarm certain dangerous tendencies in modern procedural law. He will not believe that the motor car of an innocent owner should be subject to confiscation because a guest in the car happens to have upon his person a flask of intoxicating liquor upon which no tax has been paid to a government that makes it impossible to pay the tax. He will not follow with conviction the argument that such a car is vested with a mystical personality and is properly chargeable with complicity in violating the law. He will not think that a theatre in which a vulgar play has been produced may be justifiably padlocked for six months or a year under an

injunctive order issued by a single judge sitting in a civil action without a jury. He will stand shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Justice Brandeis in his courageous and not wholly lost struggle to preserve something of the substance of the constitutional guarantee against unreasonable searches and seizures.

In the field of education the liberal is also an individualist, with the exception that he probably will subscribe to the principle of compulsory school attendance. The term "liberal education" as commonly used is of course an absurd misnomer. It has no kinship with liberalism. It refers rather to education of a general, cultural sort as distinguished from technical or professional education, but it carries no necessary connotation either of enlightened methods of instruction or of an aim to inculcate freedom and breadth and tolerance of views. Whatever else it may imply, liberalism in education certainly means stern opposition to the increasing tendency of American State Legislatures to prescribe by statute what shall and shall not be taught in State-supported schools. This is undoubtedly within their legal but unfortunately beyond their intellectual competence. Despite the length, technicality, ephemerality, and dullness of most State constitutions, fourteen States require that these documents shall be taught to the immature. Instruction in the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system is required in most States and tobacco is added in a few of them. Indeed, judged by the universality and scope of these enactments, this appears to be our most important subject of learning. Courses in thrift must be given in four States. In Ohio thirty precious minutes weekly must be given to this subject from the kindergarten to the last year of high-school. In eight States the Bible must be read daily; in many others this is merely permissive—the Bible is simply not to be banned.

But the last word in this sort of legislative dictation is supplied by the anti-evolution laws of Tennessee and Arkansas. As a crowning act of folly there remains only the chance that some even more omnicompetent State Legislature may by definite statute substitute the first two chapters of the Book of Genesis for all courses in astronomy and biology.

Apart from these last mentioned laws the point is not so much what Legislatures have actually done to school curricula as that they have done anything. The making of curricula is a technical job. It may be admitted that our educational experts are none too expert in fact. But they are the best we have; and many of them are frankly experimenting and earnestly groping toward an educational offering that is more adequate in scope and more effective in method than that which we have. They should not be impeded by mandates from ignorant laymen lawmakers.

V

It seems clear, then, that in the realm of mind and of morals liberalism is still largely identified with individualism. But not so in the realm of politico-economics. He who would today settle all questions of public economic policy by the rule of "the less government the better" is neither a liberal nor a conservative. He is, rather, a dolt. Even your most hidebound conservative wants his protective tariff and governmental protection for his foreign investments, however inherently precarious his ventures.

The plain fact is that under the rule of *laissez faire* technological industry proceeded of its own accord to stifle individualism by an ever-increasing concentration of capital and control. Of course, these organizations want to be let alone except where the government can offer them positive assistance. But manifestly in such a régime the only possible salvation for individualism was and is government interference in behalf of the individual. That such interference has often been pathetically inadequate does not prove that affairs would have been better without it.

In things economic your true liberal need be nothing more than open-mindedly fearless of change. He need not believe in government ownership and operation as a matter of principle, but also he will not be frightened into hysteria by the bugaboo of state socialism or the so-called "rationalization" of industries that are competitively out of joint. Naturally, he will be for all sensible measures that look to the amelioration of industrial and social ills. In foreign relations he will favor every reasonable plan for the preservation of peace, will not be supersensitive about his country's national honor, and will oppose any national action which, taken without consultation with other nations concerned, may be likely to stir up bitterness of feeling or a sense of injustice done.

The liberalism thus briefly and partially sketched is obviously many-sided. A person may be liberal in this, illiberal in that. Now, the one essential element in a philosophy of liberalism as a premise of a robust political party is liberality toward the dissenting views of one's fellow liberals. And this element is precisely what many, if not most, liberals conspicuously lack. They are as dogmatic as are conservatives. Indeed, being crusaders rather than defenders, they are often more so. In place of a philosophy they would substitute a fundamentalist creed that would lead to the excommunication of him who dissented from the thirteenth or the thirty-ninth article.

The probable fact is that there are not enough people in the United States of a sufficiently generous and tolerant turn of mind to form a genuinely liberal party that would in a contest give adequate exercise to a conservative opponent. And so my prophecy—which is only a guess—is that for some time to come, as for some time gone, we shall continue to muddle along with these strangely formed and strangely trained animals, the elephant and the donkey—with the elephant on the stage most of the time.

FOOD AND DRINK

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Why has our poetry eschewed
The rapture and response of food?
What hymns are sung, what praises said
For home-made miracles of bread?
Since what we love has always found
Expression in enduring sound,
Music and verse should be competing
To match the transient joy of eating.
There should be present in our songs
As many tastes as there are tongues;
There should be humbly celebrated
One passion that is never sated.
Let us begin it with the first
Distinction of a conscious thirst
When the collusion of the vine
Uplifted water into wine.
Let us give thanks before we turn
To other things of less concern
For all the poetry of the table:
Clams that parade their silent fable;
Lobsters that have a rock for stable;
Red-faced tomatoes ample as
A countryman's full-bosomed lass;
Plain-spoken turnips; honest beets;
The carnal gusto of red meats;
The insipidity of lamb;
The wood-fire pungence of smoked ham;
Young veal that's smooth as natural silk;
The lavish motherliness of milk;
Parsley and lemon-butter that add
Spring sweetness unto river shad;
Thin flakes of halibut and cod,
Pickerel, flounder, snapper, scrod,
And every fish whose veins may be
Charged with the secrets of the sea;
Sweet-sour carp, beloved by Jews;
Pot-luck simplicity of stews;
Crabs, juiciest of Nature's jokes;
The deep reserve of artichokes;
Mushrooms, whose taste is texture, loath

To tell of their mysterious growth;
Quick, mealy comfort glowing in
A baked potato's crackled skin;
The morning promise, hailed by man,
Of bacon crisping in the pan;
The sage compound of *Hasenpfeffer*
With dumplings born of flour and zephyr;
Spinach whose spirit is the soil;
Anchovies glorified in oil;
The slow-gold nectar maples yield;
Pale honey tasting of the field
Where every clover is Hymettus;
The cooling sanity of lettuce
And every other herbal green
Whose touch is calm, whose heart is clean;
Succulent bean-sprouts, bamboo-shoots;
The sapid catalogue of fruits:
Plebeian apple, caustic grape,
Quinces that have no gift for shape,
Dull plums that mind their own affairs,
Incurably bland and blunted pears,
Fantastic passion-fruit, frank lemons
With acid tongues as sharp as women's,
Exotic loquats, sly persimmons,
White currants, amber-fleshed sultanas,
(Miniature and sweetened mannas)
Expansive peaches, suave bananas,
Oranges ripening in crates,
Tight-bodied figs, sun-wrinkled dates,
Melons that have their own vagaries;
The bright astringency of berries;
Crêpe-satin luxury of cream;
Wedding-cake that fulfils the dream;
Pepper, whose satire stings and cuts;
Raw liberality of nuts;
Sauces of complex mysteries;
Proverbial parsnips; muscular cheese;
Innocent eggs that scorn disguises;
Languid molasses; burning spices
In kitchen-oracles to Isis;
Thick sauerkraut's fat-bellied savor;
Anything with a chocolate flavor;
Large generosity of pies;
Hot puddings bursting to surprise;
The smug monotony of rice;
Raisins that doze in cinnamon buns;
Kentucky biscuits, Scottish scones;
Falstaffian tarts that mock the chaste
Rose-elegance of almond-paste;
Venison steaks that smack of cloisters;

Goose-liver for the soul that roisters;
Reticent prawn; Lucullan oysters;
Sausages, fragrant link on link;
The vast ambrosias of drink:
Tea, that domestic mandarin;
Bucolic cider; loose-lipped gin;
Coffee, extract of common sense,
Purgative of the night's pretense;
Cocoa's prim nursery; the male
Companionship of crusty ale;
Cognac as oily as a ferret;
The faintly iron thrust of claret;
Episcopal port, aged and austere;
Rebellious must of grape; the clear,
Bluff confraternity of beer—

All these are good, all are a part
Of man's imperative needs that start
Not in the palate but the heart.
Thus fat and fibre, root and leaf
Become quick fuel and slow grief.
These, through the chemistry of blood,
Sustain his hungering manhood,
Fulfilling passion, ripening pain,
Steel in his bone, fire at his brain. . . .
So until man abjures the meats
Terrestrial and impermanent sweets,
Growing beyond the things he eats,
Let us be thankful for the good
Beauty and benison of food,
Let us join chiming vowel with vowel
To rhapsodize fish, flesh and fowl,
And let us thank God in our songs
There are as many tastes as tongues.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SCIENTIFIC note in the eminent Birmingham *News:*

To the Editor The Birmingham News:
It is with sorrow that I see so many friends passing away with the flu, when it can be avoided.

I am going to write my receipt down for you. It will not only cure the flu, but will prevent it. Although I know that my prescription is a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, I am writing it herein so that many lives may be saved in this dire distress that has befallen the country.

Take a quart fruit jar and slice it full of red onions. Then fill it up with the best whiskey you can procure. Take a tablespoonful six times a day. Also on retiring peel an onion and hold it in your hand and the fever will be gone in the morning, or 24 hours thereafter. Keep the bowels open.

I know of 50 people it has cured.

JAMES ROY STULL,
Rt. 5, Birmingham.

CALIFORNIA

FURTHER progress of the great American Movie Culture, as reported by the Los Angeles correspondent of *Variety:*

A promoter has approached a number of studios for permission to photograph film stars and use the pictures for wall paper prints. Plan is to create a vogue for homes. Special combinations are being arranged for many moods and fancies. The Shebas may have a John Gilbert room, or a group of panels carrying portraits of many screen idols. Movie-struck sheik can have his selection of screen flaps. Hoot Gibson is being sought to fill the demands of the kid lovers of Westerns, and the prominent child players are being sought for decorating the nurseries. Chaney will look after the bad little boys and girls.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

DITHYRAMBS appearing in the *Congressional Record*, and sponsored by the Hon. John J. Boylan, Congressman from the Fifteenth District of New York:

POET LAUREATE OF AMERICA
By Horace C. Carlisle

Everybody who reads the *Congressional Record*
Reads the widest-read daily, perhaps, in the world,
For it carries, verbatim, the doings of Congress
Wheresoever the Stars and the Stripes are unfurled—
And it ought to be read by a sovereign people
In whom all the great powers of sovereignty dwell—
For Americans justly have boasted their freedom
Ever since independence rang liberty's bell.

But from that day to this there has one thing been lacking—
With the volumes of poems that have sung her renown
As a nation, our Congress has chosen no poet
Yet to wear the unworn poet laureate's crown.
On its blank cover page, now subserving no purpose,
The *Congressional Record* might carry each day
A short poem, effervescing with dynamic power,
To America's heart in a national way.

What a great opportunity for a real service!
Like Niagara's waters, now running to waste!
On this now wasted page a nonpartisan poem
Of American interest ought to be placed.
Who can say that this page was not left for this purpose,
In accord with the Infinite's unquestioned plan,
Until He, in His wisdom, could properly fashion
For this wonderful service a suitable man?

THE HON. TOM HEFLIN entertains the Senate with his devoirs to the New Trinity:

I think one of the greatest men in this country is Bishop Cannon, of Virginia. He is a man of superb intellect and great learning, a man of broad vision, and a man of fine moral courage and Christian character.

Doctor Straton, of New York, is an able and eloquent Baptist preacher, a man of fine parts and high ideals. He is one of the foremost and best-beloved leaders of Protestantism and Christianity in America.

Billy Sunday, the greatest evangelist since the days of Sam Jones, is a terror to liquor dealers and bootleggers and to all manner of sin and crime against our country. He is still going about doing good to those who love and serve our country.

GEORGIA

POLITICAL announcement in the eminent Augusta *Chronicle:*

Vote For
JOHN B. CHAVOUS, JR.
for
CITY COUNCIL
5TH WARD
I KNOW I'M NOT MUCH
BUT WHY VOTE FOR LESS?

ILLINOIS

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New Republic* describes the progress of the Noble Experiment in Chicago:

> Intelligent drinkers in Chicago make sure that their beers, wines and whiskeys come from notorious gangs. What danger there is from poisonous liquor comes from trading with lone bootleggers, who peddle a case here and there for a few dollars' re-sale profit. To deal with a bona-fide representative of a well known gang is to be sure of delivery and product.
>
> Since the development of the powerful gangs, the price of good whiskey and beer has declined somewhat in Chicago. Sales managers of commercial firms, duty-bound to entertain customers from out of town, pay from $100 to $120 a case for excellent Bourbon, whereas in earlier days the same brand, of more dubious origin, cost from $135 to $150. The days when "needle beer"—enlivened with ether—sold for $10.00 a case were practically ended in Chicago by the rise of the organized "mobs". Good beer, which could not be had then, now costs] $12 a case, on an average, and sells in speak-easies at 25 cents a glass.
>
> Other benefits have also come to Chicago from the organization of gangs. Burglaries and hold-ups have lessened, and though pay-roll stick-ups and bank robberies are still frequent, the lonely citizen plodding home at night is safer than ever before: criminals have fatter fish to fry. Gambling, too, gives better security to the citizen-patron today than ever before in the history of Chicago, where gambling has been institutional. The roulette wheels may be as crooked as ever and the dice as often loaded, but the bootlegging gangs, who maintain them in palatial salons, protect their guests from the pickpockets and hold-up men who used to comb these scenes for victims. From Big Business in more admired fields, the gangsters have learned that the "important money" is to be gained by keeping the customer happy and satisfied.

HANDBILL widely circulated in the same celebrated town:

GREAT NEWS
This Is the Great Movement Predicted
This Is Proven in the Scriptures and Our
Up-to-Date Revelations
We Are Receiving Direct from God
GREATEST, MOST MIRACULOUS AND MOST
WONDERFUL MESSAGE EVER KNOWN

These great revelations also reveal the only true interpretation of the greatest Bible questions as follows: *Christian Sabbath. Coming of Jesus Christ. End of the World. Mode of Baptism. God's Way of Healing. Is Hell a Fearful Punishment? Gathering of the Elect People. The Symbolic Interpretation of the Book of Revelation. The True Pentecostal Movement. Revelations Direct from God.*

FUNDAMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY: THE GREATEST SCIENCE

How to choose a vocation and a wife for everlasting pleasure; and how to train a child and start before it is born. Piano music: Old time gospel melodies. By George Priddle. He is also the Evangelist of several trades and Professions.

NEW COTTAGE HOTEL
815 E. 63 St., Sun. 3 P.M.

INDIANA

FROM the *No-Tobacco Journal*, published at Butler:

> Tobacco juice and the Holy Spirit are not compatible and can not dwell in the same hide together. Therefore, it behooves us to do all we can to get tobacco and humanity as far apart as possible. . . .
>
> Can you imagine Emerson smoking a cigarette? The idea is preposterous! Or Thoreau, James Russell Lowell or Longfellow? Minds as gifted as these are not produced from muddled, tobacco-minded forebears. Most of our decadent poetry of today is a direct consequence of excessive and inherited tobacco using. Of course, we have genius in the literary field today, as witness Edgar Guest, beloved as the poet of the people, who is a non-smoker.

PROUD boast of a free American citizen of the grand old town of Wheeler, writing in the Chicago *Tribune:*

> I am happy to say that I am doing my part to help reform this sin-ridden world. I am a member of the Anti-Saloon League, the Anti-Light Wines and Beer League, the Anti-Cigarette League, the Anti-Tobacco League, the Anti-Nudity in Art League, the Anti-Pool Room League, and the Anti-Sunday Amusement League.
>
> SARAH PRATT JURGENS.

INSIDE information from the Rev. Leslie Smith, pastor of the Riverside United Brethren Church, as reported by the Muncie *Morning Star:*

> Our prayers to God are often so indefinite that He cannot understand what we need.

IOWA

MORAL bill recently introduced in the State Legislature:

Judiciary No. 1. Senate File No. 384.
By Booth.

A BILL FOR

An Act prohibiting the use of booths, partitions and separations for patrons of eating places,

restaurants, cafés and refreshment places, and providing a penalty for violation.

Be It Enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for the owner, proprietor, manager, or operator of any restaurant, eating place, café, refreshment parlor, or any other place where food, refreshments, or soft drinks are sold and dispensed, to provide or use separate booths, partitions, or any similar construction for patrons, such that it is not possible for any person not within such enclosure to observe such patrons or their conduct while patronizing such place. The provisions hereof shall not be construed to include, or apply, to private dining rooms used in connection with any such place.

Sec. 2. Any person violating the provisions of the preceding section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction therefor shall be fined not to exceed one hundred dollars ($100.00), or be imprisoned in the county jail for not more than thirty (30) days.

PRIZE booster hymn to Muscatine, widely circulated in that lovely town:

CITIZENS!!

Muscatine, Muscatine!
Of southern Iowa she is the queen.
The girls are the fairest,
The boys are the squarest,
Of any old town that we've seen.
We are strong for our home town,
We want you to come on down,
Do your work and have fun in between.
We'll serve sweet potatoes,
Fifty-seven tomatoes.
Watermelons and cantaloupes should they not be too green.
In all kinds of weather,
We all hang together,
And boost for good old Muscatine.
Muscatine, City of Pearls!
We have them in buttons, we have them in girls.
We make buttons of clams,
Our girls are no shams,
And both are essential when life round us swirls.
Come visit our shops,
The work never stops,
Trouble at us her javelin ne'er hurls.
We'll show you our river,
Give you a ride in our flivver,
All around us contentment her banner unfurls.
All that matters is whether
We all stick together,
And boost for the City of Pearls.

MISS SUE BROWNING.

KENTUCKY

ANNOUNCEMENT of a servant of the people of Laurel county, in the London *Sentinel-Echo:*

To the Voters of Laurel County:

I am a candidate for the office of jailer of Laurel county, subject to the action of the Republican primary.

If elected your jailer I will not let any turnkey among the prisoners with a pistol or the keys to the outside door, and if elected I will spend enough money to make a doctor out of my son, Caleb McFadden, and I will buy all the stuff I can use from the man who needs the money. I will doctor the people free of charge. I am the only man in Laurel county that can cure all kinds of cancers and some other diseases.

I have always been an active supporter of the Republican party without a cent of money. In the past Presidential election twelve voters went from my farm, one rode a crap-eared Democrat mule, and I think he voted for Al, which left eleven who voted for Hoover.

If the voters of Laurel county are hunting a man who has never done anything wrong in his life, you had better hunt some one beside me. For the last ten years I have tried to be a good citizen. However, the most I ever did in life was to myself.

I had a friend by the name of Bob Martin that volunteered and told me he was for me and went to electioneering for me. I took the flu and was in bed for several days. When I was able to get out again Mr. Martin told me to quit the race for the people of Laurel county and London were lying to me, that they just wanted me to doctor them, and help them when they need help. I wondered what had gone wrong with Bob, I decided that he thought I would not be able to play rooster with him and he declared himself for Mr. Bill Taylor, for he thought he would be able to play the game.

If elected, while I am jailer I will keep things as clean as I possibly can. I will fix some good seats for the people at my own expense.

You help me and I will help you, it costs you nothing but a cross mark to help me, but it costs me money to help you.

The poor man's friend,

BUD MCFADDEN.

MICHIGAN

A LANSING dispatch to the celebrated Detroit *Free Press* records another step forward in the Higher Learning:

The fine art of pickle packing is being diligently studied at Michigan State College this week by a group of thirty pickle packers attending the first pickle packers' short course to be held in the United States. Professor George Starr, of the horticultural department, is in charge.

MISSOURI

THE HON. A. STANFORD LYON, Jr., of the Jackson County Circuit Court, to the Men's Bible Class of the Independence Avenue Christian Church, Kansas City, as reported by the pious *Missouri Democrat:*

The English language was good enough for St. Luke, Matthew and Mark, and it's good enough for me.

NEW YORK

THE eminent New York *Times* reports the launching of a new cult:

> The hand of God was seen in the shaping of Herbert Hoover's career yesterday morning by the Rev. Dr. Otto F. Bartholow, presiding officer of the Anti-Saloon League of New York and pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Mount Vernon, who spoke in the Woodstock Presbyterian Church, Prospect avenue and 165th street, the Bronx.
>
> "I believe," he said, "that the best appointed man ever chosen to occupy the chair of the Presidency of the United States is Herbert Hoover because his dying parents out in Iowa put their hands on him and said: 'God Almighty bless you.' He went West empty-handed. The blessing of God followed him. Your New York delegation tried to put him off, but the blessing of God was upon him. The forces of rum, corruption and sinfulness could do nothing against him. You cannot do anything against a man who has the blessing of God upon him. He went out empty-handed and came back with the Presidency of the United States in his hands."

OHIO

SCIENTIFIC notice in the celebrated Portsmouth *Sun*, dredged up by the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

HEAR YE!

> I have now practiced a specialty—viz Diseases of Women—for one year, which convinces me that if every Physician, in every city would specialize along some line—of his, or her, own choosing of course—that the public would be better served thereby, as the best informed will attest, others to the contrary notwithstanding, however, I am still annoyed with both day and night calls which I cannot consistently nor honorably fill—nor have I—and to receive such NOW, is but another proof, that it takes a long, long time to disseminate a fact, and longer still to digest it, and therefore in view of this regrettable fact, I hereby announce that I will resume general practice. Public be advised.
>
> HERMAN H. MORGAN, M.D.

OKLAHOMA

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oklahoma City *News* offers the low-down on astrology:

HOW PLANETS OPERATE

Editor of the News:

> The question is very often asked by students of psychology, how do planets operate to make their influence felt upon human beings and the earth, sea, vegetation? What is the *modus operandi?*
>
> My answer to this oft-repeated question is: the effect is produced by chemical action. All manifestation may very properly be called the operation of the chemistry of life. The blood must be the cause of all physical sensations, for it feeds and gives life or vital force to the brain cells and all the nerves. Therefore, it is plainly to be seen that planetary angles must reach consciousness through the medium of blood in order to record their message.
>
> "There is no language where their voice is not heard" is a statement of the Holy Writ. If Mars is in bad aspect in Virgo the molecules of iron phosphate will be distributed and the native suffer from a deficiency in iron in the digestive fluids. Jupiter in malefic aspect in Aries will cause financial worry by consuming more potassium phosphate than usual, and this cell-salt is the mineral base of grey matter of the brain and a deficiency of this tissue builder causes groundless fears of financial ruin, sometimes leading to insanity or suicide. Evil aspects of Mercury in Gemini cause accidents and blunders in the industries, mechanics, manufacturies, etc., due to a deficiency in potassium chloride, the cell-salt of the Gemini native, the arms and hands, organs of expression or labor. Adverse aspects in Leo cause heart trouble by distributing the molecular chain in the Leo cell-salt magnesia. In Libra the mineral, sodium phosphate, holds in balance the acids of the body, sodium phosphate being alkaline. In Capricorn teeth or bone will be affected.
>
> The chemical effect of planetary angles on the earth is caused by the influence or vibration of water and minerals responding to their positive and negative chemical affinities in the ether. The same law operates in the sap and minerals in all vegetable life.
>
> R. E. NIX, *Psychologist*,
> 207 Terminal Arcade.

PENNSYLVANIA

DR. JOHN HOWARD DICKASON, addressing the Uniontown Kiwanis Club, as reported by the *Morning Herald* of the same great town:

> Baseball will be taught in Heaven.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Fort Mill:

> Chief of Police V. D. Potts of Fort Mill, hearing a commotion and the howling of dogs in the lower part of the city, investigated. Near the scene of the noise a man staggered around the corner. Chief Potts noticed that his mouth was full of hair and questioned him. The man related, in effect, that the howling had annoyed him, that he had caught one of the canines, and that he had bitten it three times.

TEXAS

THE life of a Texas worthy, as set forth in the celebrated *Baptist Standard* of Dallas:

On Tuesday I had the privilege of enjoying a luncheon with the managers of the Duke and Ayres, Inc., chain of stores and speaking to them about the founder and the early days of the business which has grown to such proportions. There are now thirty-seven stores in the chain.

The beginning of this business is well remembered. It was in 1893 that Mr. H. Z. Duke moved from Cisco to Bowie. He borrowed $500 with which he bought a small stock of nickel store goods and opened Duke's Nickel Store. He was a Baptist deacon and worked at the job. I was his pastor and testify that no pastor ever had a better deacon or a truer friend. He and Bob Burnett, Trustin Ball, W. R. Sanders, Captain Coffield, G. B. Moore and some others now in the better land were the active and dependable men in the church. They, with a number of elect women, so lived and worked that the church was in a state of revival nearly all the time and many were saved and added to the membership.

While that store was small and the profits meager, Brother Duke and the pastor entered into an agreement to begin tithing. From that day God blessed us both. The store made money. Brother Duke, at length, began to expand the business, moved to Dallas and incorporated under the name of Duke, Teel and Ayres, then changed to Duke and Ayres, Inc., as it is now.

Mr. H. Z. Duke was one of the best personal soul winners I ever knew. His plan was to select one person and win that one. He did not try to win two or three at one time. He got one person on his heart at a time—never two or more, always one. He would talk to God about that one person and talk to that individual about religion. He was remarkably successful as a soul winner, and he averaged working in revivals three months of every year. He always paid his own expenses and gave to the revivals. He never received a cent for religious work. He was one of the founders of laymen's work in Texas.

He gave to educate young men and women and to send missionaries. At first he gave only a tenth of his net income. Afterwards he gave an eighth, then a fifth, then half and then all above a modest living.

He became convinced that the denomination should own the *Baptist Standard* and he gave $15,000 of the $25,000 paid for it. Afterward he gave more to pay its unpaid debts at the time it was bought, which debts remained, contrary to agreement.

He gave $20,000 to the Baptist General Convention on the annuity plan. In all of it his good wife, Mrs. Duke, shared the joy of service. His nephews, the Teels, and his daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. Newton Ayres, were partners in the good work done and rejoiced with him in the Lord's gracious gifts.

The recent meeting of the managers was a religious as well as a business meeting. Secretary Chesley Brown writes as follows: "For your information I will state that the closing hours of our convention was more like a revival meeting than a sales meeting." This was as it should have been, and as Deacon H. Z. Duke would have had it.

Truly, "He being dead, yet speaks."

VIRGINIA

THE eminent Washington *Post* reports upon the state of the Bill of Rights in Monsignor Cannon's diocese:

> A man's home is no longer his castle, since the Prohibition law became effective, but is as "open as a dog house," according to Justice W. S. Snow, who made the above statement in the Alexandria Police Court yesterday, following a plea by an attorney against the action of the police in entering the home of a colored couple charged with improper conduct. The attorney claimed the police were looking for a person other than those arrested, and consequently had no authority to make an arrest without a warrant. The court held otherwise, however.

WASHINGTON

FROM the Rules and Regulations of Walla Walla College, "the School that Educates for Life":

> 6. Students must abstain from indecent or disorderly behavior; from profane and unbecoming language; from visiting billiard rooms, or gambling places; from the use of tobacco in any form; from card playing, and from having cards in their possession; from having or reading pernicious literature; and from improper associations.
>
> 7. Attending the theatre, motion pictures, or any other entertainment of an objectionable character, interferes with the student's work and exerts a wrong influence in the school. It is, therefore, forbidden. Frequent attendance upon evening gatherings of any kind is not in harmony with the plan of the school and may be made a matter of discipline at the discretion of the faculty. However, students may arrange for and attend occasional social gatherings upon permission of the president in accordance with the following plan:
>
> (1) Permission must be obtained before the invitations are extended.
>
> (2) The names of those whose presence is desired at any social function should be submitted to the president at least three days before the day upon which the function is scheduled to take place.
>
> (3) A teacher must be secured to act as chaperon.
>
> (4) The person arranging for the gathering is requested to counsel with the chaperon regarding the anticipated programme for the occasion.
>
> 8. Gentlemen may call upon ladies at suitable times and places. Permission for such calls upon those in the home should be obtained from the dean of women; upon ladies residing in the college, from parents or guardians; upon

lady non-resident students living in the village, from those in whose homes they live.

9. Improper associations, sentimentalism, and flirting; strolling together about the streets or in the country, either in the daytime or after nightfall, are forbidden because they are contrary to the usage of good society, and lead to evil results.

10. Students will be expected to dress healthfully and plainly. A reform may be required of anyone whose dress does not conform to this principle. The specific standards are set forth in the students' handbook which will be mailed upon request. . . .

13. Students are prohibited from getting into the gutter or upon the roof of either dormitory or main building.

WISCONSIN

TREATISE on pathology from the eminent La Crosse *Tribune & Leader-Press:*

HEART DISEASE

Editor the Tribune:

In your paper of Monday, the board of health in Madison claims that more people die of heart disease than all other diseases put together, and claims that over 200,000 children have it, and are wondering what to do to prevent it and how to cure it. They claim that the best preventative would be through the mouth vs. tonsils. Well, yes, bad tonsils, teeth and goiters are not extra good food for the heart, but are a long ways from being the real cause of heart disease. Right here I will mention that a few years ago, I thought it strange when a doctor would say, well, I believe your teeth will have to come out, wondering what teeth had to do with sickness, but have found out, and my advice is, save your lower teeth. But do not spend a penny on the upper ones. Have them taken out with the first sign of decay and many aches and pain will be avoided. Besides you have more grit and nerve in your teens than you have in your forties. The real cause and prevention of heart disease is so simple that you will pass it up as a joke, but it's the truth nevertheless. Bed rooms are the cause of heart disease, wrong sleeping conditions, sleeping with your bedroom door closed. Have you noticed that more traveling men are dropping off with heart disease than of any other disease? Just the other day a traveling man in one of the hotels in Sparta stepped into a bathroom and dropped dead. Many of them sleep in a different room every night. In small towns it is usually a two by four with one window. (If it has two windows you pay extra.) The first thing Mr. Travelingman does after entering a room is close the door and lock it. What else can he do? Rolls in, with all circulation cut off, and is not aware of the fact that he starts to dig his own grave. One window open and the door open eight to ten inches causes circulation and is the pump that keeps the heart filled up with air. But the pump shut off (bedroom door closed) makes at least eight hours out of every twenty-four that he ever draws on his heart and is not putting one bit back in, when all of a sudden his heart is a flat tire, air oozed out and as the last bit of air sizzles out, over he goes regardless of where he may be, whether it's in a bathroom, on the street or in an automobile, makes "nix aus." There he lays in a heap, limp, no air, to go on any further. His heart isn't made of rubber, so you can't pump it up, and so it's too late. Too late. This lack of circulation in bedrooms causes children to come into the world with heart disease born right in them, and 200,000 mothers put a child to bed and close the door, so it's not at all surprising although staggering and appalling. Does it sound like a joke? If it does, read it again.

MRS. TRACY.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

THE eminent *Japan Advertiser*, of Tokyo, prints some of the congratulatory cablegrams received on the recent enthronement of the Hon. Michi-no-Miya Hirohito, LL.D., as one hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan:

To His Imperial Majesty The Emperor of Japan and to the People of Japan:

I desire to offer respectfully my congratulations and all good wishes. The auspicious Enthronement just accomplished has been followed by the entire world with profound interest and satisfaction. This is the beginning of another era of national progress and general prosperity in Japan. May His Imperial Majesty's reign be long in the hearts and happiness of His people.

HENRY FORD.

The Day of the Enthronement of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan marks for the Japanese people the beginning of a new Era in their glorious history of undertaking and achievement. It presents to us and to the people of our own United States the opportunity, in extending our felicitations, to pay to a great and friendly Nation and to its exalted Ruler our tribute of admiration and respect.

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CORPORATION
Boston, Mass.

All glory and honour to the ancient Japanese Empire, supremely blessed with a long and mighty line of judicious Rulers, sacred and inviolable! With solemn reverence for the noble Japanese nature made immortal by legend and tradition, we honour the Imperial grandeur of soul once more consecrated in sanctified ceremony. For this rare opportunity of rendering tribute to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, on the glorious event of His Enthronement, the Gillette Safety Razor Co. is deeply grateful.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

THE BORAX HOUSE

BY LOUISE CONANT

DOLLARS to doughnuts that linoleum rug you hammered down last night or the throne chair on which you've just made your final payment (thank God!) comes from a Borax House. But what is a Borax House? Twenty or thirty years ago, when it was born, everybody in New York, its birthplace, knew—if not its trade name, then at least enough about it to be wary of it. Dingy and dilapidated, it was the kind of shop where merchandise was sold at any price the dealer could get and by any method. Only the very poor, compelled to buy on the instalment plan, patronized it, and the very shrewd, who hoped to outwit the dealer. Everybody else went to a one-price store and paid cash.

Nowadays, when the swankiest establishments are extending credit under such euphemistic names as the Deferred Payment Plan or the Budget Club, and all the landscape is decorated with "Truth in Advertising" slogans, the Borax House still exists, but on so much grander a scale that nobody ever suspects it. It has several stories, an office force, from four to twenty salesmen, and its name blazoned on handsome delivery trucks—everything, indeed, that even the most high-grade establishment can boast. Nor is it as bold and brazen as its predecessor, which sold one kind of merchandise, and, in a hired truck, delivered another. No indeed. The new Borax House is much more subtle. It sells you pretty much what it wants to sell you, and if you are easy it gets 20% more from you than the high-grade establishment, but you never know it. In one great city I know, out of twenty-one furniture establishments (I exclude the department stores which are four-fifths honest) sixteen are unrecognizably Borax. And in other cities, I am told, there are just as many.

How the Borax House came by its name is a question that the learned have not yet dealt with. In spite of the fact that the respectable New York *Times* prints help-wanted advertisements for "Borax House salesmen," its existence has not been recognized by the dictionaries. But one writer who took notice of it lately traced the name back to *borgs*, the Yiddish word for *credit*, and that is probably correct, for the early Borax House proprietors were East Side Jews who had graduated from instalment peddling. Moreover, the Borax House vocabulary, even where Jews are rare, still contains words that smack decidedly of Yiddish. To a Borax House salesman, when business is bad it's *shofle* and a sucker is always a *shnookel*.

Clothing and jewelry are sold by Borax Houses, too, but it is in furniture that Borax has had its most amazing development. One reason is that only 4% of the clothing of the American people is bought on the instalment plan, whereas 80% of their furniture, according to Professor Edwin Seligman, is purchased that way: surely enough to enable Borax to spread itself. Another is that anybody can see the difference between $20 and $40 suits of clothes, but who can say whether this suite of furniture has $50 more value tucked away in its stuffing and springs than that? The value is hidden, as in a good woman who is plain.

The Borax House, then, depends on the customer's ignorance of the larger values

for its success. Little things, whose value is evident, it sells at a small profit, often below cost. It is always advertising a magazine stand, an electric iron or a footstool cheaper than anybody else. The customer gets the impression that here she can buy more for her money than anywhere and when the springs in the sofa begin to creak she is ready prey. The Borax House is always such a nice establishment to deal with. When you get married it congratulates you, mentioning its new stock of furniture, of course; when the baby comes it predicts an illustrious future for him and suggests a bassinet. It has Booster Clubs and Honor Credit Customers who are so trustworthy that they may buy anything without paying a cent down. It makes you feel like a member of a great and happy family.

II

Advertising is its chief implement. So dependent is the Borax House on this weapon that 10% of its income is appropriated to it. Pick up your local newspaper any evening, and you will find a Borax House ad splashed across an inside page: "This charming, velour, overstuffed, spring construction living-room suite, with reversible cushions, for $72!" "How do they do it?" asks the housewife of her husband. "Damned if I know," says he. Next day she gets somebody to mind the baby and rushes downtown to see the suite. "Is *that* it?" she gasps, beholding a horrible affair in blue. The settee is too short, and one of the chairs (the one that stood behind the settee in the picture) is a rocker, which nobody uses in a living-room any more. Worse, the upholstery of the chair is shabby, and for all the stuffing one might just as well sit on a board.

"That's awful," says the disappointed housewife. "How can you expect anybody to buy this suite?"

The salesman doesn't. "But, madam, what can you expect at that price? That suite is for a cheaper class of people. Now this one here—" So he sells her a suite for $109, worth $98.

With each line of merchandise, the Borax House buys a number for advertising purposes only—what its salesmen call an A. D. V. Of it the manufacturer is asked: "Will it look *bad* enough?" This number brings hundreds of people into the store, but it never goes out. That is not only because nobody will buy an ugly duckling that has been pictured as a swan, but because the house won't sell it. First, there is no profit in selling advertised goods, and secondly, in the case of suites, the advertised number is usually the only one the Borax House has. A salesman who lets a customer buy it may as well follow her out of the store, for his job is gone.

But sometimes, to his disquiet, a customer is so attracted by the price of an advertised article that she is willing to overlook its defects. If it be a baby carriage she consoles herself with the thought that the baby will soon grow up anyway; and if an icebox with the hope that some day she will have a Frigidaire. That is the signal for the Borax House salesman to do his stuff. He points out that the higher priced carriage has stronger handles, that it's larger, that it rolls more easily. "Roll it, madam." If these real advantages fail, he resorts to yarns that frighten her.

"Madam," he says, "I'd rather you didn't buy that cheap carriage for your baby. You look like a devoted mother and I want to treat you right. A good carriage is put on a balancing machine when it's made, cheap ones aren't. Why should you try to save seven or eight dollars and perhaps injure your baby's spine?"

Or if it's an ice-box and she's insistent:

"Madam, I don't want you to take any chances to save ten dollars. I want you to be satisfied and to come back to me. A good ice-box is lined with enamel. The ice-box you want to buy has tin inside. Put food in a tin ice-box and what happens? It spoils. I know of one case where ptomaine poisoning was the result."

The salesman need not know the differ-

ence between a Louis XV chair and a Chippendale, between birchwood and gum. But he must be ingenious. Who would change places with him when the firm, to avert suspicion, advertises a suite which is really a bargain and which he dare not sell? In a case I know of the artist who made the picture did not have to glorify his model in the newspaper. The advertised suite really had a sturdy bed, a rich polish, walnut veneer instead of mere finish, a long vanity with a full-length mirror—and all for $119.

"Don't hurry, madam," said the salesman. "The house is full of bargains today. I want you to see them all before you make up your mind."

What woman does not welcome the privilege of deferring a decision? She follows him from suite to suite, knocking on wood, smelling the cedar or trying the chairs, in obedience to his commands. But in spite of his enthusiasm for this suite and his eulogies of that, there is none to compare with the advertised one for the money. She is determined. He reminds her that the advertised suite is a one-only which accounts for its reduced price; that if anything should happen to it, the firm could not be responsible. Now, if she will take the $139 or the $149 one they will guarantee it. But no, she's willing to take a chance.

Now the salesman becomes confidential. His voice drops and his lower lip slides over to the left. He tells her things which he admits he shouldn't. True, he's working for this firm, but he wants her to be satisfied. He wants her to come back to him. Madam doesn't realize how long that suite has been standing in the house. Why does she think they want to get rid of it? If she will only look at it closely she will observe signs of wear, dents and scratches. If it be Winter he explains how furniture is affected by the chilliness of the store at night; if Summer, how the sun ruins it. By putting a little extra pressure on one knob he shows her how the drawers stick. Finally, he sells her a suite that costs her $30 more and is worth less. That night she teasingly tells her husband how wonderful the handsome salesman was to her.

Periodically the Borax House, to disarm its patrons, sells two or three pieces of an advertised number, and then regrets that it is sold out. For this scheme $15 or $20 objects are used, never suites. An advertised suite is as secure in a Borax House as an elm in a garden. In one such establishment a $72.95 living-room suite was advertised twice a week for three years, in this pose and that, to make it look different, without arousing suspicion. Its picture intrigued hundreds of people, some of whom were even willing to buy it. But it was so ugly at close range that the firm, fearing a duplicate could not be made, held on to it. When it began to look too shabby for further display on the floor the management offered a tempting commission for its sale and it brought $99.50.

III

When the Borax House salesman has diverted his customer from the advertised article his work is by no means done. For his salary does not depend on how *much* he sells, as in a high-grade store, but for *what* he sells. In a Borax House every object has two prices, and, when advertised, three. The advertised price is, as we have seen, very low, to lure people into the store. It is the price the Borax House won't take. The top price is necessarily very high to cover up the poor Borax House's bad debts (after all, the high-grade house sells mainly for cash) and represents what the Borax House would like to get. The "switch" or reduced price lies between the top and advertised prices. It is what the Borax House will take rather than lose a sale. The salesman's value to his employers, and hence his commission or P. M. (abbreviation for premium) depends upon which price he gets.

For example, a woman comes into the Borax House for a suite that has been ad-

vertised at $98. We know that the salesman won't sell it to her, for it is an A. D. V. number. What does he do? He diverts her to a suite whose top price is $140 but which he offers her at the "switch" price of $120. If he sells it to her he receives a small P. M. A really good salesman, however, would not let her buy that suite. He would switch her again to a $150, offered to her at $140 (see how the switch and top prices are converging?): this would bring him a larger P. M. But a very good salesman wouldn't even allow madam to get away with that. He would switch her once more to a suite whose switch and top prices had practically met, and quote the top price. This salesman's commission would be fat. And justly. For his feat would be that he had transported madam from a suite at its lowest price to one at its highest, pausing a few times in the ascent to make it gradual.

The P. M. is marked in code on the salesman's guide sheet or on the price tag, so that he never loses sight of it. The Borax House code is usually a ten letter word wherein each letter represents a digit. *Republican* would be a good illustration. Had our salesman sold his customer the suite for $98 he would have been fired, for a $140 suite at $120 he gets BN (fifty cents); for the $150 suite at $140 he gets RNN ($1); for a suite at top price he gets 1% or more. The P. M. is also used on slow-moving merchandise. A Borax House salesman could sell a skull and crossbones to a colored housemaid if a large enough P. M. were put on them. Realizing this, the manufacturer who sells to the Borax House often offers to pay the P. M. on his own goods. In one Borax House nine leather couches, so unstylish that not one had been sold in two years, got homes within three weeks when a new and high P. M. was put on them.

Because of the different prices a Borax House suite has, one salesman may be trying to sell it at the same time that his colleague is disparaging it. The following line-up illustrates how this may happen:

Suite No. 1: advertised price, $129.75; top price, $159.75.
Suite No. 2: switch price, $149.75; top price, $169.75.
Suite No. 3: advertised price, $139.75; switch price, $169.75; top price, $179.75.

Suites Nos. 1 and 3, it will be seen, were advertised for $129.75 and $139.75 respectively, and must not be sold. The salesman's customer came in to see Suite No. 1. He has switched her to Suite No. 2 and again to Suite No. 3. Realizing he can do no better, he is now concentrating on Suite No. 3 which, at the switch price of $169.75, is not a bad sale. That this suite was advertised for $139.75 the customer, of course, doesn't know. That advertisement appeared in another newspaper.

"Madam," he hammers at her, "my advice is that you take this suite. You can't see the difference between it and the cheaper one? Of course not, but I know it's there. Put your hand down here. No, here. Do you feel it? That's a web-bottom construction. Do you realize what that means? And look at that mohair. This cushion, madam, has sixty-six springs. Sixty-six, think of it! The suite you want to buy has forty. That's hand-carved, madam. Solid mahogany, yes indeedy. It doesn't make any difference to me which suite you take, madam, but I want you to come back—"

"I guess this is the suite you mean," says Salesman B coming up with another customer to the same suite. At the advertised price of $139.75 it is a fine buy and he would rather eat dirt than sell it to her. "This is a very nice suite, madam, but it is only imitation mahogany—"

"*Stiegen!*" whispers Salesman A to Salesman B, which in the Borax House vocabulary means "Pipe down!" "*Stiegen*, you damn fool!"

The Borax House has incessant sales to bring customers in and a T.O. man not to let them out—without buying. In January there is a post-Christmas sale "to dispose of last year's goods" at a discount of 10% to 40%; in February there is nothing to dispose of and so the annual sale

is staged, with streamers in the store windows; March is the time to change the rug and think about the ice-box, wherefore the Spring house-cleaning sale is held; April brings an Easter sale, of course; May brings a pre-opening sale, when Summer samples are sold at factory price; June affords an opportunity to hold a sale for the June bride; in July there is no reason, and so the second annual sale is on; August brings the Summer close-out sale, when merchandise, instead of being stocked up for the following year, is sacrificed at from 10% to 40% off; in September the store takes great pleasure in announcing the Fall opening sale; in October and November the sales, for want of a better reason, are named after the months; and in December, of course, the Christmas sale is launched.

IV

Now that the customer is in the store, suppose she can't be sold? The price is too high; she must consult her husband; she is only shopping. To let her walk (*i.e.*, escape without buying) is treason in a Borax House. So an SOS is sent out by the salesman through one of the numerous foot-pushes in the store. In a flash the "manager" is on the scene, preoccupied with a suite and wholly oblivious of the Aladdin who sent for him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Dixon," says the salesman, simulating reluctance in disturbing such a busy personage. "I wonder if you could do something for my customer. She thinks the price of this suite is too high. Madam, this is our manager, Mr. Dixon."

Mr. Dixon clears his throat impressively. He is all of six feet, has iron-grey hair and wears a Masonic pin on the lapel of his coat. Nobody would suspect from his $25,000 a year appearance that he is only a T.O. man, a special salesman to whom difficult customers are turned over.

"Yes," says Mr. Dixon, stroking his well-shaven chin, "I see. You go on, Bennett. I'll take care of madam myself. I'm not so busy at the moment anyhow."

The salesman slips away, valet-like, though he'll give Dixon hell if he muffs that sale. It carries a $3 P.M., which will give them each a dollar and a half. The customer is flattered. The manager himself is waiting on her. What a handsome man!

The T.O. man seldom bungles the sale. "Madam," he says, cajolingly, "in a reputable establishment such as this you surely would not want us to reduce a price. It would not be fair, would it? But you are a new customer and I should be pleased to place you on our books. I'll tell you what I'll do. I have been thinking of closing out a few numbers and since I have only one or two of these suites left, I'll close out this number and let you have this suite at a 10% discount. I am delighted to be able to do this for you."

The T.O. man has reduced the price without destroying the vital illusion that the Borax House is a one-priced store. Don't old customers get wise, you wonder. Old customers don't have to be T.O.'d. Having confidence in the store, they are *shnookels* and can be sold at top prices.

Some customers can be flattered into buying; others must be forced into it. The T.O. man varies his attack with the enemy. Confronted with a woman who shops before she buys, he wears her out by running her from floor to floor and bombarding her with incessant talk. If her endurance is superhuman and she is determined to shop he pulls a very ingenious stunt. He offers her a remarkable bargain which she won't buy but which brings her back. On her return he pretends it has been sold, admonishes her for not having taken it at once, and when, disappointed and weary, she is on the verge of tears he sells her anything, even a dead horse.

Only the T.O. man has the privilege of selling advertised goods. If a T.O. man can't switch a woman from an advertised suite, the management knows that that suite must mean what her baby does to her. Sometimes, be it a suite that is difficult to replace, they send her a much better one for the money and let her settle it

with her conscience. Or the credit office gives her such bad terms that she cannot meet them and the sale is *schmeissed* (killed).

If the Borax House has to mark up its prices so that they exceed (for value received) those of the high-grade establishment and if its manipulations seem a little shady, we must not be too reproachful. The Borax House refuses to discriminate against the credit-seeking poor by charging 6% above cash, as does the high-grade store, and so its prices must be steep. Although it is known to have made on occasion, 10% and even 25% discounts for cash, its motto is equality for the credit customer. Let us not forget that 85% of its accounts are in arrears and that 15% of them are bad. A staff of collectors must be kept on the payroll to pursue delinquents. A locate man must be employed to trace those who abscond or go to jail. An automobile brings such a large down payment that the dealer is protected. Beside, a finance company collects his debts. But in furniture the first instalment is often as low as 5% or 10% and the Borax House must do its own dirty work.

"Well, if they can't get their money, why don't they take their furniture back?" you may ask. Only for a bottle of booze can the sanctity of a man's home be violated in this country. If he doesn't pay for his furniture a writ must be obtained from the courts and a sheriff's officer hired before it can be confiscated. Ignorant of this fact, many people who cannot meet their terms let their furniture be taken without a writ or a murmur. But on the whole the Borax House is reluctant to follow this procedure. Not alone is it hazardous, but it puts the firm in an undignified position before the peeping neighbors.

Dunning letters weaken the less resolute bill-dodgers. Certain organizations supply sets of them, but a clever credit manager makes up his own. He begins by assuming that the customer has overlooked his payments and apologizes for reminding him. After flattery he tries wheedling and after wheedling a little scolding. When that fails the sinner is threatened with legal proceedings and if that doesn't unnerve him a letter from an attorney follows. Every Borax House has arrangements with an attorney to use his stationery and signature in emergencies. Does the silence persist? Then comes the prize letter of the series, signed by the manager himself and running something like this:

> It has been brought to my attention that legal action is being taken against you by our collection department because of your delinquency in meeting your account. Mr. Jones, I am intercepting this procedure because I do not think you are the kind of man on whom this unpleasant notoriety should be imposed. I have faith in you as an upright citizen and feel you should be given a chance to make good. It is a pleasure for me to make this little extension to you and I shall look forward to seeing you soon.

If such generosity does not break his spirit threats are made to inform his employer and put him on the merchants' blacklist. Further recalcitrance convinces the Borax House that the man is incorrigible and if his account is not too large, it is quietly dropped.

To avoid such correspondence as much as possible the better grade Borax House discriminates between its patrons. The good salesman curbs the desires of a purchaser to what he thinks she can pay and the credit department *schmeisses* a sale that looks doubtful. Not everybody can patronize a Borax House. Attempts are made to sidetrack the bootlegger with hard terms, but he puts it over by his hefty roll. The Borax House likes customers who belong to a strict religious sect: Mennonites, Quakers and Seventh Day Adventists, people who are horribly afraid of God or whose brethren make good for them when they aren't. It likes nurses and teachers and farmers. It is wary of people with seasonal work, like painters; of transients, like insurance agents; of colored preachers that have no other occupation; of students who quarrel and break up house or who go home and leave their furniture behind; of male secretaries, newspaper men, writers and artists.

THE UMPIRE OF FAIRNESS

BY JAMES ONEAL

Late in November, 1822, while contemplating the mysterious craft and the devious ways of American politicians, John Quincy Adams turned the pages of Walpole's Memoirs. Taking up his Diary he wrote: "The public history of all countries, and all ages, is but a sort of mask, richly colored." In 1928, William Allen White, in an illuminating study of American politicians, recalled some rogues who appeared to him as "masks in a pageant—a merry procession of men marching across my consciousness." In one brief passage devoted to the Presidents elected in the past forty years, he summed up his impressions. "Each of these queer Dicks whom we have called to the White House from odd corners in our national life," he wrote, "has been in the day of his power and glory exactly the kind of man whom democracy, if it had known its conscious mind, which it probably did not, would or should have chosen to represent the spirit of the hour in which he came."

So in this era of mass production by robots, where the quantity of wood pulp consumed is considered an index to culture and the old Puritan affection for ducats has become the Service of Rotary, who but an engineer should be called to boss the Republic for four years? It is as though God had groomed Herbert Hoover for the rôle, waiting for Parsimony to retire to the Berkshires and ready to hurl Efficiency into the breach. It is the efficiency engineer who has made heavy industry gush vast quantities of standardized goods and sent the higher Babbitts chasing natives of the tropics, wooing or compelling them to use our shoddy. One of the proudest achievements claimed for Hoover was that of showing that 220 types of bottles could be reduced to 20; 175 automobile wheels to four; 66 shapes of bricks to seven; 287 varieties of tires to 32, and 78 sizes of baskets used in picking grapes to 11. Citing these items of achievement, André Siegfried, a Frenchman, observed that the Hooverian vision is reminiscent of Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV, an estimate that is of historical significance, as we shall see.

Like all statesmen Dr. Hoover has a Message. There is one passage in his speech of acceptance that expounds his view of the American scene. All else is trivial. In this paragraph he opens the door to the Hooverian paradise. Everything else said by him during the campaign was merely an elaboration of this paragraph, merely details of his Utopia of mass production and the romance of steam-roller politics. Speaking of the American idea of "equality of opportunity" he gave it this poetic setting:

> This ideal of individualism based upon equal opportunity to every citizen is the negation of Socialism. It is the negation of Anarchy. It is the negation of despotism. It is as if we set a race. We, through universal education, provide the training of the runners; we give to them an equal start, we provide in the government *the umpire of fairness* in the race. The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, and the greatest character.

Here is romance of a high order. The idea of government as an impartial umpire is a unique contribution to sociology and it is the basis of all the political and economic thinking of Herbert Hoover. The American race, he added in New York

City, is a "system of rugged individualism" against which is pitted "a European philosophy of diametrically opposed doctrines." That philosophy regards government as a nurse, not as an impartial umpire. It provides for this interest and excludes that one, regardless of the training and character of the individual. Here the umpire wears no mask. He awards no favors. He provides equitable rules for the race, enforces the rules, and out of this arrangement emerges the rugged individual, guiltless of economic sin, loaded with cash, and a text for sermons on Americanism.

The genesis of the Hooverian outlook on life is rooted deep in history. Medieval philosophy regarded trade as worldly although necessary, and its allurements were dangerous to one's hope of future bliss. Usury was decidedly disreputable and usurers were denied Christian communion and burial. The merchant and trader ancestors of Babbitt were looked down upon by the nobles who determined the canons of good taste, fine manners, and social eminence. The noble despised the *bourgeois* as a boorish lout, ridiculed his manners, and regarded his trade as the calling of vulgarians. The peasant and town workman renounced him either as a renegade or as a parvenu. He in turn despised them, as his wealth increased, for their servility and ignorance. As commerce expanded with each new discovery of the explorers, and finance became an important ally of trade, the merchant and banker emerged as respectable gentlemen worthy of the rewards of Heaven. The Fuggers were a type of whom R. H. Tawney wrote:

> They advanced the money which made Albrecht of Brandenburg archbishop of Mainz; repaid themselves by sending their agent to accompany Tetzel on his campaign to raise money by indulgences and taking half the proceeds; provided the funds with which Charles V bought the imperial crown, after an election conducted with the publicity of an auction and the morals of a gambling hell; browbeat him, when the debt was not paid, in the tone of a pawnbroker rating a necessitous client; and found the money with which Charles raised troops to fight the Protestants in 1552. The head of the firm built a church and endowed an almshouse for the aged poor in his native town of Augsburg. He died in the odor of sanctity, a good Catholic and a count of the Empire, having seen his firm pay 54% for the preceding sixteen years.

The impact of economic change on the religio-economic philosophy of medieval society became marked with the ascendancy of men of the type of the Fuggers, but it was Calvin who provided the ethical and religious sanctions for the profiteer and usurer under the guidance of spiritual police, and who recommended long hours of labor for women and children as a source of income for the ascending new rich. The Puritan creed reconciled the search for God with the quest for piling up worldly riches. Exported to New England, Calvinism formed a compound of piety, merchant and shipping capital, and land speculation, interpreted by Puritan pastors, merchants and office-holders. Even marriage became a matter of pecuniary speculation and sharp barter, as in the case of Judge Samuel Sewell, who bargained like a huckster with three widows, uncertain which one would yield the best economic arrangement. Perhaps the most perfect type of the pre-Hooverian merchant pietist was John Hull, treasurer of Massachusetts in the Seventeenth Century, whose Diary preserves his interest in fish, salt, iron and "Eternity." "A spiritual camera could not render a more complete picture of his mind," wrote William B. Weeden, "as it works back and forth through pine-tree shillings and selected codfish three feet long; pure wisdom and thrifty silver; the dross of earth mingling with the gold of Heaven. The temporal and the eternal touch and vibrate, and always to the advantage of a God-fearing, just man."

About the same period in France, Jean Baptiste Colbert (1619–1683) son of a *bourgeois* of Rheims and minister of Louis XIV, ventured upon a comprehensive policy of nursing commerce and industry on a grand scale. He reduced the number of holidays, one order wiping out seventeen saints' days, in order to increase the productive output of France. Colbert encouraged early marriages, large families, im-

migrant labor, and transformed government into a hothouse for the development of industries. More than 150 orders and about 32 sets of regulations were issued to obtain uniformity of excellence in production. While worldly affairs had thus gained the ascendancy in both Catholic France and Puritan New England, Colbert's state-aid policy for private enterprise was more conspicuous than this policy was in New England, although the New England saints made the most of their control of legislation.

Colbert is the nearest approach to Hoover of any statesman of the Seventeenth Century. He granted subsidies to companies and occasionally, declares Professor Packard, "the government placed large orders for goods which were not really needed to save a business which was threatened with ruin or serious loss. To stimulate the founding of new industries, many inducements were offered, such as the exclusive right to sell a particular article in France for a term of years; exemptions from taxes and even titles of nobility were also granted. As a result of such help, textiles, articles of taste, laces, tapestries, soap, iron, porcelain, glassware and naval stores were manufactured in increasing amounts." Some phases of Colbert's fiscal policy were followed in New England.

In old England by the early Eighteenth Century the London *bourgeois* had already appeared as an aristocrat of lowly origin. He purchased estates in the suburbs and the substitution of the cane for the sword indicated the eclipse of the feudal lord by the new class of gentlemen. "Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the *noblesse*," declared one observer. In all countries the evidence shows that Babbitt's ancestors ambled into respectability and power with the acquirement of substantial bank accounts. Henceforth profiteering and usury became social and religious virtues. His command of the new form of income elevated him or his political agents into secure niches of the state and the latter took special care of him and his class. This is the historical origin of Hoover's umpire who presides over a race of equals. What decisions that umpire has made in the Holy Land of George F. Babbitt will now engage our attention.

II

Of the alliance of Puritan parsons and merchants in New England I have made some mention, but it is important to remember that the colonial merchant was not the shopkeeper or retail merchant of our time. His business was wholesale and generally included overseas connections on a large scale, a business that often yielded 100% profit. One of his most lucrative sources of income was the slave trade, and this was buttressed not only by the colonial umpire but by all the Christian Powers. He found spiritual consolation in this traffic by the assurance that he was bringing the African within range of the "gospel dispensation." Piracy and business blended in leading ports like Boston and New York, the loot of the sea rovers blessing both parties to the transaction. The umpire was afflicted with astigmatism, occasionally shared in the gains, and in some cases even granted official protections.

Early in the Eighteenth Century pirates complained that the Puritan merchants obtained the greater share of the profits of this jolly commerce. Captain Bellamy expressed the economic issue between merchant and pirate when he seized the captain of a sloop employed by Boston merchants. "Damn ye, you are a Sneaking Puppy," said Bellamy, "and so are all those who will submit to be governed by Laws which rich Men have made for their own Security. They rob the Poor under the Cover of the Law, forsooth, and we plunder the Rich under the Protection of our own Courage; had you not better make one of us than sneak after those Villains for Employment?" Studying this idyllic period of the Hooverian Utopia, James Truslow Adams concluded that the wealth of many

New England families was "founded upon murder on the high seas."

As population expanded into the interior the cohesion between politics and land speculation was general throughout the colonies, with the speculators constituting themselves the umpire in the colonial councils and assemblies. Absentee proprietors of New England towns were voted large grants of land or the capital to purchase extensive acres by their cronies in the assemblies. Farmers spending a year or two clearing the forest and planting crops received the cheering news that the land belonged to the speculators. They were ordered to pay tribute to the coast magnates or to vacate. The umpire back in the colonial capital read the riot act to the swindled cultivators when they complained of the kind of race that was being run in God's country. By legalized chicane the umpire transferred the fruits of the back-breaking toil of the laborers into the pockets of the coast Babbitts who, together with those who shared in the profits of the merchant-pirate business, were gathering the original accumulations of American capital. Those accumulations appear in the droll studies of many professors of political economy as the "abstinence" and "frugality" of early business saints, and in the Hooverian philosophy as the rewards of "rugged individualism." Along the whole frontier line from Maine to Georgia there were complaints against similar legerdemain down to the period of the Revolution. For this reason many of the roughnecks formed a Left Wing in the revolutionary movement in opposition to the profiteers, their lawyers and parsons.

When we turn to the early forms of manufacture in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries there emerges in the New England of the Winthrops and Mathers a policy of state-nursed private enterprise which continued throughout our history to the latest tariff ukase of Calvin Coolidge. The umpire was generous in spraying expectant business men with funds from town and legislative treasuries for various enterprises and granting other favors. Land was voted to them for mill sites by Legislatures, and towns often exempted enterprises from taxation. The manufacture of flour and baking of bread in New York City had become important industries near the end of the Seventeenth Century and Governor Andros gave the proprietors a monopoly by prohibiting importation of bread and flour from other parts of the colony. After New York became a State the Legislature in 1793 lent £3,000 to the proprietors of a glass factory for three years without interest and for five years at 5%.

In the year when the Fathers were framing the Constitution in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Legislature gave a manufacturing company the exclusive right to manufacture glass for fifteen years, exempted the capital stock from taxation for five years, enacted a penalty of £500 for any infringement of the monopoly, and released workmen employed by the company from military duties. Earlier in the century the Rhode Island Assembly granted a bounty of twenty shillings to William Borden for each bolt of duck he manufactured for five years, which was later extended to ten years. A few years later he petitioned for £500 from the general treasury which was voted by the Assembly, and in 1728 he again asked for alms. The General Court ordered £3,000 in bills of credit lent to him without interest, the principal to be paid in ten years. Still other favors were extended to Borden a few years later. Occasionally State lotteries gathered in funds for manufacturers. Colonial records are littered with these examples of the umpire showering budding business men with town and colonial funds.

Invariably these gentlemen accompanied their requests for access to the public funds with a note of piety. The application of William Molineux and others to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1770 is typical. They petitioned the Legislature to assist them in their plan for "manufacturing the children's labor into wearing

apparel" and "employing young females from eight years old and upward in earning their own support." The Legislature obliged by granting the petitioners a loan of £500 without interest.

John Cabot and others in Massachusetts erected a cotton mill at Beverly in 1787, and three years later they faced failure. Following the practice of the time they ran bawling to the Legislature. They had received a grant of land and in their petition of 1790 they declared that their mill "finds employment and support for a great number of persons, and among others for infirm women and children." Despite the gift of land and this cheap labor, they would have to close the mill unless the Legislature gave more assistance. What would become of the "infirm women and children"? According to the Hooverian creed the umpire should have counted these gentlemen out of the race, but instead of this they were handed a loan of £1,000 by the Legislature. Ere long the pious owners of State-nursed mills added "moral instruction" as a by-product of their business. The Sunday-school mill annex appeared. Calvinism, modified by the mill owner's pecuniary claims on the State, became an essential part of the motive power of the textile industry.

The alliance of business and politics had become common in the period of the revolutionary agitation and large fortunes for that day had been accumulated. Within twenty years Benning Wentworth had risen from obscurity to be the possessor of 100,000 acres in New Hampshire. As Governor he gave large sections of land to various groups and with each grant he took 500 acres for himself, leaving poor settlers to nurse their rage in futile protests against such umpiring. Even the lesser business of peddling was ruthlessly hampered by the merchant aristocracy of Philadelphia while the same class in Connecticut was able to obtain legislation that raised the cost of peddlers' licenses from £5 to £20, a rate that was almost prohibitive. A spermaceti candle combination also cornered almost the whole candle supply of the colonies in 1762 and enforced a policy of rigid price-fixing. Adams accounts for the wealth accumulations to "the use of official position, the privateering that was akin to piracy, smuggling and bribery, the engrossing of public lands, price-fixing, and war profiteering." It is difficult to find Dr. Hoover's umpire presiding over a race of equals in the rosy era of the scrap between the Fathers and the British authorities.

III

Perhaps we will locate the umpire somewhere in the Constitution, with the equals at last emerging in a race the rules of which meet the most rigid test of the highest ethics. But the impartial arbitrator must have been indisposed when the gentlemen who framed that charter were chosen, for most of the farmers and mechanics who had fought in the war were excluded from voting by a restricted suffrage. One would be inclined to forget this were it not for the fact that the delegates permitted the suffrage restrictions to remain when they finished their work. The *canaille* were left without a voice on the adoption of the Constitution and the election of members of Congress and presidential electors. The umpire still wore the powdered wig of the colonial gentleman and took no notice of leather breeches. One might follow this quest further, noting the guarantee of the slave trade to the year 1808 (Article IV, Section 3), which promised recovery of slaves and indentured whites who escaped from their masters, and other strange arrangements, but this would be only to emphasize the sad truth that the Hooverian umpire had not yet made his appearance.

Continuing our search, we turn to the First Congress and are shocked. Financial legislation reaped about $40,000,000 for the holders of the old securities of the Confederation, while permitting the paper money chiefly in the hands of the masses to decline till it became worthless. More-

over, the scramble of members of Congress for the securities before their appreciation became generally known and the relation between this transaction and speculation in the Western lands makes painful reading for those who believe in impartial umpiring. When one contemplates a national bank, funding the old debts, and customs duties coming in to nourish the fortunes of manufacturers, it becomes evident that if the Hooverian umpire was present he must have been drugged while these jobs were being pulled. Certainly no impartial third party could have looked on without saying with William Maclay, the Jacobin Senator from Pennsylvania, "Load the ass; make the beast of burden bear to the utmost of his abilities."

In the years following these jobberies the "great experiment in popular government" got under way, but there was still a fly in the ointment. The accumulations of capital had become considerable. In the North most of it was invested in shipping, commerce and land, but after 1812 the tariff-blessed manufacturers began to take the leadership. In the South the accumulations were invested in land and slaves. An industrial economy faced an agrarian economy, the masters of each engaging in an unpleasant quarrel to determine which was to be the umpire. "There is a Senator," roared McDuffie of South Carolina in 1844 (pointing to a textile Senator from Rhode Island), "sitting but two seats from me in the Senate chamber, who is a manufacturer, and who works up about as much cotton as I raise, and who, as God is my judge, derives a greater benefit from the cotton I raise and send to market than I do myself."

Beginning early in 1819 and continuing for a number of years, Philadelphia manufacturers had issued a series of addresses in which they bawled for more and more protective duties. They gathered data from all over the world, quoted such economists as Adam Smith, petitioned Congress, and engaged in debates with their Southern cotton opponents. Down in Virginia John Taylor of Caroline, a radical agrarian, had some years before entered the debate in a series of essays in which he cited British economic history to show that a manufacturing interest was pushing farmers into the background. To permit that interest to legislate, he declared, would be to "favor moneyed capital which will seize upon and appropriate to itself the whole profit of the bounty extorted from the people by protecting duties." Taylor wrote to John Adams, declaring that the press would hear of this outrage. Adams's answer to the Virginian was hardly in keeping with the Hooverian Utopia. "Property makes a permanent distinction between aristocrats and democrats," wrote the second President. "We must remember that the art of printing, to which you appeal to level aristocracy, is almost entirely in the hands of the aristocracy" and for Taylor to appeal to that forum would be "to commit the lamb to the kind guardianship and protection of the wolf."

Here was realism, not romance. The debate showed that the umpire was pure myth. Each interest in proportion as it became powerful supped at the public table. The 5% and 10% tariff of Hamilton advanced to the 30% of Clay and Webster, and shortly after the Civil War to a rate ranging from 30% to 500%. It has continued to increase, and now culminates in the brass of Joseph R. Grundy, caliph of the Pennsylvania manufacturers, who bays for a super-tariff on all products made in his State. In the case of business enterprise the umpire has been a wet nurse selecting it for special care, raising it from infancy to mature vigor, and feeding it with customs duties till it has become a bloated parasite with an appetite that is never sated.

Having failed to locate Dr. Hoover's umpire in manufactures we turn to the field of transportation before the Civil War. Here we run across a whole litter of canal, turnpike, and railroad pigs drawing nourishment from government teats. Local, State, and National governments were lavish with land grants, direct appropriations

of funds, or the purchase of stock in private corporations. The Secretary of the Treasury reported in 1838 that the United States owned three and one-third million dollars of stock in such corporations. Some States were equally generous with their funds. Massachusetts issued State bonds for three railroad corporations in 1837 and later lent $4,000,000 to the Great Western. In 1837 a law of Ohio permitted the Governor, with the approval of the Board of Public Works, to invest State funds in turnpike, canal, and railroad corporations. A few States built railroads and disposed of them to corporations, while certain land grants made to canal companies were transferred to railroad companies when canal building declined. The Southern States were especially generous in suckling these enterprises, and city councils joined in voting funds to plank-road and other transportation companies. Public debts in many States became so large that they were repudiated and to this day a committee representing the heirs of old creditors in London has endeavored to collect on the account without success. In this field the umpire also appears to have groomed certain favorites for the race and brought them to a healthy maturity.

The Federal umpire established a record in magnanimity. By the year 1873 about 35,000,000 acres of land had been given to railroad companies, and the Pacific roads alone were pledged 140,000,000 more. The juicy sums voted by Congress to railroad corporations, over $27,000,000 each to the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific alone in the year 1862, reveal an umpire with all the affection of a father for his children. Consolidation of companies led to the practice of watering stock, an art which derived its name from the practice of Daniel Drew, who, as a cattle drover, permitted his cattle to eat salt and then led them to water before they were weighed.

Still other gifts were bestowed upon these new petitioners for alms by towns, counties, and States in the form of loans or donation of bonds, grants of land, and purchase of stock. Shares were disposed of to unsuspecting rustics who mortgaged their farms in the expectation of getting good returns on the stock and obtaining cheaper transport. Of this idyl in the history of the republic Professor Buck wrote in his monograph on "The Granger Movement":

> The farmer was doomed to disappointment in both of his expectations. The dividends on stock did not materialize, and the new transportation was not cheap enough to offset the increased competition. As the result of the operations of construction rings and unscrupulous directors many of these roads went through receiverships and reorganizations in the course of which the stock purchased by the farmers and municipalities was not seldom wiped out. The farmer who had invested with a view to the development of the country thus found himself with a mortgage on his land, his railway stock worthless, and the expected advantages from the road a chimera. His taxes, moreover, were increased by the investment or donation which his town or county had made for the same purpose.

During the entire history of the development of railroads Dr. Hoover's umpire never appeared on the scene, while illiterates like Daniel Drew and vulgarians like Jay Gould emerged to exhibit the "training, ability, and character" of the Hooverian revelation.

IV

By the time our most important valuables were fairly secure in the keeping of the modern knights of the purse the underlying population began to roar about it. Grangers and other strange sects crawled out of the tall grass and began to talk of setting up an umpire of their own; that is, of making Uncle Sam look after the wants of those who had been swindled. It was time for an economist to appear, one who could explain how everything had happened, why it had happened, and how sinful it was to interfere with God's evolving purposes. That economist was William Graham Sumner of Yale, whose essay, "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," appeared in 1883 and became one of the sacred books of the new Babbittry. His was no esoteric message for adepts. It was

intended for the erring multitudes who were also thinking of seats at the public dining-table. Sumner did not consult the historical records, which was easy enough but rather painful and embarrassing, but proceeded to combine fiction with Sunday-school aphorisms. The result was an American sociology which anticipated the Coolidge-Hoover articles of faith with one exception. Even he could not accept the dogma of the tariff beggars.

We have observed some of the most interesting origins of American capital, but Sumner affirmed that its beginnings "are lost in the obscurity which covers all the germs of civilization." However, when he had consigned its origin to a remote historical vacuum beyond our ken it returned to plague him. Forgetting the obscurity in which the genesis of capital is hidden, he proceeded to trace its evolution step by step! At some time in that remote and mystical period, said our professor, one of our early ancestors made a flint and obtained food. Then he got some animal skins, then bones for needles, and tendons for thread, and furs for clothing, and "so from the first step that man made above the brute the thing which made his civilization possible was capital."

Thus the professor, like a conjuror, brought capital out of its obscurity and its virtues were seen to be daring, laborious toil, sacrifice and ingenuity. Fiction was substituted for economic history and out of his imagination came the Coolidge-Hoover myth of the successful man of "ability and character" to whom go the rewards of a virtuous life. When the world was rocking with revolutionary quakes in 1919 another Yale professor hastened to bring out another edition of this Mother Goose tale as an antidote to "bolshevism and anarchism."

Had Sumner consulted even the two decades of economic and political history before he brought out his jeremiad he would have run foul of the railroad, land, timber, mineral, forest, oil and other gifts made by a prodigal umpire, gifts that constituted enormous accumulations for the parvenus who swarmed about the national money vats. It remained for Charles A. Beard to characterize those two decades in a passage of epic significance. Of the brokers in office who were tossing the riches of a nation into the money bags of the new oligarchs he wrote:

> They held that all of the natural resources of the country should be transferred to private hands as speedily as possible, at a nominal charge, or no charge at all, and developed with dashing rapidity. They also believed that the great intangible social property created by community life, such as franchises for street railways, gas, and electricity, should be transformed into private property. They supplemented their philosophy of property by a philosophy of law and politics, which looked upon state interference, except to preserve order, and aid railways and manufacturers in their enterprises, as an intrinsic evil to be resisted at every point, and they developed a system of jurisprudence which, as Senators having the confirming power in appointments and as counsel for corporations before the courts of the United States, they succeeded in transforming into judicial decisions.

Thus the Hooverian philosophy has a legitimate descent from John Calvin's blessing of the usurer and profiteer which flowered in the Fuggers and their ilk. Colbert in France anticipated his efficiency by employing state power direct in rearing the business enterprise which later cost a Bourbon's head. The Puritan frauds reconciled the old conflict between this world and the next by making God a business man, and establishing a partnership of piety and profits that has endured to the present hour. Sumner polished the creed with academic erudition, cleansing the early accumulations of capital of every trace of blood and dirt, and passed the finished article on to the political brokers. They in turn have found a big market for it in each return engagement of the national political circus, and Hoover is President of the United States.

CHASE OF NORTH CAROLINA

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE HON. HARRY WOODBURN CHASE, A.M., PH.D., and four times LL.D., has lately scandalized all his hard-boiled friends by refusing the directorship of one of the big foundations at a salary twice as large as the one he gets as president of the University of North Carolina. Not that the money was the sole consideration—after all, it is worth something, indeed, it is worth much, to be privileged to live in Chapel Hill, N. C. It wasn't so much the money as the principle of the thing. It was as if a bishop had refused the red hat, or a lawyer an appointment to the Supreme Bench. Directors of foundations are the shiniest officials in all the pedagogical world; yet rather than be one, Chase preferred to continue as president of a State university in the South—to continue, that is to say, as the target for all the bricks, bottles and dead cats which the enemies of intelligence and civilization are able to hurl.

It is not as if he were a young enthusiast, just starting in on the job. Although he is only forty-six years old, he has been president of the university now for ten years, and his acquaintance with politicians, Fundamentalists and cotton-mill barons is as intimate as it is mournful. Nor is it as if he were another Dr. Redfield, that fraudulent Man of Learning delineated by Nelson Antrim Crawford so lovingly that half the reviewers thought he was true. Chase's school today is at once among the most active and among the least idiotic of all the State universities; which is to say that all the natural foes of enlightenment are aflame with a passionate yearning to put it down.

Nor is it as if Chase were such an intellectual two-gun man as, for example, Clarence Darrow, snuffing the battle afar off and saying among the trumpets, ha, ha. He is of another type. Physically, he resembles nothing so much as a particularly holy saint done by a Thirteenth Century sculptor—long, narrow and immensely pious. His prematurely silvery hair gives him the effect of a halo, and his soft voice seems admirably adapted to preaching to the birds. One would expect as soon to find Francis of Assisi emitting blood-curdling yells and leaping among the spears, as this gentle scholar. As a matter of fact, he did omit the yells, but he certainly took a header into the spears when he chose to remain at Carolina.

But, as another matter of fact, President Chase's sanctity is largely on the surface. Oh, no, there is nothing in the least Rabelaisian about him; he is a Congregationalist in regular standing, and irreproachable in all his personal activities. But it is impossible to believe that in years to come images of him will be used as charms to cure ring-worm. It isn't holiness that enables a man to survive ten years as president of an American State university. When one considers the brand of politics that perpetually boils around such an office, it is evident that in this environment the children of earth are wiser than the children of light. Nor is it by holiness, but by shrewd manipulation, that a man builds a respectable institution of learning in the presence of Fundamentalism and Ku Kluxism and at the moment when they are coming to full flower. These things Chase has achieved; and his achievements are in

themselves sufficient proof that he is not a fit subject for hagiology.

After all, an ascetic appearance is not always proof of ethereal mildness. "Yond Cassius," remarked an authority who was no mean judge of men, "has a lean and hungry look; such men are dangerous."

II

Certain facts in the recent history of the University of North Carolina are obvious enough to be common knowledge in the educational world. The institution has undergone a complete regeneration since the war. Although it opened for business in 1795, and is therefore the oldest State university in America, up to 1917 it had hardly made a dent in the consciousness of the country. It was a pretty good school for undergraduates, and its A.B. was regarded as respectable, but there was no reason known to man why anyone should come from beyond the borders of the State to seek instruction there. Today, however, it is recognized as the most aggressive and vigorous university in the South, and among the most aggressive and vigorous in the country. It is particularly strong in the social sciences, and its research work in that field now commands respectful attention everywhere. In addition, it has gradually collected a group of literary gents—essayists, poets, dramatists, critics and similar addicts to beautiful letters—whose average level of ability is as high, to say the least, as that of any group of similar size to be found in the South. In brief, the school at Chapel Hill has become a genuine university, and a very good one.

So much is plain, and it stands to reason that the man who has been at the head of things must have had a good deal to do with it; but that is all that is known even to the majority of North Carolinians. There is a great deal behind the obvious facts, however, and the story has dramatic elements enough to be well worth knowing.

It started with the appearance on the scene of President Chase's predecessor, who was unquestionably a genius. This man, Edward Kidder Graham, stands aside from all categories. Technically, he was a schoolmaster, but in reality he was a flame. He conceived the idea of making the University of North Carolina a genuine servant, or rather, tool, of the State, not merely a pleasant place for gentlemen's sons to spend four years of elegant idleness. Being white-hot himself, he succeeded in igniting the State at large, while the alumni he raised to incandescence. Graham had everything. He was scholarly but not pedantic, he was strong but not rigid, he was gentle but not effeminate, and when he stood up before an audience he spoke with the tongue of men and of angels.

His faculty idolized him, his under-graduates adored him, the alumni regarded him as Joshua who made the sun stand still. He smote the Legislature with the hand of a Moses or of an Alexander Hamilton, and streams of revenue gushed forth. The war interrupted his programme but even during the fighting he organized public opinion in readiness for a great expansion of the university as soon as hostilities should cease.

Then the influenza epidemic of 1918 came along and killed him.

The chairman of the faculty automatically became acting president of the university, and he appointed in his place as chairman of the faculty a young professor of psychology who had been hanging around for several years. He was admittedly a good professor of psychology, one of G. Stanley Hall's pupils, but he had never attracted attention in the State at large. He came from Massachusetts; therefore he had no relatives among the prominent people in North Carolina. It was not even certain that he was a Democrat; therefore he had no supporters among the politicians. His name was Chase.

But within a few months the acting president also died, and one morning the

Tarheels awoke to find it the amazing fact that their State university was headed by a Damyankee, a genuine, blown-in-the-bottle, Massachusetts Bluebelly. It was astounding, it was incredible, but it was true, and there seemed to be nothing in particular to be done about it. After all, he was president by chance, not by election; so the State assumed that as soon as the trustees met he would be replaced by a regularly elected Native Son, hence there was no excuse for excitement. The wise lads therefore dismissed Chase from their minds, and began to lay their bets on various Tarheels prominently mentioned for the place.

Now what followed may be interpreted two ways. The official account is this: after deliberating upon the merits of various candidates for a matter of eighteen months, the trustees in their wisdom perceived that none other was as well equipped in intellectual endowment, character and training as Dr. Chase, and therefore proceeded to make him permanent president.

But the unofficial account of the skeptical and ribald is this: there are one hundred trustees of the University of North Carolina, one from each county, elected by the Legislature. Therefore men who are politicians first, last, and all the time comprise a large proportion of the whole body. When one hundred men, largely politicians, get together for the purpose of handing out a large and ornamental job, a terrific battle always ensues. It did in this case. There were many candidates, some of them men of learning and dignity, but others broken-down political hacks, whose sole qualification was long and loyal party service. The hacks, however, were supported as ardently as were the scholars, and as month after month saw the deadlock continue, it became evident that years might pass before an agreement could be reached.

Then, according to the ribald, one of that group of trustees who had from the beginning favored Chase proved himself a political genius. He approached, one by one, supporters of Candidate A and Candidate B, and spoke to them in this wise: "Your man is undoubtedly noble, and all that, but it is plain we cannot elect him now. But it is equally plain that if we elect one of the other North Carolinians he will be elected practically for life, and your man never will have a chance. Yet we must elect a President of some sort some time. Now suppose we put in this Bluebelly—after all, he seems to be a pretty good man who certainly can hold things together for a year or two. Yet he has no friends with a political pull, so when we finally do get together on the Tarheel we want permanently, we can throw out this fellow without raising an uproar."

The skeptics aver that this seemed the summation of political wisdom to the supporters of A and B, so they came over to Chase, not because they regarded him as a first-rate president, but because they had no idea how good he really was. Had they suspected that he would make a great success, they would have voted against him until doomsday.

Perhaps this is all the base imaginings of low fellows, and the official account of Chase's selection is strictly accurate; but in any event he came into office under the most difficult circumstances imaginable. Not only was he a stranger in a strange land, but he was the successor of the magnetic and magnificent Graham; and he had to make good on the tremendous promise that Graham had held out to the State. It was a large order for any man and a tremendous order for an unemotional Yankee.

But within six years he had so far delivered the goods that when he received an offer from the West and was tempted to accept, the State, instead of seizing this opportunity to replace the Yankee with a true and tried Tarheel, howled its protest until the welkin rang. It was no perfunctory protest, either; North Carolina really stood aghast at the prospect of losing Chase, and the public relief when he declined the offer was not at all pretended.

III

This strong position in the State he gained by his organization of the university. Credit for the building programme, although it was executed under his administration, perhaps belongs less to Chase than to Graham. It was Graham, not Chase, who aroused the enthusiasm which drove the initial appropriations through the North Carolina Legislature. It was Graham, too, who outlined the general policy which the new institution was to follow; but death stopped him when his ideas were still all on paper. To Chase fell the infinitely difficult task of realizing what Graham had conceived.

It was he who had to face the universal human objection to intelligent action, which is as prevalent in North Carolina as it is everywhere else. In the beginning he did North Carolina the compliment of assuming that what the State desired in its university was value, rather than size. He calmly ignored that defeatist psychology which had cursed the Commonwealth ever since the Civil War, and proceeded to administer his office as if he had never heard that the South was bankrupt, backward and bitter. And the amazing fact is that he got away with it.

Of course, he promptly ran into trouble, and in trouble he has remained so long and so constantly that by now it must seem to him to be his natural element. But his technique has been superb, and none of his countless assailants has ever been able to hang anything on him.

For his play in every case has been to bet his shirt that North Carolina, in the long run, would react favorably to courage, commonsense and calmness. Only in one instance, which will be related presently, has he imitated the Highland Soldier by tucking up his kilts and going down the road looking for trouble. For the rest, he has simply filled his faculty with aggressive men, many of them young in years, and practically all of them young in spirit, and let nature take its course. Thereafter he did not have to look for trouble. It poured in upon him in great masses. The better the man, the more certain he was to do something which somebody in North Carolina would dislike intensely; and an astonishing number of Chase's men are very good indeed.

But when hell popped, and it was popping pretty much all the time through the first few years, President Chase invariably rose up himself and took the war. If the cause of the disturbance was the legitimate expression of an opinion, or a legitimate piece of research on the part of a faculty member, the professor involved frequently never was aware that he had started a row. The president would settle the disturbance somehow, quite commonly without thinking it worth while to mention it to anyone on the campus. I dare say there were years in which Dr. Chase did not open one mail in five without finding himself the target of a volley of abuse from some quarter. He has been denounced by the clergy, he has been raked fore and aft by editors, he has been bawled out by Governors and legislators for things with which he had not the remotest connection; but he has never salved his wounded pride by taking it out on his subordinates. No man has been fired from the faculty of the University of North Carolina for an expression of unpopular opinion, or for telling unpalatable truth. And this, of course, has contributed enormous internal strength to the institution.

But it has contributed external strength, as well. If memory serves, the first really notable uproar of the Chase administration started miles away from the campus. It was shortly after the war, when smelling out witches was still the main occupation of professional patriots. A soldier made a speech at an Open Forum meeting. Incidentally, the warrior was a very decent fellow at bottom, but, like most members of his profession, completely devoid of political sense. One of the early organizers of the Ku Klux Klan apparently had gotten hold of him and had scared him out of

seven years' growth; so his speech was a typical raw-head-and-bloody-bones deliverance. The country was living on the crust of a volcano. There was a Bolshevik under every bed. Thousands of spies swarmed through the land, and hell and damnation were just around the corner.

A pair of young instructors in the university happened to be in the audience, and when the soldier had finished, one of them took the floor. He said, in effect, Hooey! Immediately the soldier denounced him as a dubious American, whereupon the other instructor rose and bawled the officer in such terms as he had not heard applied to him since he was a second lieutenant and his colonel caught him with a pocket-flap unbuttoned.

Of course the university had nothing to do with this, but the King's coat had been insulted by a mere civilian, and the civilian belonged to the university. Therefore numerous people, ordinarily sane enough, were persuaded that the institution was filled with ravening pacifists burning with desire to bite the gentle American Legionnaires. Chase was thunderously ordered to clean house and to do it instantly. Then and there he laid his first bet. He wagered his official head that the people of North Carolina at heart did not care two hoots if a soldier had been bawled out by an instructor. He issued an unexcited statement to the effect that it was manifestly impossible for the university to undertake to control the personal opinions of faculty members, and never mentioned the matter again.

But he won his bet. After a clamorous week or two the common sense of the State resumed control and decreed that Chase was right. By exhibiting a little courage, a little calmness, and a little common decency, he rode the storm triumphantly. Incidentally, he made no martyrs.

In the meantime, Odum, the sociologist, had founded his quarterly, at first called the *Journal of Social Forces*, and had begun to afford in it a medium of expression for everyone who had anything worth while to say. From the very beginning the journal, whose title has since been reduced to *Social Forces*, was filled with dynamite, but for a long time nobody in North Carolina paid any attention to it. This was not strange, since it appeared in a drab cover, contained articles written in technical jargon, and was so ponderous that with a single copy, clubbed, you could stun a policeman. But one morning flaming headlines appeared in all the newspapers over an article describing how the Presbyterian ministers of Charlotte, one of the principal towns of the State, had assembled in convention and denounced the University luridly.

"What I long have feared at last has happened," said one sardonic Tarheel editor that morning. "Somebody has read the *Journal of Social Forces!*"

It was even so. By evil chance one of the clerics had dipped into a couple of articles, one by Bernard of Wisconsin, the other by Barnes of Smith. Bernard had spoken of the American country church without much enthusiasm, and Barnes had spoken of God without any. The fact that neither writer was a member of the faculty of the university, or even a resident of the State, of course counted for nothing. The indignant clergymen assumed that the articles betrayed a secret design on Odum's part to abolish religion; and they demanded of Chase instant repudiation of Odum and all his works, the *Journal* in chief.

As it happened, Odum had done time in a sectarian college in Georgia, therefore he knew by bitter experience what it means for a college president, especially in the South, to incur the wrath of the Church Militant. He was certain of Chase's sympathy, and all that, but he realized Chase's position. He would not have been surprised, and, indeed, would have borne no grudge had he been thrown out of the university so fast that he would have first hit the ground three counties away. But when he went to Chase with his resignation in his pocket, he was promptly ad-

vised to go back and attend to his own department. As for his resignation, when that was wanted it would be called for. It hasn't been called for yet.

This storm, however, was far worse than the assault upon the pacifists. It was in literal truth a *jehad*, a Holy War, and it continued for years. Fortunately, the only shock troops that could be brought to the assault were the Presbyterians, and they are not numerous in North Carolina. The Methodists could not be worked into a real frenzy, because they had no church college in competition with the university. Their school, Trinity, had long ago been taken over by the Duke family, who have since endowed it heavily as Duke University. As for the Baptists, they had a college, Wake Forest, but they did not have the gall to say anything against the State university, because for twenty years Satan had been president of Wake Forest. Of course Auld Hornie did not appear on the campus in red tights, with a flesh-fork, cloven hoofs and arrow-head tail. He assumed the appearance of a benevolent, scholarly, and exceedingly astute old gentleman who had been educated as a biologist by the Huns. This man, William Louis Poteat by name, first as professor of biology, and later as president of the college, had been brazenly teaching the hellish doctrine of evolution for more than a generation; and he had taught it to such effect that nearly every Baptist preacher in the State—or those of them who could read—was steadfastly opposed to burning evolutionists alive in the courthouse square, while many of them were opposed even to putting them in jail. Therefore the Baptists could get up no steam for an attack on the university.

However the Presbyterians, unsupported, did pretty well. Their ministers, practically to a man, could read, and they did read *Social Forces* with immense assiduity. One of them, Brother William P. McCorkle of Burlington, must have gone through every copy since the first issue, for he presently issued a pamphlet attacking the university. He indicted it, jointly and severally, on thirty-one separate counts, all based on statements he had dredged out of *Social Forces*. For instance, some reviewer had spoken well of a book which referred to auto-eroticism as being by no means the bugaboo it was once considered, and probably not as bad as some other practices less heartily condemned. Upon this evidence Brother McCorkle wrote as the headline of the twenty-second count of his indictment, "Masturbation Advised." He had a thirty-second charge, but this one was too awful for him to take the responsibility of uttering it without reservation; therefore he advanced it as his belief, at the same time carefully stating that he could not prove it, that the university maintained a tolerant attitude toward Socialism!

Throughout this ungodly mess President Chase stood steadfast, and apparently not even agitated. The faculty, the trustees, the undergraduates, and the alumni raved, laughed and shuddered, as their several temperaments dictated, but the president did nothing. He issued one of his usual mild statements, explaining that Odum's magazine was not a text-book used in the university, but a medium for the exchange of information among scholars. For the rest, he relied on the common sense of the State to pull him through; and, foolhardy as that policy seemed at first, for the second time it worked.

IV

However, he was forced into action at last. While the assault of the moralists was at its height, in the early part of 1925, an anti-evolution bill was introduced in the North Carolina Legislature. Representative D. Scott Poole, a country editor and a stout Presbyterian, was its author, and there was a dreadful moment when it seemed likely to be enacted, for the Fundamentalist tide was at its crest, and the Scopes trial had not yet come along to make monkey-bills the laughing-stock of the civilized world. Chase had asked this

Legislature for a substantial increase in the appropriation for the university, and the appropriation bill was still in committee; every consideration of political prudence therefore commanded him to avoid incurring the wrath of Fundamentalist members. The presidents of other State universities, confronted with this menace, had unanimously crawled into their holes; but Chase went before the legislative committee and spoke against the bill.

The next morning a group of his faculty members were standing on the street, the morning newspapers in their hands, their minds torn between pride in the university and terror of Fundamentalist reprisals, when the president came up and joined them. Nobody had much to say—nobody knew what to say. But at last someone wondered what the effect would be on the appropriation.

"I don't know," said Chase. "I hope that it will have no effect. But if this university doesn't stand for anything but appropriations, I, for one, don't care to be connected with it."

The statement was matter-of-fact, but it was a burr under the university's tail, nevertheless. Here was a president who would actually risk an appropriation in defense of a principle! The faculty was first stunned, then electrified; so were the students; and so, finally but most importantly, were the alumni. There was a heavy *bloc* of them in the Legislature, and when they found they had a president who would actually fight, after they had recovered from their astonishment they went into action with the reckless fury of janissaries. Representative Poole found his bill suddenly subjected to drum-fire by all the heavy artillery of the Legislature, for the Carolina alumni were ably assisted by the Poteat-trained Baptists, and the monkey-bill was incontinently thrown downstairs. Next Summer came the Scopes trial; and North Carolina, seeing the spectacle which it made of her neighbor State, began to realize what she had escaped.

His fight against the anti-evolution bill unquestionably made Chase, as far as public opinion was concerned. It did not sharpen the rancor of the fanatical Fundamentalists against the university, for that was already razor-edged; and it did arouse tremendous enthusiasm for the institution among the intelligent. The Poole bill, in fact, was beaten partly by the votes of legislators who were themselves Fundamentalists in religion, but who were fair-minded, and who admired courage, even in a college president. And the appropriation went through.

V

There has not since been serious assault upon the administration of the university, although there is always a certain amount of sniping, as there is against every institution of the kind which has the breath of life in it. The Fundamentalists still mutter darkly, and whenever a student is betrayed by tricky Orange county corn into sallying out on the street and fighting a policeman, the incident is held up as proof of the total depravity of the president and all his satellites. Whenever a research worker of the social science department discovers some unusually hellish mode of torture practiced in a county convict camp, there is a howl from the county affected against the "theorists" down at Chapel Hill. Whenever the economics department says anything, good, bad, or indifferent, about the textile industry, there is a growl from the cotton-mill barons who rule, or think they rule, the State. And whenever the education department, or the librarian, produces figures to prove that vast numbers of North Carolinians can't read, or that practically all North Carolinians don't read, the professional patriots get on their hind legs and roar about the Damyankee, oblivious of the fact that both the head of the education department and the librarian are, as the college song has it, Tarheel born and Tarheel bred and when they die they'll be Tarheel dead.

But these are minor irritations. The

main point is that the university itself has been working hard and happily for ten years. Nobody is afraid of being thrown out of his job for doing honest work, or telling unpalatable truth; and under such conditions an occasional uproar merely adds interest to existence. To assert that there are no bickerings among the professors at Chapel Hill would be to give the truth a pretty severe wrench; and to assert that nobody there criticises the president would be to drag it away from its footings altogether. But it is absolutely true that there is no anti-administration faction among the faculty members, and no real faction of any sort. The language men regard the social scientists with a jaundiced eye, to be sure, and the natural scientists sniff at both, but that is pure normalcy, with no relation to local conditions.

And the president is so well satisfied with conditions in North Carolina that he has refused the red hat! No Fundamentalists can get at a director of a big foundation. No bilious Governor can bawl him out for a remark made by some temporary assistant instructor in the Summer school. No group of cotton-mill barons can threaten his appropriation if his department of economics makes a competent investigation of the prevalent wage scale in the textile industry. No group of ebullient undergraduates can ruin his reputation by getting unanimously and gloriously drunk at the Thanksgiving football game. The director of a great foundation is bedeviled by none of the harassments that urge a State university president on down the road that leads to the foolish-house. And directors are well paid, with a comfortable pension awaiting them when they grow old.

But then directors of foundations seldom have opportunity to evolve a sociological theory and work it out on a grand scale. Chase has evolved the theory that the president of a State university need not necessarily be a rabbit. He has tried it out in a State that, when he came to it, was widely regarded as down and out financially, educationally, intellectually and every other way—that is to say, he has tried it out under the worst imaginable conditions.

And it has worked. Without the magic of a highly magnetic personality, without the aid of Bryanesque eloquence, without strong political, or social, or financial, backing, with nothing in the world save courage, a level head and common decency he has won the confidence of his State to an extent that is matched by few of his colleagues in the country. I omit reference to the organizing ability which built up the university from within, for that would never have saved him against assaults from without.

In other words, Chase has built himself into that curious anomaly, a State university president who is neither the servant nor the master of politicians, clerical or lay. It is an achievement of such magnitude that perhaps, after all, even the educational cardinalate is a minor thing by comparison.

He gambled on the good sense of the people of North Carolina and he won. Whether that reflects more credit on him or on the State, I am not prepared to say; but doubtless there is glory enough for all.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Surgery

NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY

By Loyal Davis

Neurological surgery is that branch of the art and science of medicine which deals with the surgical treatment of diseases of the brain, spinal cord and peripheral nerves. Great advances in this specialty have been made in the last fifty years, although its origin may be traced back to the time of Galen.

Of the fundamental sciences, experimental neurophysiology has contributed the most to our present knowledge of neurological surgery, and Galen was the first neurophysiologist. He gave us the first minute account of the coverings of the brain and spinal cord and differentiated between them. He sectioned the spinal cord completely and noted the loss of motion and sensation below the lesion: an experiment which was to be duplicated hideously on a larger scale as the result of gunshot wounds during the last war. He pointed out that total blindness followed section of the optic nerves, and gave an accurate description of the function of other cranial nerves. From his time to the latter part of the Seventeenth and the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, endless hypothetical discussions with but few fundamental facts were added to the confused notions prevailing about the nervous system.

Finally, a recrudescence of interest in neurophysiology developed. Cotugno called attention to the presence of a fluid within the cavities of the central nervous system and in the spaces surrounding the brain and spinal cord, and described its circulation and mechanics. Upon a thorough understanding of the mechanics of this fluid depends the ability of the surgeon of today to attack lesions within the cranial cavity. Robert Whytt showed that if its circulation was obstructed the pressure in the ventricles, or cavities, of the brain above the site of obstruction rose; the ventricles dilated and an internal hydrocephalus was produced. The recent ingenious experiments of Dandy have developed from this fact a complete understanding of the principles involved in the surgical treatment of hydrocephalus. Magendie and Bell, working independently during the same period, showed that two pairs of nerve roots are in relation to each segment of the spinal cord. The anterior pair carry impulses from the cord to the muscles, while the posterior pair carry impulses from the skin, muscles and joints to the spinal cord. Both anterior and posterior roots form component parts of the nerves in the extremities and over the body. The knowledge of these facts led to the investigation of the ability of peripheral nerve fibers to regenerate after injury. The value of these experiments was made plain during the World War by the efficient treatment given to injuries of the peripheral nerves.

In 1870 the work of Fritsch and Hitzig appeared in Germany. Their experiments established that the brain could be stimulated with an electric current and that stimulation in certain areas produced movements of various groups of muscles over the body. This was perhaps the most important single contribution to neurophysiology so far as the development of neurological surgery was concerned. It emphasized the fact that the brain and spinal cord could be mapped, and that various regions of the body had corresponding areas of representation within them. Ferrier and Jackson in England corroborated

these findings and then began accurate studies upon the localization of function within the central nervous system.

These localization studies were amplified by stimulation experiments carried out upon monkeys and lower mammals by a young surgeon in England, Victor Horsley, and by innumerable clinical studies made by physicians interested in diseases of the nervous system. As a result, it became apparent that in many instances the symptoms of diseases of the nervous system could be attributed almost mathematically to a lesion in a circumscribed area of the brain, spinal cord or peripheral nerves. Because of his training as a surgeon and as an experimental neurophysiologist, Horsley was well fitted for the task of developing the technique necessary to expose at operation that area of the central nervous system to which the symptoms in a given case could be attributed. He had been engaged for two years in his work on monkeys; he had done more than a hundred operations upon animals and he brought to the hospital a precise and habitual method. First, he prevented wound infections. Second, he was familiar with the action of anesthetics upon the brain. Third, instead of the cruciate incision in common use, he used a curved incision and turned back a horseshoe-shaped flap of scalp and muscle. Fourth, he knew how to expose any particular area of the brain by a well-planned removal of bone. Finally, he controlled bleeding.

The date of his first operation was May 25, 1886. The patient was a young Scotsman who fifteen years previously had received a compound fracture of the left side of the skull. Eight years after the accident he began to have convulsions and quickly developed a partial paralysis of the right arm and leg. The gap in the skull from the injury lay over the upper third of the left ascending frontal convolution of the brain. The pre-operative diagnosis was a scar involving the posterior end of the superior frontal sulcus. Horsley removed the scar and a surrounding amount of cortical tissue. The patient made a good recovery and the convulsions ceased. Physicians watched the operation with great interest and when it was over Hughlings Jackson beckoned to Ferrier and said, "Awful, perfectly awful." Ferrier was shocked because the operation had seemed to him faultless. But Jackson insisted that an awful mistake had been made. "Here," he said, "is the first operation of this kind that we have ever had at the hospital, and the patient is a Scotsman. We had the chance of getting a joke into his head, and we failed to take advantage of it!" By the end of 1886 Horsley had done ten operations at Queen's Square Hospital, and nine had been successful.

It was on June 9, 1887, that he removed a tumor from the spinal cord: this was the first operation of its kind that had ever been done. It is recorded by Gowers and Horsley. After describing the operation Horsley considers, one by one, the objections once made to operating upon fractures of the spinal column with injury to the spinal cord. The gravity of the danger of wound infection and the probability that the cord was irreparably injured and that no surgical interference would make any difference were the chief of them. They were so strong that a laminectomy had seldom been done, though the operation had been known for more than a century. But Horsley, by 1887, had already performed it often in the course of his work upon animals. He had worked out his method step by step, but even so his first operation upon a human being was undertaken with the utmost anxiety. The tumor was small and was located higher than had been expected. Horsley hesitated to extend the incision, but Ballance, who assisted him, urged him on. The tumor was exposed and removed, and the patient made a complete recovery.

Since Horsley's time operative technique in neurological surgery has been extended and broadened by American surgeons until today it constitutes one of the outstanding achievements of surgery in this country.

A carefully planned incision is made through the scalp, muscle and bone, adequate in size to expose the affected area. The bone is not sacrificed as it was by Horsley, but is left so attached to the pericranium that it may be replaced, to become firmly adherent again in its original position. To Keen, the Nestor of American surgery, Harvey Cushing, Frazier and Elsberg belong the major honors for the pioneer work.

Unfortunately, the symptoms of diseases of the nervous system amenable to surgical treatment are not always clear cut. In addition, there are many areas, particularly in the brain, which are relatively silent. That is to say, irritation or destruction of these areas is not accompanied by symptoms which are recognizable clinically within the limits of our present knowledge. The increasing ability of the surgeon to expose safely and accurately any area of the nervous system placed the problem of an early and accurate diagnosis squarely before the clinician. It was necessary for him to devise methods of diagnosis which would aid in the early and accurate localization of a lesion which he knew to be present from generalized symptoms.

As a result, we have at our command today the *x*-ray studies of the ventricles of the brain demonstrated by Dandy. By this method the cerebrospinal fluid contained in the ventricles of the brain and in the spaces surrounding the spinal cord and brain is withdrawn and replaced with air. Air throws a shadow upon the *x*-ray plate and thus these cavities and spaces may be observed in detail. A space-occupying lesion which may give no recognizable clinical symptoms may produce a deformity in their outline, and from such shadows a diagnosis may be made. Likewise, within the spinal canal the circulation of the spinal fluid may be interfered with by an obstructive lesion and the clinical symptoms may be very obscure or misleading. There, in a similar manner, air may be substituted for fluid and the *x*-ray picture of the air shadow may afford valuable help in arriving at a diagnosis. Or, instead of the injection of air, a solution of iodine in oil may be introduced. This medium is opaque to the passage of *x*-rays and its course within the spaces about the spinal cord may be determined. It is thus apparent that the *x*-ray is a valuable aid in the diagnosis of obscure lesions of the central nervous system. However, the visualization of the lesion depends directly upon the presence of the substances within the pathological process which are opaque or which cast a shadow, like calcified material. But the number of such instances is relatively rare.

The utilization of all of these methods of diagnosis, together with the surgeon's ability to expose and remove the offending pathological tissue, have advanced materially the outposts of neurological surgery. Today 80% or more of the pre-operative diagnoses are verified upon operation, with a mortality rate of between 10% and 15%. Intracranial tumors are removed earlier in their development, and the old palliative operation, which only gives relief from the symptoms of a rise in pressure within a closed box, the skull, is less and less frequently done. The pathological study of tumors of the brain is advancing because of the increase in the amount of material obtained by the surgeon at the operating table.

A classification of the histologic types of tumors, with a study of their development and a correlation of their microscopic picture with the clinical history of the patient before and after operation, has been made recently in Cushing's clinic. Attention is being directed now toward the further development of this branch of pathology, which heretofore, from necessity, has lagged in its progress. It seems necessary to bring this part of the study of neurosurgical problems to a level with the other component parts,—physiology, clinical diagnosis, and surgery. The future of neurological surgery should be more rapidly advanced by their uniform progress.

Psychology

MEASURING THE AMERICAN MIND

By Grace Adams

In 1890 the British journal *Mind* published a monograph entitled "Mental Tests and Measurements." Its author was James McKeen Cattell, and in it he described a series of psychological examinations which, during the years 1887 and 1888, he had given to the students of Bryn Mawr College and of the University of Pennsylvania. Although American educators admit that English biologists had been at work upon the problem of "individual differences" many years before Cattell's study appeared, they point with pride to the fact that in the title of this article by an American psychologist the term mental-test made its literary début.

America was also the first country to accord public recognition to the miracle-promising science of mental measurements. Along the Midway of the World Fair in Chicago in 1893, not far from Little Egypt, was a small booth in which a serious young man asked strange questions of those who ventured within. This young man was none other than Dr. Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin and officially in charge of the Psychological Division of the Exposition. By means of the new tests he was measuring, free of charge, the mentality of all persons whom he could lure into his booth.

However the Fair's customers may have regarded this new type of gratuitous fortune-telling, there is no doubt that it was approved by the mighty psychologists of the American Psychological Association. A few years later, when the association met in Philadelphia in 1895, "a committee consisting of Professors Cattell, Jastrow, Baldwin, Sanford and Witmer were appointed to consider the feasibility of coöperation among the various psychological laboratories in the collection of mental and physical statistics." The following year the committee, in its report to the society, presented for its approval a series of tests similar to those which had been evolved in Philadelphia and exploited at Chicago. At subsequent sessions, two committees, composed of Professors Pillsbury, Seashore, Yerkes and Watson, and of Professors Judd, Pillsbury, Seashore, Woodworth and Angell, respectively kept the association informed of the latest developments in the standardizing of these tests.

A year before his appointment to the committee of 1895, Cattell had left Philadelphia to become professor of psychology at Columbia University. There he continued to apply his tests. After a few years he and his associates made a thorough comparison of the academic grades of the students at Columbia with the ratings they had received on the tests. The result of this comparison was disheartening. The indications of the tests bore practically no relation to scholastic standing. In the majority of cases the quickest reactors and the keenest discriminators were the dullest pupils. Whatever these tests may have measured it was not a faculty that made good students.

This discovery caused the testers to study the theory of statistics earnestly—to seek some way in which to interpret the discrepancy between testing and grading. There was small comfort to be derived from mathematics, however, and mental testing in America, in spite of all the scientific societies that were interested in it and the distinguished committees which were at work upon it, might have died much less gloriously than it had been born if it had not been for the inventions of a French psychologist, Alfred Binet.

Since 1895 he had been trying to devise a method by which he might distinguish the bright children of a Paris school from the stupid ones. He considered their teachers' judgment on this point unreli-

able and sought an objective substitute for it. His first tests resembled those in use in America, and their results were equally discouraging. In 1905, however, he and his colleague, T. Simon, cast aside their earlier tests and set out to estimate general intelligence. They did not define this capacity very precisely, but they produced a series of problems which they claimed would measure it. These problems varied in difficulty and, according to the ease with which children of different ages could perform them, were considered tests of certain psychological years. Eventually they were grouped into a scale, which enabled Binet and Simon to designate the mental age of every child they tested. That this scale was far from satisfactory to its inventors is shown by the fact that twice within six years they changed it radically. Their last alteration, which was based on the performance of 200 children, contained fifty-four tests unevenly distributed among most of the mental ages from the third to that of the average adult.

This final revision was made in 1911, and Binet died before he could determine its value for French schools, but not before his earlier scales had been enthusiastically received and diligently applied in America. In 1910 Dr. Henry Herbert Goddard, director of the department of psychology at the Training School for Feeble Minded Children, Vineland, N. J., had published the results of classifying 400 feeble minded children according to the Binet-Simon scale. The next year, after testing 2,000 additional children, he recorded his own revision of the scale. These were the first American adaptations; but within five years many revisions appeared and more than 300 monographs describing their applications and discussing the Binet method were published.

In 1916 Prof. Lewis Terman of Leland Stanford University produced the supreme revision. He and his associates had been at work upon it for six years, and in that time had tested 2,300 subjects, eliminated two of the original tests, changed the location of thirty-six others and added twenty-seven new ones. This scale provided six tests for most of the years from the third to that of the superior adult, although there were still some conspicuous gaps. Aside from, or really on account of, these changes, Terman had evolved the idea of dividing a child's mental age by his chronological age, thus giving him an Intelligence Quotient or a numerical mental rating.

Terman felt completely confident that his test was an accurate objective measure of intelligence. He proclaimed that with it as a tool the educational engineer could emulate the builder of bridges and acquire a scientific knowledge of the material with which he had to deal. As a final criterion of his scale's validity he compared his subjects I.Q.'s with their school grades and triumphantly declared that "there was no disagreement which justified any serious suspicions as to the accuracy of the intelligence scale." His brother educators saw nothing paradoxical in using admittedly faulty personal judgment as the final test of the objective tests, themselves, but agreed that "the educational significance of the results to be obtained from careful measurements of the intelligence of children can hardly be overestimated."

Yet the educational value of mental tests was soon estimated and a circumstance superficially far removed from the problems of pedagogy hastened the evaluation. One year after the Terman revision was published the United States went to war. The very month in which hostilities were declared the American Psychological Association, which then had as its president Dr. Yerkes, an ardent tester and a recent Binet-Simon reviser, "appointed numerous committees to study the situation and prepare for action. . . . It was believed by psychologists assembled in council," according to Dr. Yerkes' own report, that they "should be able in the military emergency to render invaluable assistance to medical officers by supplying

reliable measures of intelligence." As a result of this belief many a prominent psychologist soon had the privilege of writing after his Ph.D. and LL.D., major, Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C.

The committee which met at Vineland, N. J., for the purpose of supplying the reliable measures of intelligence and which was composed of Drs. Yerkes, Goddard, Bingham, Haines, Whipple, Wells and Terman was immediately faced by a serious problem in simple mathematics. All of the standard intelligence tests had to be given to one subject at a time, and a thorough examination consumed about two hours. The Army recruits were expected to run into millions, yet it was doubtful if even a hundred psychologists could be spared from their teaching jobs for the patriotic purpose of measuring their intelligence. Elementary arithmetic indicated that if every recruit must pass a psychological examination before being assigned to his military duties, the Germans might be in Paris before a regiment could be organized. The problem was quickly solved, however, by the discovery that a student at Leland Stanford, Arthur Sinton Otis, had during the preceding year assembled a series of tests which could be given simultaneously to great masses of subjects. With Otis' "batteries" (by then the very terminology of testing had become militaristic) as a model, the psychological personnel went into action.

Soon they had produced two examinations: the Army Alpha, which contained eight pages of tests for those who could read and write, and the Army Beta, which included the same number of test pages for illiterates. With these two series, and Yerkes' and Terman's revisions of the Binet scale for fine discriminations, the psychological personnel, which boasted about 125 officers (in general, professional psychologists) and 350 men (most of them schooled in "military psychology" at the Medical Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.) examined 1,726,966 recruits. As soon as the tests were completed, "the examination papers were sent to Columbia University where a statistical committee headed by E. L. Thorndike studied the results."

In contemplating the war after its close, Yerkes and his associates were of the opinion that "never before in the history of civilization was brain, as contrasted with brawn, so important; never before was the proper placement of brain power so essential to success." As their part in placing brain power properly they reported that they had recommended that one-half of one per cent. of the men tested be discharged, six-tenths of one per cent. be assigned to labor battalions and another six-tenths of one per cent. to development battalions. They also found, incidentally, that 3% were below the mental age of ten, and that about 20% were of the mental age of twelve.

For the future of mental testing in America there was a less immediate but a far more important result of the Army examinations than the assigning of recruits to labor battalions. Though the Army testers were all known as psychologists, their fields were more or less particularized; the majority of the leaders were educational psychologists. It was thus only natural that they should apply the technique which they had gained during their military service to their more peaceful and normal profession. Consequently, between 1918 and 1923 more than thirty group tests for school children and college students appeared. That these were frankly adaptations of the Army Alpha and the Army Beta tests is evident from the fact that the most widely used of the tests for elementary grades were known as the Haggerty Delta 1 and the Haggerty Delta 2. The most important of these newer group tests were those which were designed for selecting promising college freshmen. Notable among them were the Roback Mentality Tests for Superior Adults and the Thorndike Intelligence Examination for High-school Graduates.

So impressed was the General Education Board with the utilization of the Army material that it appropriated $25,000 for the purpose of making a National Intelligence Test. Professors Thorndike, Whipple, Terman, Haggerty and Yerkes all cooperated in this undertaking, and the test was on the market by 1921. The $25,000 proved to have been well invested; at the price of $5.20 a hundred, 575,000 copies of the examination were sold during the very year it was published.

The National Intelligence Test continued to sell well during 1922 and 1923. In the meantime more and more colleges began to require mental examinations of their freshmen. A few new converts to the tests are still being reported every year, but the fiery zeal of their inventors is gone. In 1924 a comparison was made between the indications of the intelligence examinations of the students in eighty colleges and universities and their actual scholastic achievements as measured by their academic grades. The scholastic standing of more than two thirds of all of these students showed no definite relation to the intelligence ratings that the tests had given them. More than that, the high-school grades of all the students corresponded as closely to their college work as did their intelligence marks. At their best the mental examinations were doing no more than to supplement the opinion of high-school teachers.

This discovery came to the mental measurers at a particularly trying time. The technique and the results of the Army tests had received so much publicity during and immediately after the war that skeptical laymen felt no hesitancy in criticizing them. The critical attack was led by Walter Lippmann and met by Terman, and the battle took place in the pages of the *New Republic* in the latter part of 1922, but there were minor skirmishes throughout the country. To the layman's charge that he knew nothing about the nature of intelligence, the psychologist replied that neither did the physicist know the exact nature of the matter which he measured. In defending the dubious exactness of his intelligence scales, the psychologist asserted that no layman could appreciate the skill required to construct a mental test or the mathematical knowledge necessary to interpret its results. Yet if any doubt remains that all is not well with the mental measurers, the following statements should dispel it:

"We can but wonder at the crudity of using psychological tests in any mechanical way, giving them in a stereotyped manner as if human beings were machines, and recording and interpreting them in a narrowly standardized fashion. As if such results were reliable and of final value! To be blind to the complexity that so definitely exists betokens intellectual weakness on the part of the observer." "But the most serious difficulty of all that we have to contend with in our multiple choice tests is the comparatively small scope they afford us to tap the higher mental capacities which serve to distinguish the superior intellect from the average mind." "Existing instruments represent enormous improvements over what was available twenty years ago, but three fundamental defects remain. Just what they measure is not known; how far it is proper to add, subtract, multiply, divide, and compute ratios with the measures obtained is not known; just what the measures signify is not known."

These quotations do not express the sentiments of ignorant laymen, but are the opinions, respectively, of Dr. William Healy, who became famous as the examiner of Leopold and Loeb, but is also known as the co-sponsor of the Healy-Fernald Group Test; of Dr. A. A. Roback, author of the Mentality Tests for Superior Adults; and of Dr. E. L. Thorndike, producer of the Intelligence Examination for High-school Graduates.

During the last eight years, dissatisfaction, such as that expressed by Roback, with the limited scopes of the intelligence scales, has led psychological testing into

strange fields. The space in the psychological periodicals formerly given over to descriptions of intelligence tests is being usurped by tests of personality and character. Over a hundred of these examinations have been published and they purport to measure such varied characteristics of a subject as his social perception, social resistance, social distance, prejudices, optimism, pessimism, liberal and progressive attitude in politics, attitude on Prohibition, attitude on race relations, public spiritedness, open mindedness, fair mindedness, international mindedness, and money mindedness.

So far their chief result has been to confirm the psychologists' doubts as to the nature of intelligence. Not only are they not sure what intelligence is; these tests make them uncertain as to what it is not. Most personality and character examinations are conducted by means of ingenious questions. The examiners are not yet agreed as to the exact capacity which produces the correct answers to these questions. They cannot decide whether it is a special moral quality or simply another manifestation of intelligence.

The most generally approved character test is the one designed by Dr. June Downey, which avoids the question-answer difficulty by requiring the subject to express no opinions, but to write the words *United States of America* under various trying circumstances. By judging the subject's script and his behavior while he is writing, Dr. Downey and those initiated in her method can draw his "will-temperament profile," which indicates, among other esoteric characteristics, his "freedom from load, resistence to opposition, coördination of impulses and volitional perseveration."

Law

THE LAW OF THE AIR

By Dudley Cammett Lunt

Now the givers of our laws have a new plaything, aircraft, and the whole sky as a playground. Beside Federal statutes covering military æronautics and the air mail, there is the Air Commerce Act of 1926, and in forty States there were eighty State acts in force at the beginning of the year. In twelve States, the Solons, inspired by the word "uniformity," a shibboleth to conjure with in legal circles, have passed the Uniform State Law for Aeronautics.

This legislation springs from the psychology typified by the phrase, "There ought to be a law against it." But a law written with a comprehension of the problems of flight and so fashioned as to regulate reasonably a developing art and yet leave it free to expand without burden remains very rare indeed. Whenever constructive thinking is required of lawgivers, the principle of *laissez faire* is likely to prevail. The result is nearly always a sorry one. Time and again the red flag of absurdity flaunts from the statute-book.

Take the question of stunt flying or ærial acrobatics. Both phrases are unfortunate, connoting as they do, daredeviltry. The ability to manœuvre a plane in difficulties is really a basic quality in a pilot. The man who first pulled his ship out of a spin remembered how to do it again and learned how to teach another. The analyzed results of such feats have contributed largely to the development of structural safety. They have an obviously legitimate place in the art of ærial navigation.

But the legislators have not considered this fact. Twenty-three acts, with ill-adapted penalties, proscribe such flying over populated areas and open-air assemblages. Although safety lies in height, only eight of them mention minimum altitudes. Two acts permit acrobatic flying over a flying field, the last place a wise pilot would seek. He does his stunts where

there is no ærial traffic. According to the Federal regulations acrobatic flying consists of "intentional manœuvres not necessary to air navigation." Under them, except over congested areas, open-air assemblages and within 1,000 feet horizontally of airports or landing fields, a pilot may indulge in such manœuvres, above stipulated heights, provided no pay passengers are carried. They are thus recognized and their scope reasonably controlled.

The dropping of articles from aircraft in flight has had some attention from legislators, but again they reveal little comprehension of the matter with which they deal. One Spring night the *Shenandoah* was swinging from her mooring mast at Lakehurst. Toward midnight the wind freshened and storm warnings came in from the coast. The ship tugged and twisted. Above the roar of a sudden gust sounded the rasp of shearing steel. She tore loose and was visible for a moment descending ominously. Then something happened. There came the sound of splashing water and she disappeared in the darkness. The next noon she was manœuvred back into her hangar.

In the instant after she had sheared loose her commander had saved her from destruction by dumping water ballast. Thus lightened, the ship gained altitude. But this act would have been a misdemeanor in any one of five States unless the water had been dropped over a designated place. All the same, the use of ballast is a regular manœuvre in the piloting of a free balloon, and a dirigible with dead motors is a free balloon.

There are times when it is necessary in a plane. The Federal Regulations forbid the dropping of anything likely to endanger life or injure property *except* when necessary to the safety of those aboard. This is common sense.

The problem of liability for injuries caused by the operation of aircraft has engaged the legislators. The Uniform Act provides that "the owner of every aircraft . . . is *absolutely* liable for injuries . . . caused by the ascent, descent, or flight of aircraft, or the dropping or falling of any object. . . ." Ordinarily legal responsibility implies fault, and the law demands that satisfaction be made for injuries only when they are caused by an intentional or careless act, or by failure to act. But when a lawyer speaks of *absolute* liability he means such responsibility *without* fault. Thus, in certain cases the law says that you must compensate me merely because you are the owner of the instrumentality which caused my injury.

The stock cases are those of trespassing cattle and the ownership of wild animals. Then there is Rylands *vs.* Fletcher, the Reservoir Case. In that case a landowner was held liable, irrespective of negligence on his part, when water from his reservoir percolated through an unknown passage and damaged his neighbor's land. By legislative fiat aircraft have been put into a class with trespassing livestock, wild beasts, and reservoirs, and a heavy burden is laid on a developing art. Aircraft are already common carriers. In the early history of railroads and motor vehicles one hears nothing of such a liability entailed by their legitimate operation.

It is not the instrument that is dangerous, but its operator. Suppose you are flying your ship in a squadron of heavy machines. Above the motors sounds the staccato of my scout plane. Although your formation has the right of way, I attempt to pass through it. Our wing tips catch. In a split second the flaming wreckage of our two machines is falling.

Then like the silent bursting of ærial bombs, several parachutes open. The abandoned ships crash on a farmhouse. The Uniform Act says that liability for collisions in the air "shall be determined by the rules of law applicable to torts on land." Clearly I am liable for my negligence. But assume that I am not financially responsible. You cannot recover from me for the destruction of your ship. Yet you, blameless though you may be, are liable for all damage to the farmhouse and its occupants.

It should be added that in the few cases so far decided, involving injuries caused in the operation of aircraft, absolute liability is hardly suggested. The courts tend to base responsibility upon negligence. The Uniform Act should be made entirely uniform by repealing it. The English Air Navigation Act of 1920 contains similar language, but one commentator denies that the application of absolute liability is obligatory upon the courts. Rather, he says, the principle of *res ipsa loquitur* has been made applicable. When "a thing speaks for itself" it is characteristic of the lawyer to disguise it in Latin.

You approach a railroad bridge. As you pass beneath a train roars overhead. A brick falls. Your derby hat breaks its force and thus you bring suit rather than your widow. You will recover unless the railroad can show that it had not been careless in the upkeep of its bridge. The circumstances give rise to a presumption in your favor.

Now what about aircraft? If you ever observed bomb dropping, you will recall how difficult it was to tell which plane dropped the bomb. In commercial flight the magic of *res ipsa loquitur* will not divine which plane dropped the monkey wrench. These issues of substantive law should be left to the courts, where they may be settled in a lawyerlike manner. The situation may demand compulsory insurance. Experience, no doubt, will lead to a solution based upon the consideration of all the interests involved. Prejudgment by legislative bodies will do little save harm.

Air crimes grow popular with the legistors. Indiana has some lurid paragraphs on airplane banditry. Sunday ballooning is a misdemeanor in Ohio. In condemning the drunken operation of aircraft the voices of Massachusetts and New York alone cry out in the legislative wilderness. The State of New York is famous on another score: the lawgivers coined a word that remains unique in the annals of æronautics. It is avigation, and it means to navigate aircraft.

As an industry æronautics is in a rudimentary stage. The primary need in State legislation is provision for the licensing of aircraft and airmen. This would care for the gypsy flier, who is unaffected by Federal control. To achieve this, flight might be forbidden except in aircraft operated by airmen who have been licensed under the Federal law. Maine has recently passed a Uniform Air Licensing Act, which was framed to dovetail into the Federal law. Similar acts exist in fifteen other States. The problem seems simple, but there has been some extraordinary legislation. To fly in Florida costs no less than $375 in fees and taxes.

Like seaports and railheads, airports are governed by local law, which is largely a stranger to æronautics. It is in line with general law, involving such questions as eminent domain, the authorization of bond issues, and the like. Thirty-nine airport enactments are scattered among twenty-four States. Buried within these acts are the seeds of trouble, such as a provision directing a board of aldermen to devise regulations. In Kentucky this authority has been vested in three distinct bodies of men, equally and without subordination.

The final step is centralized control, in a word, air boards. Such control already exists in fourteen States. The form varies from the designation of some State official, such as the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, which is a bad tactical error, to the establishment of æronautical commissions, such as prevail in eight States. In Arkansas an ill-advised enactment is administered by the State Honorary Aircraft Board. The chairman is a "practical business man." Contrast this with the situation in Pennsylvania. There the administration of five succinct acts is vested in the Department of Internal Affairs, an agency of tested utility. It is advised by the State Æronautical Commission, which has recently approved the Pennsylvania regulations. These have the force of law and yet are capable of readjustment without legislative action. Every aspect of æronautics

—aircraft, airmen, airports and air navigation facilities—is covered.

The sympathetic comprehension evidenced by the Pennsylvania regulations will hearten those who have æronautics in hand, in pocket and in heart. The need of understanding can be traced in the past. Many a forgotten grave contains the result of a lack of *rapport* between ground and air in war times. An extraordinary accord exists in the service today. To bring it about took time and men and material. This problem is a pressing one in civil æronautics. It is not going to be solved by air-conscious Solons attempting to take off with a dead motor.

The difficulty confronting any body attempting to enact air laws lies in the lack of a source of adequate information. The Department of Commerce maintains a Division of Air Information which is a fount of trustworthy data, and the American Bar Association has a standing committee on æronautical law, but effective as these agencies are, their activities are only part time.

The situation cries for a commission administered by lawyers fully equipped with æronautical experience, and thus able to lay the foundation for far-sighted legislation. The problems in each State could be studied with an eye to its legislative structure and policy. Contact could be developed with those whose interest is both personal and substantial, and who know the local ropes. Such a commission, it seems to me, would assist materially in keeping the laws in step with the development of the industry.

THE EASEFUL EXECUTIVE

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

I HAVE read part of a book about a man who turned from preaching to money-making and became a millionaire in early middle age. The man's biographer seizes upon the public trumpets to the end that the world shall be brought to admire and set upon a high pedestal the divine who thus achieved wealth. But about the way of the millionaire as set forth by the trumpeter few men of intelligence will be curious, for familiarity with moneyed men does not bring any marked enlargement of view, and millionaires who are hardy intellectual athletes are as rare as interesting hoboes. Furthermore, taking things by and large, those who write about millionaires, and especially those who have written books about Henry Ford, set up pictures as impossible and as untrue to life as were the old pastorals with their ribboned sheep, and their shepherds and shepherdesses conversing in rhymed iambics. I know the Ford of the biographers to be a myth because I know something of Henry Ford, and even more of the body-guard that surrounds him, which, on the coming of anyone, plans the stage setting and arranges the drama and switches on the spot light. They are skilled illusionists and clever ventriloquists.

However, it is not the millionaire and executive as Son of the Sun and mighty Power that gives Potency that engages me. The salient point I would emphasize is that it is premature to count a man as a success before he has been tested and tried and weighed in his years of ease as an executive. I go further and say that it is unsafe to set a man up for admiration until he has passed through the ordeal of power and come out at the other end. Even Henry Ford, stripped of his wealth and therefore deserted by his court, may turn out to be a colossal failure. The pages of history known to careful readers are crowded with records of kings, presidents, masters of men, warriors, statesmen and others who in their heyday battered and bumped people into activity, but once shorn of power were unable to make a living and died in poverty. Sentimentalists bid us shed tears over them as victims of perverse fate, but the nearer truth is that they were victims of themselves because, in easeful years, they fell into luxurious apathy. They lost tone and became weak of fibre.

My viewpoint, let me say, is no academic one. I fought my way through railroad organizations from the boiler shop to the general manager's chair, as the docket will show if anyone cares to search the Interstate Commerce Commission records. Receivership, presidencies, re-organizations,—these I know. Some of the roads with which I became connected were small roads, it is true, but, nevertheless their problems were big. I say in no boastfulness that there were hard nuts of a financial and operating nature to be cracked which were cracked; the facts are advanced by way of credentials to give weight to what follows. And, having finished my executive work, I commenced to fight in new fields, this time literary, and am still engaged in the fight, enjoying between whiles the vineyard and the sheepfold. Nor had I special training in the railroad business, because, before entering it, I had gone about the world with loins girded and staff in hand, as it were, trying my own

experiments and testing all for myself.

Thus, then, my qualifications entitling me to expound. Thus also comes my belief, by no means to be shaken, that the qualities of an executive worthy of the name are qualities that will fit him for management in any field of endeavor. You could switch executives, granted that they are not easeful, from one field of endeavor to another with no lost motion or friction at all. The railroad executive of merit could fit into the scheme of things as head of a banking concern; a philosopher with a Polaris could govern a nation; an editor with a clear vision would be a success in the president's office belonging to a university. For there are no secrets of success. There are only common truths, known to all men as the multiplication table is known.

A view point, integrity, a determination to master uncongenial details, unceasing self-discipline, a healthy mistrust of people with ulterior motives, a conviction that mastery and enjoyment go hand in hand—these are among the elements of success.

II

Now it is true of executives, as it is true of professors and editors and ministers of the gospel, that the thing most generally sought is ease, not opportunity for achievement. You do not change the nature of a man because you call him superintendent, or manager, or dean, or doctor, or because an avalanche of capital letters slides down after his name. The majority of men work only under the stimulus of the whip and the spur, and those stimuli being no longer felt, native sloth overcomes them. They begin to shirk. They begin to play. They begin, once in office, to discover necessities that involve business trips away from the scene of action, with corresponding expense accounts. They begin to attitudinize, to pretend, to impose upon others. They begin to yield to the flattery of subordinates. They cease to produce and become costly to maintain. Then is the time to watch them. As soon as an executive begins to be written about in terms of adulation let those financially interested begin to beware, for the best of executives will bear watching.

Your promoted man, without the inward drive, being given the power he craved and fought for, immediately ceases to strive. He will no longer do little necessary things. He commences to deteriorate, to dwindle, to perish. If he dictates a letter he makes a luxurious job of it, losing sight of the fact that 90% of all business letters can be answered in a couple of dozen words with telegraphic brevity. He will no longer put in a telephone call for himself, but must needs have the office girl do it. He procrastinates, then pretends to a tremendous efficiency in covering his laxity by the use of the long distance telephone, the air mail, and special messenger service. He ceases to read dictated letters and he uses a dictaphone; or his letters are rubber-stamped, "dictated, not read." He begins to place dependence upon mechanical devices, and buffers, and outer-guards to protect him from contact with the crowd, so that presently he sits in holy seclusion out of touch with the public that it is his mission to serve.

That aloofness which is supposed to leave the executive mind free for higher thoughts and lofty meditations actually works in opposition to the welfare of his organization, especially if the organization be in the nature of a public service corporation, for he divorces himself from those most salutary of stimuli, blame and criticism. He hears only praise from his subordinates, and by praise no man ever learned wisdom. And, most harmful of all mechanical devices contrived for the ruin of man, there are the so-called memory aids. Your thorough man does not forget, nor expects to forget, nor can forget while his mind is on his work. The cultivation of his memory is among the most cherished of his aims, and he knows that memory is strengthened, not weakened, by use. To be sure there are efficient men

with faulty memories, but they are no more fit for an executive position than is a blind man fit to be an airplane pilot.

This advice I give out of the plenitude of knowledge and experience to stockholders, and bondholders, also to directors who are not dummies. Watch your easeful executive when he begins to deputize, for deputize he most assuredly will. Also, keep a sharp eye upon the subordinate close to your executive who is willing and eager to assume duties which should be managerial duties, because while that assumption of duty may be taken by the dilatory and waning head as evidence of loyalty to himself and to the corporation, the truth is that the subordinate is steadily grooming himself for the job ahead to the end that he, some day, may sit in the easeful place. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that an organization chart is a graphic indication of the way to ease, therefore to decline. An organization chart represents a little world in which human creatures with ulterior motives are worming and burrowing and plotting and planning and undermining for their own ends, fattening the while like maggots in a cheese. Get into the middle of things in the fairest looking of organizations and you will discover cliques and coteries, all of them inimical to the easeful man at the top; but, mark this: all of them subjects for much needed discipline at the hands of an executive worth the name.

In the case of an organization with a real disciplinarian at its head, a promotion is the elevation of a man who is a disciplinarian to a field of wider effort, and that promotion is made regardless of rank, or of seniority, or of age, or bias. In the case of an organization with an easeful executive, each advancement is a personal triumph for some climber gifted with pugnacity, and clever at scheming, and pregnant of a self-assertion which he can disguise or hide on occasion. Nor are those personal triumphs hard to win when a climber is ready to do battle and the time is ripe, because the fight is one in which a vigorous personality with knowledge stands pitted against an enervated opponent who has lost his vital force in the easeful life he has led. Also there is this: the battle runs strongly in favor of the man fighting up-hill because of those cliques and coteries of which he knows, and because behind him is a long line of other attackers, each with an eye firmly fixed upon a place higher up, each secretly eager to help in creating a vacancy, each having done a little sapping and mining on his own account.

It need hardly be said that in any organization the easeful man is known for what he is. The spirit of such lax organizations has been admirably caught by the cartoonist, J. R. Williams, who pictures a machine-shop and its inhabitants, in a series called "Out Our Way." Like lightning the news of what conditions are will run from the executive office down through all departments to the general utility man who sweeps the sidewalk. Let the easeful executive once begin to talk about his social obligations, for example, and before a month has gone every hand in the organization will know from experience that such talk means early impairment of usefulness and activity. Every workman knows that the real executive spirit is solitary rather than social, that with the winner in the long run, work and pleasure lie together.

There was never yet a first-class executive for whom inaction was not a burden. For such a one the commercialized amusements in which vulgarity and stupidity strive to outrival each other hold no interest. A dinner at which he must hide his real self and wear a mask and affect a pose must needs be a horror from which an earnest man must flee. He cannot talk about being tired with business cares because he has the habit of enjoying his job, and, like that old stout heart, John Quincy Adams, regards the daily routine as an interesting affair. He will not deputize because he feels that there are few men in his organization to whom he

would entrust management, and those fit to be entrusted have already their hands full. He will suffer no co-management because he knows that a two-headed thing is a monstrosity. He will not be easeful because of his realization that no matter what horizon he sees, there are further horizons beyond. He is cold to flattery, therefore well armed against sycophants. He is masterful over others because he eternally strives for mastery over himself. He can never sit down in lazy contentment because he is conscious of a purpose. He can never become the victim of theorists or of those who draw blue prints in the air, because his first question of a man will be, What have you done? He does not seek opinion because he has faith in himself, and belief in his own ability, and also a set course; but he goes about among men who know because there are to be found ideas and practical suggestions born of direct experience. It must be obvious that such a man would be a stranger to monotony and dulness and fatigue and fear. For him hardly a day would pass but brought enlargement of view, hardly an hour would pass without leaving greater efficiency and thoroughness. Above all, he would be trained to alertness.

Still, be he ever so excellent, conditions over which he exercised no control, even remotely, may bring about changes by which he might find himself displaced. A change of ownership might do it. Or his corporation could be affected by legislation, as when the Eighteenth Amendment closed breweries and distilleries. Or a sweeping change might result from war, or because of the closing of some bank with easeful gentlemen at the head of affairs, or by a new invention, as when the coming of the automobile worked a hardship upon buggy and wagon manufacturers, or by some great disaster, as when an earthquake wrecks a city. A hundred other possibilities likely to bring about changes that cause a wholesale shifting will occur to the thoughtful.

But in such case will your man who has not made his office a chapel of ease sit down in tears before an altar erected to grief? Not he. Because of those habits of activity and watchfulness his vitality is a potent urge. Indeed, it may well be that he will look upon his freedom as something of a boon, for thereby he will be enabled to test himself in a new way and under new conditions. The probability is that he will turn to the development of something he has had long in mind, for, being a sensible fellow, he is under no delusions about the economic system and knows that an organization of merit is very unlikely to have vacancies that must be filled up from the outside. So the displaced executive worth his salt starts a business for himself and succeeds, not only because of his own merits but also because he will have no mediocrities in his plant.

I cannot recall as many cases of this kind as I can recall cases of easeful executives who slid into nothingness upon the abolition of their offices, because the number of the latter is naturally much larger than of the former. I recall many of the lusty sort who died in harness as gallantly as did Galsworthy's Stoic. I recall one, formerly with the cash register people, who is now a publisher of very excellent house organs; another who once held high place with the Galena Oil Company who has a cattle ranch in Uruguay; another, formerly in the shipping business, who is a contractor and builder in a good way; another who became a consulting engineer. They were tested in office, and out of office they did not act wretchedly, therefore of them it may well be said that they have succeeded. Wealth and position did not make them sluggish. They proved themselves to have steadiness of purpose and enduring power. And, be it noted, in office or out of office, they were not of the sort to run after those who had charge of the public trumpets.

Those public trumpets, you will find, often announce the desperate and pathetic case of some executive who fell from afflu-

ence to poverty. It is not to be denied that the majority of such failures once possessed certain virtues, else they would not have climbed above mediocrity. For all that, in most cases their shabby gentility is not pathetic. It is, on the contrary, very often a well merited result of easefulness when there should have been activity. They reached a point where they ceased to strive, where they looked upon themselves with complacency as having arrived. They began to play and they commenced to enjoy applause. They bore the panoply of power, but they had not in them the pride of dominance.

III

Executives of that sort are numerous. You meet them at clubs, on the golf links, in second and third rate theaters, at road-houses. You see them as the recipients of dull and costly hospitality. You see them where what is called influence may be expected. They are pompous about money and position. They talk about being business-like, and they are the sort that hang little cards about busy days on office walls, and they are active in local politics, and they like phrase-makers of the Elbert Hubbard sort, and they are immured among received opinions, and they like what they call "light-literature to rest the brain," and they believe in short cuts to knowledge, and they keep late hours at both ends, and they believe in tips and give advice, and they subscribe to expensive editions of works of an erotic nature, and they pad their expense accounts to the limit, and they are great on oratory about a nation standing on star-crowned heights, and they talk always about the heavy burden of responsibility that rests on their shoulders. You meet them frequently in the smoking compartments of Pullman cars and they will work out calculations about stocks for you on the white spaces on the cover of *Liberty*.

For that sort tenure of office did not mean a time of struggle and effort and perseverance. Quite the contrary. It meant easeful years in an environment where subordinates leaped to anticipate the boss's wants, and where sycophants and subtle flatterers wrought to foster in him a belief in his own courage and dignity and resourcefulness. It meant sycophancy on his part in his conduct towards those from whom favors were to be expected. It meant that he was preoccupied, not with ends and aims for the welfare of his business, but for his own safety. So he would come to form habits of idleness. His organization, from top to bottom, would be honeycombed with deceit, and slovenliness, and chicane, and intrigue. His ease, his comfort, his enjoyment would be paramount; and around and about him would be sharpness and cunning. Flattery he would receive as tribute to his value, and the inevitable result of a long course of that treatment would be the development and growth of an intense egotism.

I assert, with all seriousness, that the type I picture is common in high places. Because of the temptations to ease that their office offers, many men in high position suffer a sort of psychological backsliding and become parasitic, actually leading a life of mere attachment, like a tapeworm.

Picture such a dislodged parasitic executive when he finds himself in an unfamiliar world. When he held office the economic structure seemed to bristle with opportunities. Indeed, he had often expressed himself in the hearing of his subordinates as being amazed at his own short-sighted loyalty and self-denial that kept him at the helm with such patience and single-mindedness when there were so many openings that he might fill at a word. In his self-induced disease of egotism he would have spurned, with angry impatience, the idea that he could not step from one high office to another. Yet there he is, jobless. Brother executives of his own easeful type are not making any place for him, and executives of the high type have nothing but contempt for his kind.

With vigorous men on a plane lower than that on which he stood in his prime he cannot compete, and even if his pride did not forbid, he is physically unable to enter into any part of the economic machine where muscle plays a part. At the club those who had greeted him joyfully as one with a magnetic personality as well as a buying power cease to yearn for his companionship. With no more dominion over material things he finds himself suddenly unwanted. So he walks abroad a lowly-minded man. He becomes "Poor old N," watched with no favorable eye by those who have charge of hotel lobbies and writing-desks. To truck and to barter becomes his only hope, and in that field he can perform no part but the most menial.

I look back to see many instances of deposed executives of the easeful type who slid into eternal darkness and neglect. One does not give actual names because it would be a refinement of cruelty to say word or to give hint that might visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, but the cases I give are authentic.

IV

Case 1. This is Hibbert, once a bank president and also a railroad vice-president who climbed to position because of exceptional gifts, admirable or otherwise according to the business ethics one chooses to adopt. He snuggled down comfortably. He knew easeful years and his performances were curiously haphazard and ran into millions. He became a henchman of George B. Cox, political boss. When the crash came the noise of it flew over the land with the swiftness of dawn. Now your man of imagination does not fall into melancholy hopelessness at the age of fifty, but ease kills imagination in spite of all theories about restful absorption to the contrary; and magical business secrets are not magically revealed when a man lights a cigar and puts his feet on the desk as prelude to contemplation. Hibbert had been accustomed to quote Charles E. Perkins, president of the Burlington, to the effect that an executive should "never do, or undertake to do, what can be sufficiently well done by a subordinate," and Hibbert had found subordinates very willing to undertake. So he had lost the use of his faculties and was no longer self-supporting. When last I saw him he sat uncomfortably on one of the four chairs near the outer door of the Sinton Hotel, his companion a dismissed army officer. Hibbert and I shook hands, and, after a few perfunctory remarks, he began to babble of bonds and proclaimed himself to be a bond salesman; then revealed a tendency to refer to the past with himself in the rôle of victim and martyr. He discovered that he had left his money at home, and, laughing at the odd situation, said, "Can you spare me a five?" but without that old assurance with which he would have asked for a loan as he might have asked for a match. So we parted, I feeling miserable because of his thinly disguised abjectness, because it is not pleasant to meet a man in the tragedy of whose downfall you have played a necessary part.

Case 2. This is Gray, a monument of duplicity, all compounded of flattery and bullying when he was general manager; forever proclaiming himself a very fountain-head of devotion to his company; one of the sort to fasten upon the original suggestion of a subordinate, and after giving it a wrench and a twist, presenting it as his own. He did not graft, but he was easeful. For eight years he had held fast to his position and when I took over the property he immediately sought an opportunity to strain after continued blessedness, telling in an affectedly bright manner of his hopes and aims and aspirations, and testifying to his loyalty and to the loyalty he inspired in the hearts of the men. He flattered and he cajoled. He invited me to dinner. He spoke of the brotherhood of man. He thought not, he said, of private gain nor of personal glory, but only of the welfare of the company. Men of such noble hearts and great souls should not be in the

transportation business. So, upon a charge of minor falsification of accounts being made against him, he wept and fled the office forever. For the ensuing six months he wrote to directors and to bondholders, setting forth his belief that I was altogether lacking in intellectual grasp and ability, then turned to the hawking about of cheap and inferior fountain pens.

Case 3. Henson was a glad-hearted young man who allowed his office to become a sinecure. He turned to pleasure with such single-mindedness that he built himself a bungalow with company material, wherein he installed a golden-haired divinity. His was a difficult case because of his connections, and because he was a man polite and obliging and amiable, who passed everywhere as beyond suspicion. He entertained his friends on special trains, went regularly to church and to lodge, talked eloquently about duty and prosperity and patriotism. His road's finances were in deplorable shape; a loan floated by men on the day Guiteau killed President Garfield looked, in the year 1920, more perilous than ever; the expenditure on maintenance was insufficient to preserve the physical integrity of the property; and a bridge that had been condemned by the railroad commission threatened the safety of a regiment of commuters daily. Still the joyous hearted Henson's monthly expense accounts included dues in the Country Club, and club house debts, and little dinners down town; and he O.K.'d them all in the manner of one whose conscience was without a flaw. Moreover he had a two-year contract with the company, so refused to resign until a threat of proceedings in open court unnerved him, whereupon he signed a release in the form of a voucher for two months' pay. Although no more than thirty years of age, he had fallen into moral moldiness, so haunted the State Capitol until his connections thrust him into a minor political job.

Case 4.—Windrow stole some $400,000 from a railroad and went about during the twelve years of his stealing a much respected figure, giving no hint of the anxiety within. During those twelve years other men in easeful positions in the same corporation had failed to notice discrepancies, and would doubtless have failed to see them had they been announced by brass bands and waving banners. Windrow, having fallen from his pedestal at the age of forty-eight, became a day laborer in Detroit. Yet it is within the knowledge of any well-read man that individuals well hardened to fight faced and won new battles at middle age—Mark Twain, and Walter Scott, and Ericsson, for example.

Case 5. Ranger, a manager who moved for some years in an atmosphere of authority, was a sham-efficient fellow who had worked his way up by strenuous elbowing and a thousand little cleverenesses, much spurred to advancement by a socially ambitious wife. He had the good sense to know himself as a poseur who could not keep up his rôle, and hailed the economic purging much as some criminals welcome their arrest as a relief from the burden of responsibility. He resigned willingly and started a little grocery store, in which he seemed happy enough when last I hailed him.

Other cases come to mind in which men, being revealed for the frauds that they were, fled to far lands, or committed suicide. I do not recall a single failure among those executives of my acquaintance who were men of open and flexible mind, or who were steadied by a knowledge of good literature, or who had a taste for music, or a liking for the drama. Such men had in themselves a certain power of self-renovation. They had a measuring stick by which they could compare values. They were given to self-discipline and self-control. They did not waste themselves in aimlessness. But the failures all lived in a transitory world of today and were ignorant of that larger world mirrored in literature. I do not say this vainly. They thought to get by with dash and flourish. Above all, they sought ease.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LABOR

BY H. J. GREENWOOL

EVERY year in the Autumn there assembles in some great American or Canadian town an aggregation of four or five hundred prosperous business men. A chance visitor, attracted by the expensive cars and fleets of taxis before their convention hall, would scarcely guess that the delegates within were all members of trade unions, representing three million toilers in the annual parliament of the American Federation of Labor. Convinced by their credentials, the visitor would immediately conclude that any misgivings he may have had about the universality and cornucopiousness of the Coolidge-Hoover prosperity, or any reservations he may have entertained in the last presidential campaign as the Republican spellbinders roared inexhaustibly into the microphone, were petty and gratuitous libels on our incomparable land.

All the accessories of Americans long on the make are discernible in the persons and accoutrements of these worthy working men. At the forty-eighth annual convention of the Federation in New Orleans last November the evidences of eupepsia were unmistakable. There were the silk-threaded wool suits of custom make, the modish cravats, the perfectly polished stylish footwear, the precious stones set in ring or stickpin, the well-larded hands innocent of horn, the heads magnificently tonsored, the bellies spaciously paunched, the multigraphed chins, the benevolently spirituous expressions and breaths, and over all the leisurely, almost gentlemanly, air of good fellows growing congenially old together in the same comfortable club. Prosperous, but neither ritzy nor reserved.

Poor relations sometimes put in an unwelcome appearance at the annual meetings of the club, but they do not make the good committees nor do they penetrate beyond the externals of the organization. They remain on the fringe. Most of them expect sooner or later to ride in high themselves. Those who don't are angry but inarticulate. They feel as any mechanic would feel who had by chance been invited to some rather tony outfit and been made to acknowledge his betters after he got there. Each year these misfits diminish in number. The organization has developed an effective bouncing system and so tightened the rules of admission that it is now hard for anyone but the right sort to get in. How this filtering of delegates is achieved may be learned from an amendment to Section 1, Article IV, of the constitution of the Federation, adopted at Los Angeles. The amended section, as it now stands, reads:

> Only those persons whose Local Unions are affiliated with Central Bodies or with State Branches and who are delegates to said Central Bodies and State Branches shall be eligible to represent City Central Bodies or State Branches in the Conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

The amendment was adopted unanimously after Chairman Daniel J. Tobin of the committee on law had stated frankly that its object was to change the old system under which "in recent years undesirables have come here as delegates."

At the same Los Angeles convention Vice-President Matthew Woll did not scruple to collaborate with the local gendarmes in putting on the list of the proscribed a duly elected delegate whose crime was that he believed the interests of capital

and labor to have nothing in common. The filthy lout was called on the carpet before Brother Woll in a private room at the Hotel Alexandria, made to confess his abominations, and told that his credentials would be *spurlos versenkt*. As he made his way to the elevator he descried Oberleutnant Hynes, of the Los Angeles anti-Red squad, lurking in the middle distance. The documentary evidence against the culprit had been obtained by a raid made on his rooms by Hynes, and by Hynes it had been turned over to Brother Woll! There were no regrettable interlopers of that sort at the ensuing New Orleans gathering.

II

Suppose we take a look at the boys who constitute the pillars of the Federation. Quite substantial most of them are, both in figure and in income. They rank in the upper ten percent of the Treasury's income-tax groups. Their offstage conversation befits their economic plane.

"Goddam, I'm sore I sold my Standard Oil," one of them observed in the corridors of the palatial Hotel Roosevelt, which housed the convention headquarters and most of the delegates in New Orleans. He had bought an afternoon paper to follow his favorite stocks in the "Hoover market." Vice-President Jimmy Wilson (there are eight vice-presidents) is a devotee of the same indoor sport. Capaciously filling an armchair in the club-car on his way North after the convention, he asked Brother Mike Keough, president of the International Molders Union of North America, for a section of the evening journal. Mike obliged but Jimmie was not satisfied. "Gimme the curb," he said. Jimmie makes periodic speeches against the Reds and other miscreants who would undermine the sacred rights of property.

One of the best fronts is put up by William Green, president of the Federation since the death in 1924 of the gentleman now ceremonially styled by all convention speakers the Immortal Gompers. Brother Green is neither stupid nor brilliant. He can be kept in line by the shrewder wits behind the throne and he can be trusted to handle the minor crises of the convention proceedings without botching things too much. He is a resounding speaker. Words drop sonorously from out his rosy gills. His manly breast is made to be beaten by his rhetorical fist. His eyes can flash indignation or secrete kindliness at will. His principal defect is an utter lack of humor. His soporific dignity gradually infects the whole convention.

Well over a quarter of a century ago Brother Green was a working coal-miner of Coshocton, Ohio, drawing the wretched wage of that profession. But he soon emancipated himself. Step by step he ascended the ladder of union office, from the local to the subdistrict and then to the district, and finally to international estate in the United Mine Workers. From secretary-treasurer of the miners and vice-president of the Federation he made the last jump to his present post. In the course of his long advance he has found time to serve two terms in the Ohio State Senate, where he put through a model Workman's Compensation Law. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1912 that nominated the ever glorious Professor Wilson for the presidency of the United States. By 1920, however, his political dignity had sunk to the level of an alternate-at-large. Though a follower of the Prince of Peace (Baptist model), he has also accepted the post of civilian aide to the Secretary of War. Like his predecessor, he proudly claims membership in the Elks. Also, the Odd Fellows are entitled to point to him as one of their most distinguished exhibits. He regards highly his membership in the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Brother Green's assiduous labors are fittingly rewarded. He draws $1000 a month in wages from the Federation and $667 a month for traveling expenses. What honorariums may be added by the sundry Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, colleges,

bar associations, church societies and the like which he constantly addresses is not to be esteemed the public's business. The $20,000 paid to his order every year by the Federation's bankers has not, however, made him forget how it feels to be a hunger-wracked coal-digger. He says as much himself. In the course of a denunciation of divers Liberals and other well meaning persons who had protested against a certain star chamber lynching, Brother Green told the convention that he and his associates on the Executive Council "are men who come from the mill, the mine and the factory. They are working men who have been trained, and in their bosoms [punching his breast] beat hearts in sympathy and in tune with the hopes and aspirations of working men and women."

Brother Green's heart has need to beat when from his $20,000 vantage point he surveys the lot of his half million or more fellow miners. Thomas Kennedy, who holds the position in the United Mine Workers of America vacated by Brother Green on his last promotion, figures that during the past two years the union has spent close to $10,000,000 in aid of its own destitute members. A recent issue of the *United Mine Workers' Journal* carries an official appeal for assistance to a small corner of the Indiana mine fields. It says:

> There is great need for continued relief. The 1,600 men and their wives and children need everything —food, clothing, money and everything else to sustain them. They deserve full support.

Brother Kennedy himself said to the convention delegates:

> When we present to you some of the actual figures with respect to the payment of relief only in needy cases, you will appreciate the enormity of the situation with respect to relief. Relief was paid only in cases of absolute necessity and yet on that basis it required as a very minimum a total of $400,000 per month.

Ah, that every miner in the country could average in a year what Brother Green draws from the Federation in a month!

President John L. Lewis of the miners, popularly regarded as one of the two men who give Brother Green his orders, also enjoys a considerable financial elevation for his sympathetic heart. He draws $12,000 a year in salary and additional thousands in expense moneys from his depleted union treasury. He looks with an unsympathetic eye on the recently formed National Miners Union, a rival organization. Small minds conjecture that this is because the new union forbids salaries of its officials to be any higher than the rate of wages they can procure for the membership by strike or negotiations. Two years ago Brother Lewis enunciated the famous slogan, No Backward Step, as the keynote for the working contract that was to succeed the three-year agreement signed at Jacksonville, Fla., in the Winter of 1924. Since then, under his leadership, the wages of Illinois miners have been cut $1.40 a day from the Jacksonville scale of $7.50, and the miners of Brother Green's Ohio agreed to work for $2.50 a day under the scale, but can find scarcely any work. The Indiana miners, cut to the Illinois level, are also shut out of many of their former working places. All over the country, except in Colorado, where the hated Industrial Workers of the World led a successful strike, the members of Brother Lewis's union have been compelled to take reduced wages. Was his slogan then only empty words? By no means. Soon after he had uttered it and while the fortunes of the organization were at their bottom ebb, he forced through a 50% salary increase for himself, from $8000 a year to his present $12,000. The slogan has thus not only been lived up to but improved upon.

Brother Lewis does not demean himself by attending all the sessions of the Parliament of Labor, but when he rises in his place he is recognized, no matter how many lesser delegates may have been struggling for the privilege of Brother Green's presiding eye. Respectful silence ensues. Though not a tall man, Brother Lewis is exceedingly stocky, with heavy shoulders and bust, bellows-like cheeks, lush lips and a luxuriant shock of black hair. He commands a distinguished stream of bull, flowing forth with admirably controlled

pitch and inflection. He is a master of the melodramatic pause. But alas, he has nothing to say. Plenty of words, but with negligible content. The following paragraphs from his New Orleans convention utterances show him at his best. In the first he is struggling to say thank you, and succeeding in ninety-six words:

> My distinguished associate has very briefly discussed the matter before the house, conveying to you the verbal thanks of the United Mine Workers of America. I shall not undertake to amplify in further detail the matters which have been so ably referred to by Secretary Kennedy, other than to supplement his remarks and say, as the President of the United Mine Workers of America, that he has conveyed to you the feeling and the sentiment of every member of that organization when he says that they appreciate your services in their hour of need.

In the next quotation he wants to urge a postponement. The birth of this idea involves a labor of 114 words:

> I do not at this time wish to inject this question into the convention as a matter of consideration or controversy. In supplementing the statement of my associate, I merely say that it might be a matter which could be examined and analyzed with profit to our movement, and perhaps our Executive Council, in the next year or two to come, might find it profitable to enter into a consideration, not necessarily of this idea, but of the general principle which we are now discussing, with the idea that perhaps at a later convention there might be made some well-considered and mature recommendations which might meet the emergency that we are now considering.

His habit of inflation is not confined to words. By reporting a huge fictitious membership to the secretary of the Federation he manages to hold his union in first place in voting strength at the convention, with 4000 votes, one for every 100 reported members. The actual membership is nearer 200,000 than 400,000. In reality, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners is the largest union, with 322,000 members and 3,220 honest votes.

President William Hutcheson of the Carpenters is another great magnate of the Federation. His emoluments are various and steep. Critics of his reign consider themselves lucky if they escape with whole skins and skulls from the clutches of his henchmen. At the recent convention of the brotherhood in its home for aged carpenters at Lakeland, Florida, it was necessary to grant formal safe-conducts to the greatly daring gentlemen of the opposition, who, on saying their say, were invited to get out of the convention and out of the brotherhood and never come back again.

Brother Hutcheson was magnificently accommodated in what seemed to humbler delegates an endless suite of rooms at New Orleans. He would not see anyone ranking below an international union president or a member of the Executive Council. He spoke no word at the convention. His principal vexation was his inability to make up satisfactory foursomes for his regular afternoon recreation on the golf course.

III

Attorney Matthew Woll, recently resigned president of the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America and still fourth vice-president of the Federation of Labor, is both hated and fawned upon. He is the tireless brains of the outfit. He heads more committees and does more work on each of them than any other magnate of labor. His ambition created the Union Labor Life Insurance Company. He is the president of the company and rumor has it that he sees a shorter cut to prominence and power through it than through the ordinary channels of labor advancement.

The death of the Immortal Gompers brought Brother Woll a bitter pill to swallow. Regarded during the great Samuel's lifetime as the heir-apparent to the Federation throne, he was ignominiously cast aside for the colorless William Green. A lesser man might have quit in disgust. But Brother Woll not only remained on the Executive Council; he made himself the undisputed master of its deliberations. He knew more than all the other reverend counsellors combined. He soon had Brother Green where he wanted him.

This was well illustrated at the Detroit convention in 1926. The sensation of that convention was the speech of the Rev.

Sherwood Eddy, Ph.B., A.M., on Soviet Russia. This pious friar had not been invited by the arrangements committee to make his speech, but by manipulations unknown to him things were brought to a point where President Green was willing to give him a place on the programme, provided he would not urge the recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States. Eddy agreed, and at the end of a long day he got the platform and launched into a tremendous eulogy of the Bolsheviks, "who are practising the brotherhood of man which we Christians profess but do not practise." He lauded practically everything Russian except the atheism, but he did not urge recognition of Moscow.

Brother Woll, shaper of Federation programmes and chief instigator of convention pogroms, was furious. He had not been consulted by the unwary Green. Tumultuous applause had greeted the Eddy address. Things were in a mess and Brother Green had to be taught a lesson. So Brother Woll demanded that he issue a statement declaring that Pastor Eddy had violated a promise in speaking at all about Russia. This Brother Green would not do. A Catholic like Woll might see the justification of using such means to a good end, but for Green the Baptist to smirch the good name of a representative of the Y. M. C. A. was too thick even for a labor politician.

But Brother Woll was equal to the occasion. A rumor spread mysteriously among the newspaper boys that Brother Green would have opposition for reëlection as president. This was ghastly news. Brother Green's own union had no berth for him and no one else would want a discarded has-been. Where would his $20,000 a year come from if he were defeated? The rumors multiplied, linking Brother Woll's name to the rival candidacy. Brother Green sweated, wilted and surrendered. He roundly denounced Pastor Eddy and so made a fool of himself, but he saved his $20,000 and his reëlection.

Promptly upon the distribution of the anti-Eddy statement to the reporters, Brother Woll issued a statement of his own. In it he denied that he would be a candidate for the presidency, warmly praised Brother Green, and predicted his unanimous reëlection. From that day to this Brother Green has always cast two frightened eyes about when anything untoward has happened in a convention. One, which goes in the direction of Brother Woll, inquires for the proper cue. The other furtively scans the press table to see if the reporters smell anything.

The many enemies of Brother Woll have much to say against him. They are repelled by his self-importance, his oily black locks, his strident bellowing, his make-up like Stephen A. Douglas, his thirst for publicity, his unscrupulous denunciation of every opponent as a Bolshevik, his gladsome coöperation with the police against more radical labor men, and his currying of favor with the anti-union elements of the National Civic Federation, of which he became acting president on the death of his fellow attorney, Judge Alton Brooks Parker. But his industry and intelligence and his command of the Federation machine make him extremely powerful, while his opponents generally do not belong to the inner circle of labor potentates. A Luxembourgeois by birth, he has outdistanced the patriotism of the Sons and the Daughters of the American Revolution by several million leagues. His innumerable committees, conferences, commissions, councils and boards are forever investigating, excommunicating, recommending or treadmilling, and he is perpetually issuing statements to the press.

There are many lesser Wolls and Lewises. There are also a few labor leaders who do not sing the prevailing tune. Outstanding at the New Orleans convention was Mrs. Florence Curtis Hanson, who leads the tiny group of unionized teachers. Her courage and ability and industry got little assistance in a convention wherein nearly all the progressives were either cowed or tired. If I give Mrs. Hanson little space I am faithfully depicting the actual scene.

IV

It is not often that a Sherwood Eddy busts in on the disinfected convention programme. The general run of invited speakers is comprised of carefully selected purveyors of blah, well tested by previous experience. Constant repeaters are such worthies as the Coolidge-Hoover Secretary of Labor, the Hon. James J. Davis, grand cockalorum of the Moose. He reminds the delegates annually how prosperous everybody is and gets by with it very easily in a crowd where a union executive drawing only $5,000 a year is considered beneath contempt. At New Orleans he pulled all the old sure-fires. Then he tried a new one, and the delegates didn't know whether to laugh out loud or to catcall. In their indecision they remained sullenly silent as James proclaimed:

> Some of you may have been politically opposed to Mr. Coolidge, which was your privilege, but I want you to know, now that he is on the eve of retiring from active participation in politics, that no sincerer friend of labor has ever sat in the White House.

For eight years the strike-breaking American Legion has been regularly represented on the convention list of invited speakers. This will appear less curious when it is explained that the chief sponsor of the Legion is its former vice-commander, George L. Berry, president of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union of North America, and himself an accomplished strike-breaker within his own union. By preference the Legion orator is a rhetorical exponent of patriotic sentiment. At New Orleans none other than the Hon. Paul V. McNutt, national commander, was the exhibit.

McNutt did his stuff without reproach. Standing at attention, his eyes fixed on the horizon of battle, his manly figure belying his graying but plenteous hair, he magnetized all eyes upon him as he was introduced. No romantic school girl could have withstood him. The herd of delegates instinctively felt themselves inferior. They clapped and cheered, and got on their hind legs. When he pulled the tremolo stop, referring pathetically to the immortal war dead, they were near tears, just as they rocked with rage when he denounced the dastardly traitors who want to enthrone the working class in our beautiful land and destroy American institutions. McNutt had them where he wanted them until, like Davis, he went a bit too far. He tried to sell them the Legion's favorite nostrum of wartime conscription of labor. That touched the pocket nerve and he failed. Not that the labor leaders object to conscription *per se*. But military conscription of labor might mean that their union members would have to work for a dollar a day instead of at wartime scales. Where would the dues come from to pay the supersalaries of the union executives? So conscription was not sold to the convention.

The previous year the military performer was the heroic Major General Charles P. Summerall, chief of staff of the Army. He chose to address the toilers in the bluff, hearty English manner. President Green had fawningly introduced him as one "whose great heart beats in sympathy with the legitimate hopes and aspirations of the organized labor movement." Whereupon the warrior returned:

> I know that your aspirations are the aspirations of the good men in industry and finance. I have sometimes been startled by almost the same sentiments that I have heard from Mr. Green coming from what we might call captains of industry and finance.

The red flag, so familiar to European labor gatherings, is as remote to the American shepherds of toil as the pick and shovel. The fraternal delegates from the British labor movement constantly though unconsciously offend the ears and defile the records of the Federation by giving utterance to purely labor sentiments instead of paying homage to the articles of faith of capitalism.

No flippant reporter could be more exquisitely punished than by being assigned to sit through the nine or ten days of prac-

tically unrelieved convention oratory and pettifogging. With heavy hoof the brothers plod through the routine. It begins with invocations to that deity who placed labor as a curse upon the brow of mankind. It continues with oily syllables of welcome from city and State magnificoes and the well tried wisdom of invited rhetoricians. It works its way through a bog of whereasinine resolutions and peripatetic committee recommendations, damp-powder fulminations *ex cathedra* and the caprine capers of dear sirs and brothers sweating rhetoric for the edification of gaping constituents back home. In short, it is Congress all over again.

But lo, the ominous murmur of the mob is heard! A victim has been found. The annual witchburning, which alone makes the Parliament of Labor endurable to delegates and correspondents, is on. Heavy jowls spread in fierce joy. Cannibalistic leers turn toward known or reputed friends of the heretic. Favored gentlemen of the press are tipped off. Alleys of escape are barricaded. Righteous wrath mounts to lynching temperature. The miserable prey is seized and the gory feast begins.

The crucified messiah of 1928 was the estimable Dr. John Dewey, professor of philosophy at Columbia University. In 1926 he was the Pastor Eddy already mentioned. In 1923 he was that roughneck Red, Comrade William F. Dunne, now assistant editor of the *Daily Worker*, the Communist organ in New York.

Each time the indictment returned to Judge Lynch charges the same monstrous crime—Communism. In Dunne's case it was true. But poor innocent Eddy did not even know that the organized vehicle for such enormities in this country is the Workers (Communist) Party of America. And while Dr. Dewey's occasional abstruseness may properly come under suspicion, his Communism would not pass muster with the third assistant subcommissar of sanitation at the Russo-Polish frontier.

Brother Woll is by common acclaim looked up to as the ringleader of these mobs. Hoarse and strident of voice, and in full control of the organ stops of injured integrity and moral indignation as well as of patriotism and religion, the worthy Matt spurs on the pack. The business over, the delegates relapse into their normal selves—the prosperous business men and contractors of labor power they were when they opened the convention.

At the Portland gathering, when Comrade Dunne was to be the sacrifice, things did not turn so peacefully. The convention managers have improved upon their methods since then. At that time they thought it would add to the fun if the victim were allowed to writhe in his agony upon the platform. So Comrade Dunne was allowed to make the customary speech of the condemned before having his bones broken. Never again! Comrade Dunne said too much and said it too forthrightly. He framed a just epitaph for the Parliament of Labor. With his words let us close:

> Mr. Chairman, this is not the first time I have faced a white-collared mob aroused to frenzy by the press of its masters and bent upon my destruction. It is not the first time that my head has been asked as the price of peace and harmony; but in the capitalist courts I am not called an enemy of the trade union movement. Rather do they say that I call upon the workers to resist the attack of the employers.
>
> I make a distinction, however, between you, international officers, and the membership. When I said in a speech the other night that this convention was not a working class gathering, I meant what I said. I told the truth. You know I told the truth and none of you dare deny it. Workers! Drawing the same salaries as the employers, living in the same hotels, eating the same food, belonging to the same fraternal orders, hob-nobbing with them in their clubs! What do you know or care about the eternal struggle of the wage earners except that it forces you to apologize to the bosses from time to time and disavow any radical tendencies? You want to prove to the employers that you are more conservative than they are, that you love the wage system even more ardently than they do. Seeking to placate the employers, you have bored from within their organizations, but you have captured nothing but jewel-studded lodge charms. You may save yourselves, but you cannot save the unions.

BREEDING A RACE OF GODS

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

The modern art and science of building perfect and beautiful bodies was invented at Harvard by the famous but now lamented Professor Dudley Allen Sargent, A.B., A.M., M.D., Sc.D. Known to his fellow *savants* as the Father of Modern Physical Education, Dr. Sargent brought to the groves of Cambridge several trainloads of "chest-weights, chest-expanders, developers, quarter-circles, leg-machines, finger-machines, etc." Later on he added "strength-measurers, individual dynamometers, condition-testers, pulleys, and levers." Beside inventing most of these machines and using them on his students at Harvard, Dr. Sargent also built better bodies for the matriculants at Chautauqua and at his own private seminary, the celebrated Sargent School.

His main work, of course, was at Harvard, where, in addition to keeping his strength-measurers and condition-testers well greased, he also inscribed his name on the scrolls of history by adding to the austere Harvard faculty a staff of "instructors in boxing and fencing, and a supervisor for the bowling alleys." His "Health, Strength, and Power" is still a much-thumbed text-book at most of the American colleges. Of great influence, too, have been his monographs on "The Care of the Body," in the *Christian Union*, "Home Exercises for the Business Man," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and "How Can I have a Graceful Figure?" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. For such and other labors Professor Sargent was four times made president of the American Physical Education Association, the chief sodality of the body engineers. Here are some strophes on him, penned by Amos R. Wells, a former apprentice:

> A Sargent there is who with brushes and paint
> Will picture a man, scholar or saint. . . .
> But the Sargent we know has a loftier skill
> The muscles to strengthen, the hollows to fill,
> The bearing to dignify, the eyes to illume,
> The face to make fair as a garden in bloom. . . .
> No Pickford or Chaplin or Fairbanks can vie
> With the warmth of the hand and the light of the eye
> And the glow of the body and vigor of mind
> Displayed in the moves by Sargent designed.

In the same tome as these lines are similar tributes in prose by such eminent men as President Lowell of Harvard and Theodore Roosevelt *fils*.

Dr. Sargent, as I have hinted, has now passed to his reward. For a time his work was carried on at Harvard by Professor Geer, but he succumbed to the noxious fumes of carbon monoxide and now Harvard has lost leadership in body-building. Worse, its decay has spread through the entire State of Massachusetts. Thus, with the exception of the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield and the romantic Wellesley College at Wellesley, most of the State's otherwise progressive seminaries of learning pay only scant attention to the new science. Even the great Boston University, the home of such modern disciplines as Bible Engineering and Advanced Banking, seems to have slipped badly. The best that Boston displays are a few scattered courses in Physical Education and Technique, Folk Dances, and First Aid. For its nascent business scientists it has a body-building programme consisting of "one hour each week of gymnasium exercises," but it is combined, oddly enough, with two weekly hours of Trigonometry and Surveying.

But the Sargent spirit is by no means dead. Though gone from Harvard, it is found elsewhere all over the Republic. For example, I point to the eminent Temple University at Philadelphia, which on the title-page of its catalogue stresses the fact that it is "an institution for strong men and women who can labor with both mind and body." Its ambition is "to work in harmony with all other educational institutions to make Philadelphia the best educated city in America." With such a goal before it, Temple naturally pays a good deal of attention to building better bodies, and as a result, its Physical Education department is one of the best in the Republic. There one finds not only replicas of all the original Sargent machines, but also many improvements and additions. The offerings are astounding, both in number and quality. Thus, besides a course in Natural Dancing, the Temple body-builders offer the following:

Play
Theory of Dancing
Types of Dancing
Life Saving
Athletic Coaching
Danish Gymnastics
Inspirational Coaching
Selection of Athletes
Scoring Systems
Advanced Swimming

Nor is this all. Temple also offers elaborate courses in all the standard games. Here, for example, is the course in football:

Arranging of the schedule. General discussion of the game. Early season practices; equipment; training and conditioning; fundamentals; signal systems; relative importance of offense and defense; theories as to formations, running attack, forward pass, kicking game. Shift and shift plays; position play, line and backfield. Field tactics and generalship, mental aspects; ethics of the game. Football rules in detail. Opportunity for practice officiating. Value of football in the scheme of education.

Equally thorough is the course in basketball. This, besides teaching the "different styles of play in the East and West," gives laboratory practice in "proper shooting methods, foul shooting, dribbling, pivots, stops and turns." The work in Natural Dancing (P.E. C55–56) is also a main cog in the Temple machine for making the body beautiful. It "is a practical course developing art forms based on the natural and instinctive rhythms of childhood." All students who take it are required to wear special "standard uniforms." The right kind cost "$35 complete." Besides a proper costume the student must also have a special technical library. Some of the masterpieces therein are Despard's "Massage," Knudsen's "Text-Book on Gymnastics," Allen's "My Basketball Bible," and Spalding's "Knotty Baseball Problems." The complete library is offered by the University Book Store for "approximately $50."

II

At the great State University of Illinois at Urbana the spirit of Sargent also lives. All male matriculants "are required to take four years or eight semesters of physical education." Nor has Illinois forgotten its co-eds. For them it offers training in Classic and Interpretative Dancing, Girl Scout Work, Posture Tests, Individual Gymnastics, and the Theory and Practice of Track. In lieu of Girl Scout Work, the men at Illinois are treated to Circus Work, Wrestling, Advanced Tumbling, Apparatus Work, and Boxing. These all count toward a degree. The university's main claim to fame, however, lies in the advanced work offered by the Department of Athletic Coaching in the School of Education. The following are some of the chief sciences studied:

Calisthenics
Acrobatic Stunts
Gymnastic Dancing
Basketball Methods and Technic
Single Line Marching
Combative Contests
Baseball Theory
Gymnastic Stunts
Community Recreation
Water Sports
Football Review
Football Practice
Diving

I append an account of a final examination in Clog Dancing, given to her students by Professor Grace Evalynn Downey, B.S.:

University Clog, Book 1. The dance is a take-off on a football game—the people going to the playing field, the carrying of the ball down the field, the cheer leaders leading the crowds in cheers. Costumes; girls in skirts and "I" sweaters.
College Girls. Dance original combinations of the Buck and Wing step. Costume: evening clothes.

Unlike most university exams, this one was open to the public. On the programme it was apprised:

If you wish to discuss your clogging problems, write to the Department of Physical Education, University of Illinois.

Clogging, however, while of importance to body building, is only one department of the new science. Without psychology, obviously, nothing worthwhile can be done at any American university. This was well understood by the Illinois faculty when it engaged Professor Coleman Roberts Griffith, Ph.D., to conduct a seminar in Psychology and Athletics. Dr. Griffith is a national authority in this field of knowledge, and has written "A Psychological Definition of a Game," "The Social Rewards of Competition," "What is Athletic Honor?" "High-Minded Living," and "The Pole Vaulter's Illusion." He says:

In warfare we are inclined to forget personalities. . . . Athletic competition strengthens our respect for personalities. It ought to raise our respect for the skill of another person, whether he be black, white, or yellow. . . . To summarize: athletic sports pay for themselves. They yield big returns in body, greater returns in mind, and unsurpassable returns to society. A nation of athletes will be an enduring nation.

Out in Ohio Oberlin College beautifies the frames of its students with a stiff course in Dalcroze Eurythmics. Conducted under the capable wing of a Miss Portman, this work comprises "corporal movement, music and rhythm."

The body is the musical instrument which realizes or expresses all the qualities and nuances to be found in music. This leads to a finer appreciation of music; a development of the metric and rhythmic feeling; an appreciation of dynamics, contrast and form; a development of artistic and imaginative qualities; improvement of muscular and mental control, and coördination; in short, physical and mental poise.

Preliminary to plunging into this edifying work, the Oberlin undergrads enjoy an Introduction to the Arts which "greatly aids them in their search for Beauty." Oberlin, of course, also offers all of the regular courses in building god-like bodies. Its two particularly shiny spots are a seminar in Play (for men) and one in Emergencies (for women). The chief of the Oberlin body-builders is Professor C. W. Savage, who is also president of the National Council of the American Physical Education Association.

Beside these Oberlin contributions to the science of better bodies, Ohio points with pride to the work of the University of Cincinnati and Defiance College. Under the inspiration of its president, Albert Garfield Caris, A.B., A.M., Litt.D., incumbent of the "Anna B. Sisson chair of presidency," Defiance unravels the secrets of "the proper method and art of massage," beside giving physical efficiency tests. Courses 401 and 402 are Football and Baseball, but these are very wisely restricted to male upperclassmen. The girls concentrate on "dances and exercises for the annual May-Day celebration," meeting thrice a week.

At Cincinnati, under the head of Physical Education, the *discipulus* learns all about the Fundamental Movements of Massage, Red Cross Life Saving Methods, Voice Training, the Practice and Theory of Soccer, and Games of Skill. Course 70a is Football, and counts one and a half credits. It is taught by the assistant football coach dressed up as a professor, and is advertised as a "lecture course with student reports and research work."

The State University of Indiana at Bloomington, true to the Sargent ideals, requires all its students to take a biennial strength test. Body-building there aims "to develop organic power," "to provide an outlet for surplus physical energy," "to conserve the social and moral values of games and sports," and finally, "to establish high ideals and efficient administration of athletics." With these splendid goals in mind, Indiana has courses in

Archery, Advanced Dancing, and Elementary Kinesiology. For its more talented students it has also provided recognition in the form of two honorary fraternities. Thus, for swimming well, the Indiana body engineer may be initiated into Sigma Rho Tau, "a swimming honor society." For "remarkably well balanced physical powers," he may also make the great Sigma Delta Psi, "an athletic honor society, . . . designed to be the counterpart on the side of physical training to . . . Phi Beta Kappa."

III

Out in the Cow States most of the heavy work in the new profession flows from the fonts of Nebraska Wesleyan, Nebraska, and Minnesota. Minnesota recently hauled in heavy glory when Professor Helen Hazelton, one of its *savantes*, was made chairman of a national Sub-Committee on Baseball. The doings of this committee are all fully described in a recent issue of the *Physical Education Review*. Professor Gladys Palmer of Ohio State addressed it on "Base-Running," Professor H. Margaret Lea of the University of Iowa analyzed "The First Baseman," and Chairman Hazelton did her share by explaining "How to Throw." The committee's main pride, however, is its application of the scientific method to body-building. This is known to members of the craft as "experimentation."

> Last year at the Des Moines meeting it was decided to experiment with various bats in the hope of finding one or evolving one which could be called a girl's bat. Miss Gladys Fellows was in charge of the investigation. She found that the sporting-goods dealers were not very enthusiastic about the idea.

At the University of Nebraska body-building is primarily for he-men, and most of the work is based on the learning-through-doing idea, as witness:

> V. *Wrestling.*—Demonstration and practice of common holds and breaks. Elementary wrestling progressing toward advanced wrestling as ability of class permits.
> Laboratory, 3 hours. *Mr. Clapp*
> VI. *Boxing.*—Instruction in the art of self-defense.
> Laboratory, 3 hours. *Mr. Reed*

In the final examination of the boxing seminary, the student must be prepared to demonstrate "the principles of hitting, defense, feinting, and footwork." For the course in wrestling his homework is mostly a "study of the amateur rules, training, and weight-making." At Nebraska Wesleyan the chief academic emphasis, as might be expected, is on Bible Engineering, but some remarkable contributions have also been made to Body Building. Indeed, it is principally through the researches of Nebraska Wesleyan that body builders can now tell you at a glance just how close you are to owning the perfect body. You can even judge for yourself if you happen to possess a copy of the Nebraska Wesleyan Scorecard. Based on the sound principles originated by the scientific judges of cattle and hogs at the mid-Western State fairs, the Wesleyan card divides *Homo sapiens* into skin, head, eyes, nose, neck, voice, arms, abdomen, and habits.

The skin, to be right, must be "moist, smooth, and firm, but elastic." This is worth one point in scoring. The head must have a "scalp practically free from dandruff." Obviously, it must also be covered with hair: this must be "abundant and no bald spots." For plenty of hair without dandruff, Wesleyan gives two points. As far as the eyes are concerned, "the balls must be regular," and the sense of smell must be "good." The neck, of course, is also important. If it is "shapely and erect," the candidate's total is swelled by one more point. If there are "no operation scars," the scorers chalk up another point. When it comes to the abdomen, the process of checking becomes complicated. Thus the "circumference at mid-girth" should be "about that of the chest at forced expiration." If you are carrying an abdomen like that, you should receive a mark of four. Four is the high mark. The only other times it is permitted is when you "drink no alcoholic beverages," and "use no tobacco." This incomparable index to the body beautiful was thought up and worked out by a committee of five Wes-

leyan professors, including Professor Fred Marion Gregg, A.B., A.M., director of religious education, and Professor Clarence Lorenzo Dow, coach of basketball.

On the Pacific Coast body building is lusty and prosperous. At the University of Oregon demands for enlightenment in the new science are so vast as to necessitate a special School of Physical Education. Here the work is very scientific, so much so that every graduate must toss off a final thesis. Females specializing in body building become privy to the intricacies of Elementary Interpretative Dancing, and are taught, among other things, "an appreciation of the natural laws of locomotion."

At the University of Washington Physical Education Course 155 is officially labelled Scouting Principles and Practice. Presided over by Professor James George Arbuthnot, B.S., the seminar considers "scouting education, including its philosophy, pedagogy and psychology," as well as "aims, objectives, organization, and management." For larval professional body builders there is also a stimulating course in Methods of Teaching Boxing and Wrestling, and another revealing all about the Construction, Cost, and Care of Gymnasiums. Female students at Washington are treated to a one-credit course in Advanced Golf. While all these courses count for the regular academic bays, the candidate must also satisfy the faculty that he has a satisfactory "knowledge of the Federal and State Constitutions."

Stanford University, Dr. Hoover's *alma mater* at Palo Alto, is of course well up in providing training in the new science. Here, however, the body builders are out not only for bulging muscles; they also aim "to foster a spirit of democracy and sportsmanship, and so to prepare for the highest type of citizenship." Besides Elementary, Intermediate, and Advanced Archery, the Stanford body engineers offer their students three varieties of Formal Gymnastics, four sorts of Dancing, and seven distinct brands of Swimming and Diving, "including forward and backward somersaults." Finally, there are laboratory courses in Graduate Basketball, Graduate Hockey, and Graduate Track.

Not to be outdone by its rival at Palo Alto, the University of California offers courses in "the use of bandages and tape, rubbing, exercise, etc." It is one of the few citadels of the intellect where productive scholarship approaches the high standard set by the departed Dr. Sargent. This was demonstrated only recently, when the learned Dr. Elizabeth Beall, now at work in the Central School of Physical Education, in Manhattan, startled the California men of learning with a dissertation seeking "to determine the essential physical and mental qualities necessary to become a good tennis player."

IV

South of the Potomac, in the Bible Belt, the body beautiful is held rather suspect. Thus, the University of Florida, whose motto is "In God We Trust," while speaking well of physical culture's "body-building, social and character-forming values," is not prepared to compete with the up-and-booming better body builders in other parts of the land. True, the university allows all its matriculants "to attend the regular chalk talks and theoretical discussions held for the university teams," but it apparently prefers them to do most of their body perfecting on the outside. Somewhat more progressive are South Carolina and Oklahoma. The latter, in fact, is fairly up-to-date and has in its stock most of the more recent aids to the body beautiful. For those who crave extra big muscles Oklahoma also features a special course in Heavy Apparatus Work, besides the customary Theory of Wrestling. To its women it is especially chivalrous, treating them to more than two dozen courses in corporal perfection. There are no less than seven seminars in the dance, including a special one in gymnastic dancing for schoolma'ams. Course 85, also restricted to females, is known as Coaching and deals in

"fundamentals, stunts, and tumbling." South Carolina is more partial to its men. Its specific goals are "to develop form, strength, and endurance," and "to gain mental and moral self control." Inspired by these high ideals, it has enriched its curriculum with courses in Handball, Pyramid Building, Tumbling, Apparatus Stunts, Calisthenics, and Tennis. For college credit in the latter, however, one must be at least a junior. Advanced Wrestling is also on draught, and there are two courses in Boxing:

> C1. *Boxing—Elementary.*—Correct positions of the hands, ways of delivering blows, methods of defense and foot work will be given until the student becomes proficient enough to warrant his entering upon more advanced work.
>
> *Mr. Allston*
>
> C2. *Boxing—Advanced.*—This course will give the student the opportunity to use all of the theory given in elementary boxing and will consist in actual sparring, coupled with correct advice, proper methods of training, fighting technic and ring generalship. *Mr. Allston*

For the most advanced ideas in body building one must come to New York. But if the Empire State is doing marvelous things in the new science, it is simply the inevitable result of competition. Especially is this the case in Manhattan, which, as everyone knows, is the habitat of some of the most remarkable specimens of brawn and beauty the world has ever seen. The leader of the resident experts is Professor Earle E. Liederman, who by traveling far has achieved a broad experience:

> I have journeyed from New York to California, and from Maine to Florida. I have even lived in Alaska. I have also traveled throughout Europe and have seen and learned conditions in a great many foreign countries. Without possessing this experience and knowledge, I would not consider myself thoroughly fit to guide you because the many conditions of life must be taken into consideration when guiding a pupil.

Professor Liederman, besides traveling, has also taught in "seven different schools and institutions in and near New York City." Just now, however, he is conducting his own school.

> Every pupil becomes a superman, clean-cut, athletic, vigorous, and filled with vital power, clean of body and clean of mind—that's the stuff they're made of. Did you know that all great strong men of the world developed themselves?

Besides being a muscle builder, Professor Liederman is also an author, his chief *opera* being "Muscle Building," "Endurance," and "Exercise the Wrong Way and You Will Become Sexless." Next to him comes Professor Siegmund Breitbart, dean and head professor at the Breitbart Institute of Physical Culture, and inventor of the celebrated Breitbart muscle meter. Though on the surface only an innocent strip of red paper, the meter "shows you if your biceps (arm muscles) are properly developed in proportion to your weight." Professor Breitbart, however, is no dribbling theorist. Essentially a man of action, he performs for his students such superhuman feats as biting through iron chains, bending 32-feet steel girders, and driving 20-penny nails through "three one-inch boards and five layers of sheet steel with one blow of the hand."

Professor Breitbart's most marvelous feat is illustrated in his academy catalogue. This reveals him lying bare-backed on a board studded with nails and simultaneously supporting on his great bosom a tremendous bridge containing three men and three horses. Many of these amazing feats are taught to the Breitbart disciples. Thus, Sailor White reports that he can now pull a Packard limousine with his molars, while Clarence Shuster of Martinsburg, W. Va., has acquired the handy knack of "lifting 2685 lbs. one inch off the ground." Professor Breitbart's only real rival is Professor Lionel Strongfort, who is now teaching in Newark, N. J. Endorsed by both the lamented Dr. Sargent and the celebrated Marquis of Queensbury, Professor Strongfort has contributed some important monographs to the new science. Perhaps the most valuable of these are "The Truth About Youthful Errors," "My Health, Strength, and Sexual Powers," and "Will Your Conscience Let You Marry?" After twenty-seven years of practical experience in building better human frames, Professor

Strongfort, naturally enough, has developed a pretty good one of his own. From time to time he has posed for sculptors in such well-known studies as "The Athlete," "The Archer," and "Hercules Taming a Wild Boar." What the perfected and god-like *corpus humanum* can do is clearly shown by his amazing human bridge act. I quote from the catalogue of his school:

> The bridge, touring car and a half-dozen passengers aggregate a weight of 7,000 pounds, or 3½ tons. As the car crosses the bridge the latter see-saws, Strongfort being compelled not only to support the weight, but also to resist the swaying tendency of the bridge. . . . The momentum of this pitching downward is equal to more than twice the dead weight of the bridge and the car, and the shock is beyond all human comprehension.

But the professor supports the whole works on his bare chest. Obviously, he cannot teach this stunt to all his students. They are thankful, however, for other favors, as witness the following from an alumnus denizened at Columbia, Tenn.:

> I have banished Constipation, Thinness, Nervousness, Skin disorders, Dizziness, Insomnia and tired feeling. My general health is fine and my development is great.

V

With such competition lurking on all sides the big universities of Manhattan are, of course, hard pressed for customers in the new craft. Despite their heavy obstacles, however, they are making fair headway. Thus, up in Dr. Robinson's fortress at the College of the City of New York all undergraduates are obliged to study body building for at least two years. The work is known as Constructive Hygiene. The course includes information about "marching, clothing, and footwear." There is also work in what is called Civilian Drill, comprising such items as "leadership training," and "heavy floor apparatus for strength and coördination." True to the Strongfort ideal, City College also instructs in "tumbling and pyramid building." Finally, no one can become a C.C.N.Y. degree-holder without first passing a test in swimming.

Quantitatively, as usual, Dr. Butler's temple on Columbia Heights has everything that may be called for in the new body culture. Again, its main strength lies in its research. Its chief *savant*, for the moment, is Jesse Feiring Williams, A.B., M.D., associate professor of physical education. Among other things Dr. Williams has helped to apply and perfect the Columbia Physical Efficiency Test, which tests such things as prowess in bar-vaulting, rope-climbing, daily carriage, half-mile running, high-bar chinning, swimming, and handball-playing. All these things are explained in detail in Dr. Williams's work, "The Organization and Administration of Physical Education."

In Chancellor Brown's Greater and Greater N. Y. U. scientific body building is done in the very best manner. Conducted by the capable School of Education, physical culture at N. Y. U. comprises such things as Efficiency Tests, Motor Achievement Tests, the Function of Play, the Equipment of the Physical Plant, Seasonal Activities, Coaching Athletic Activities for Women, Teaching Stunts, and Methods of Teaching Clog Dancing. The latter counts for the New York University Ph.D. It inculcates a brand of dance "which will satisfy the body when other types of dancing do not appeal." N. Y. U. has also discovered that body building is really character building in disguise, as witness the following by Professor Marguerite Mallard Hussey, Sc.B., A.M.:

> It is true that through art, literature, music, come many of the refined traits, but the fundamentals of character are gained through participation in athletic activities, and a person who lacks the fundamentals may be sensitive, refined, and cultured, but will lack the vital character qualities esteemed most highly in society.

BETTER FOLKS

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

CHARLIE and Mame were Arkansas woodcutters — good woodcutters, considering how the odds were against them. Mame was scrawny and bent and given to chest pains. Charlie was minus an arm. But even Squire Crump, veteran of seventy-five years of sustained thrift, admitted that the couple were first-rate woodcutters. He gave them work, paying them twenty cents a rick less than anyone else would have done the chopping for, because of their infirmities.

The time-battered pair were close cutters. They would chop up twigs no thicker than your thumb, and split the roughest of knots and stump cuts into heater chunks. Furthermore, they stacked their wood in full-measured ricks and played no tricks in stacking. Mame was the honest member. It was she who discouraged Charlie's making use of shady methods in ricking. Charlie was the more industrious member. He vehemently encouraged Mame to avoid the sweet Elysium of loitering.

Physically speaking, one-armed Charlie Holmes was no weakling. His lone arm, muscled as if with steel, had twice the strength of an average pair of arms. And he was no pamperer of women. For women had been his root of ill-fortune. It was Mame who had caused him to lose his arm. It happened one day while he was discussing the value of travel with Mame's mid-afternoon caller. True, Charlie was using a double-barreled shotgun for purposes of emphasis. Percy Forgy O'Dell, the caller in question, was an accomplished lad. He could scream like an eagle, dance a jig, bray like a jackass and squeak like a mouse. Women had a way of smiling when they saw him and of continuing to smile after they had seen him.

He proved himself opposed to being used as an animated target. He offered combat and defended himself with an ax. It was then that Charlie Holmes lost self-control and a moment later his right arm. Thus ended the argument so far as he and Percy Forgy O'Dell were concerned. But between Charlie and Mame it was only the beginning of argument.

Before her marriage with Charlie, Mame had a son named Henry, a child born of devotion higher than mere convention; although there were those who contended that Henry was more probably the incidental product of a late-August revival meeting. But, as Mame herself put it, there are folks who would hang crêpe on the Almighty Himself—except she said hand tripe, another of those inconvenient slips of the tongue.

Henry, although a seemly lad, healthy enough and amiably disposed, was of short duration in Charlie's domestic scheme. Was Charlie Holmes the man to feed and shelter a brat not of his own flesh? The answer was an eruptive negative, and accordingly the foster son was formally run away from home shortly before his tenth birthday.

Mame appeared to grow twenty years older all in a month. Her wrinkles deepened like a squeezed sponge, but still she stayed with Charlie. Together they faced cold and rain, grinding toil, and the darkest grimaces of fate, as man and wife. Word came, anon, that young Henry had been taken in by a church orphanage in a city vaguely far away, and that he was

doing about as well as one might expect.

Still the couple contrived to live on as woodcutters. In season, to be sure, they did other jobs—picked berries, planted garden patches, stacked wheat, harvested beans and tomatoes, gathered up windfall apples, helped out at canning and slaughtering time and built fences. As their years dallied past Mame became more complaining and hagglingly stooped, and Charlie's cheeks, once swinishly plump, became puckered and sunburned to the red of a seedling apple. He began to develop internal pains of divers sorts, which, according to the good Doctor Pennington, a practitioner free of degrees and licenses but possessor of a profuse beard, professional voice and medicinal breath, were the revenge of youthful wild oats. Mame offered prayer and Charlie offered vehement denials.

II

With Autumn there came a still more chronic aggravant. Squire Crump had set them to clearing the timber off some proposed suburban lots, at the usual rate of ninety cents a rick. While propping up a weighty log for more expedient sawing, Mame strained a bit too hard at the tip of the pry-pole, felt a snap somewhere in her chest and collapsed in a blinding spasm of pain. Charlie cursed and cajoled, and after finding neither of avail, inveigled the services of two nearby road workers, who carried the fainting woman home. For days Mame writhed with high fever. Then she lay for long hours in a dark stupor, from which she finally awoke, cold and colorless, but strangely alert. All public assertions to the contrary, Charlie was worried. A glance in the cupboard cigar box showed their savings of quarters and half-dollars to be rapidly diminishing—and then there was the question of the future.

One day a peddler came—a round-faced, blue-eyed gangling young man, poorly at ease and awkward, but withal clean-featured and likeable looking. He entered with nervously formal salutations, unhooked his heavy sample bag and opened it, displaying an extensive assortment of medicinal herbs, soaps, powders, extracts, pills, tonics and bath salts, donned in a pell-mell rhapsody of brightly colored wrappers and high-sounding testimonials.

One-armed Charlie was adamant. Was he to waste his hard-earned money on silly knick-knacks for a grunty old woman who needed nothing better than a little honest work to get her well and on her feet again?

"How old be ye?" Mame readjusted the mildewed quilt and slipped a trifle nearer to the boy.

"Goin' on twenty-two, ma'am. This here yeller powder will jest simply make a dead 'un well. Doc Tannehill says he ain't never saw nothin' like it. Lemme tell ye about the formuler. Here it is in plain writin'. I'll read it."

"Say ye be twenty-two?"

"Goin' on twenty-two. For anything like a tawnic——"

"Where's ye raised at?"

The youth mopped his forehead with a flowing blue-speckled handkerchief. "I was a orphling. I was born down't Red Star. Ever been thereways?"

"I reckon maybe I have."

"Course ye have," Charlie interceded surlily, "lived thar half ye life."

The peddler continued, "'Course I can't re-call much. But fust I was a parsonage orphling; then I'se wished off fer a hired boy fer Judge Dowell down on Drake's creek. I growed up thar, and now I'm tryin' fer to get ahead."

He paused for the sake of emphasis and the gathering of assent. None seemed forthcoming. Charlie Holmes was no talker.

"What be ye goin' to do next?" Mame queried.

"Goin' to get married."

At that the boy peddler lost just a vestige of his professional composure, for Mame lay back strangely stiff, pale as death. He coughed nervously, jammed his hands into his coat pocket, and turned towards Charlie.

"Jest a little sinkin' spell. She ain't been gettin' no exercise."

Charlie's voice bore a complacency which his actions did not substantiate. He shook his spouse briskly and slapped her on the back. She stirred and blinked, whereupon the new-fledged vendor continued in tones of mounting confidence.

"So I'm doin' a little peddlin' to get started on. Got to buy a plow an' a few wittles, pans, gardnin' tools, an' one thing another like folks needs when they're new married."

"An' who mought the gal be?" Mame asked.

"'Tain't much chancet you know her. Name's Lulu Combs. Old Ike Comb's gal. . . . Yes, ye see Old Ike he says he'd tenent me a eighty-acre plantin' patch an' gimme a team a hosses an' a turnin' plow, and he'll give us a shack to live in. 'Course I'll have to buy a bull-tongue plow an' onething 'nother else, so I'm doin' a little peddlin' to get started off on."

Mame lay very still. A tear rolled down her cheek like a trickle of cold spring water. Charlie was mumbling half-audible prophecies to the effect that no such money burning monkeyshines as peddler's junk were to be brought into his house. Thereupon he spat eruptively and glanced meaningly toward the door.

But for once Mame erred from his masterful judgment. "Say them yeller powders is good fer chist pains?"

"Chist pains, headache, yearache, lumbago, rheumatiz, swelled-up j'ints an' bilious cawnditions."

"Well, do tell. Gimme about three a them there bottles of the yeller."

"That'll be six bits."

"All right, all right. Charlie, git the lad three quarters out that money in the cracked tea-cup in the seegar box in the top drawer that kitchen safe."

Charlie made an uncertain step backward in astonishment. His fist clinched, his lips clamped tight and he strove for words. Such defiance was theretofore unknown to him.

Mame spoke again to the peddler, "Nev' mind. You can get it yourse'f, honey. Right thar in the old cracked teacup."

Charlie's first move was to toss the peddler out of the front door. But he hesitated. To work up the old woman in such a way would be a far way from the economical thing today, considering that a one-armed man without a helper is vastly hampered when it comes to making a living by sawing wood. Besides, the peddler had already pocketed the three quarters, promised that he would come again on the morrow, left the powders and gone his way. Mame had fallen back again, pale as a flour-barrel ghost.

III

There appeared to be no course other than to bear it. But Charlie reckoned the grinning superfluous. He trudged outside and down the sedge grass lane toward Squire Crump's woodlot.

Windblown leaves whirled high, as if spilled out of the gray, puckered clouds. Charlie continued staunchly, despite the strange chill which played through his vitals. Arrived at the woodland, he yanked off his coat and let the wind tear riotously through the tatters of his shirt. Then he singled out a staunch-bodied red oak, thumped at the butt of it with his ax, stepped back and surveyed its bared forest of limbs.

Felling such a tree would offer a problem even for a two-armed ax man. It was fat through, its body straight as a flag staff, and its limbs distributed with such symmetry and balance that no side offered a pound of advantage in falling.

Charlie spat and pondered. There could be no denying that the tree was a ninepin. There would be virtually no way of telling which way it might choose to fall. A hard job felling it, but Charlie wanted a hard job. Life had deluged him with hard jobs and now only a hard job could appease him. He wanted to do more than merely chop a tree, he wanted to chop the thickest and finest tree on the lot.

Charlie Holmes was no man to be scared away by any three-rick red oak. Of course, had Mame been along, they could have sawed a deep slanting cut, chopped a niche, and over the tree would go, in whatever direction he wished. But a one-armed man with an ax——

The burden of singleness weighed upon him like a century of age. But fires must burn. Charlie spat upon his ax blade and swung lustily to outline a nick, one at its opening a good ten inches wide. The odor of fresh sapwood, the spanking crack of his ax, and the whine of far-flung chips, gave to him a soul-satisfying feel of mastery.

The splattering of chips grew, and the cut deepened until now his ax bit into the year-circled heart of the tree. Then the nick came to a point. Charlie rested for a time, leaning upon the handle of his ax, panting, and issuing joyous execrations at the toughness of the wood.

Then he sauntered to the other side of the tree and began to chop again. The swing and recoil of the heavy ax tugged mercilessly at his unsupported arm. The whipping wind brought water from his eyes, and time after time he stopped, sobbing for breath.

He landed a telling deluge of blows, which deepened the cut until the tree lacked not an inch of being clear of its stump. Then he placed the head of his ax against the body of the tree and pushed with all his strength.

He spat on his hands, grasped the ax again, and flattening the arch of its swing, landed a good half dozen more licks. Light shone through the sapwood, and still the tree stood firm as a giant nine-pin.

Charlie lifted his ax again, rammed the bit of it against the tree's trunk half an arm's-length above his head, and shoved with all his might. For the turn of an instant it appeared as if the oak would topple before his frenzied boosts. But the fragment of uncut heartwood held, and again the oak tree came to a treacherous balance, as if steadied by a mighty, unseen hand. Charlie cursed viciously the line of uncut heart. But the tree stood.

He was being defied! Whatever defied Charlie Holmes had another lesson to learn. Mame had learned, and all the rest of them would learn, that even if Charlie Holmes was poor and bedraggled and generally bedamned, he would be master or else be crushed at trying.

He swung again with his ax. The ponderous body of the oak quivered ever so slightly. Charlie chopped again and again, then paused for breath.

A light fantasy of wind played high among the tallest branches. Charlie grasped the ax handle by its middle and charged at the body of the tree. He heard a cracking snap. Then he felt a slow and overpowering pressure against the head of his ax. He sobbed and swore and charged again.

No tree had ever fallen against his ax. No tree would ever fall against his ax. He had brought down hundreds of trees—felled them the way he wanted them to fall.

But all the force of the universe seemed to be hurling itself against the head of his ax. He stamped frantically to shape a toe hold in the black earth, and as the tree canted down upon him, he pushed again to the last dreg of his strength.

Then all in a fantastic instant, the mighty body of the tree, half turning, twisted clear of the stump and came hurling downward like a tremendous dark thunderbolt.

As Charlie held like a prop of iron he felt it coming down upon him, faster and faster. A patch of blood came before his eyes.

Then he tried frantically to jump to a side. But the tree was upon him, cracking and swishing and smashing. He felt the impact of stupefying weight.

Charlie lay still, looking up into the sweep of Autumn clouds. He was tired, and the smell of leaves was sweet, and the damp black soil softer than a rich man's featherbed.

Hurt? Maybe he was hurt, but he was too sleepy to care. Maybe he had caught a glancing blow on the head. Maybe his chest was crushed.

What difference did it make? He had mastered hundreds of trees—conquered them. He had brought this one to earth. What if it were pushing through his vitals?

He lay motionless, half-smiling.

IV

Mame spent the long afternoon as if in a slow deep dream. Faded wall shadows gave strange traceries to her thoughts, and walled sunlight marked the image of a face—the face of a young man, blue-eyed, expectant, ebullient with life.

The medicine seller. Mame's hand went to her breast. She knew—he was hers—her son.

She felt the richness of Autumn sunlight. The light wind brought to her the odor of newly turned soil, and of the perfume of flowers long forgotten. She saw the distant lines of ribbon-blue hills. Then the shadows became thin and long. And night came.

Mame slept. When she woke again it was daybreak. The air was caressing, soft as the flesh of a new-born baby. And the colors of dawn were at her window.

By mid-morning the peddler was there again, amiable, grinning and far more at ease than on the day before.

"How'd ye find them powders, ma'am?"

"W'y, they done me good, boy, they done me good. But have ye got somethin' jest a bit stronger?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here's some pain-layin' tablets that's fust-rate fer chist pains an' gallopin' headaches. Jest one or two's a dose. More'n four is dang'rous. Doc Tannehill he says as how ten of 'em would kill a span of loggin' mules."

"What be they wuth?"

"Four bits a bottle."

"How many bottles ye got?"

"Seven bottles."

"Gimme them seven bottles."

"Lemme see—that'll be, that'll be—seven oughts is ought, seven fives—that'll be three dollars an' fifty cents."

"Well now, honey, you look in that ole cracked tea-cup there in the seegar box and take all the money they is in it."

The medicine-seller gasped, then hastened to comply.

"Say, Miss — they's — lemme count! They's twenty-one dollars an' eighty-five cents in this here tea-cup."

"Take it, boy, take it all."

"I—I didn't onderstand——"

"Take it all. You an' the gal will be needin' it fer startin' out new-married——"

"O, thank ye, thank ye, ma'am. I'll leave these here tablets here aside ye. Much obleeged!"

"You an' her will live grand lives."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You'll be a good man an' stand up fer ye own. You-all will be strong where we was weak."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You'll make better folks."

The peddler took his leave in a bounding rhapsody of delight.

But before he was ten steps gone Mame had put to a final test the curative powers of her purchase. She swallowed twenty of the tablets.

BRAVE DAYS IN WASHOE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

His name was Henry Thomas Paige Comstock. He had worked for the American Fur Company and had gone to California with the rush, where in due time he became an unregarded item in the human slag washed backward in failure from the gold fields. The hills had sealed their madness on him, so that he conversed with spirits, and, because he could not spare time from prospecting to make sourdough bread, he was called Old Pancake. Intermittently, the spirits guided him to new diggings, at last taking him into Western Utah where, in American Flat ravine, he set up a small cradle with a handful of Piute braves to wash gravel for him. He was a man of sensibility, too, and later, in the brief days of his prosperity, bought a Mormon wayfarer's bride for sixty dollars, a revolver, and a horse. The wench stayed with him for a while, then ran off with another passerby, from whom she was redeemed for a hundred dollars, though not permanently.

Much depressed, Old Pancake forswore romance and divided his time between the spirits, as interpreted by the Washoe Seeress, and a hopeless effort to regain the bonanza that still bears his name. Later, after the fashion of his breed, he wandered on to the new diggings in Montana, where, still claiming his bonanza, he killed himself in the inattentive desperation of those who have grown mad among the peaks.

Bonanza, bride, and suicide, however, came after the diggings in American Flat ravine, which were not productive. Old Pancake moved in from them, in the Winter of 1858, to Johntown, some four miles up Gold Canyon. Johntown was the largest mining camp in Utah, having had in its heyday a population of four hundred, but, like Comstock himself, it was now in permanent *barrasca*, or hard times. Bankrupt survivors of the California glory had been able to wash out only a precarious modicum of adulterated gold, and in 1858 even that modicum seemed about to fail. Still, with its thirty-odd shacks and its fraternity of veterans, Johntown was a metropolis to Old Pancake.

One of the veterans was Old Virginia. The literary amateur of our day has mistaken the "Old" of affectionate derision for a symbol of the frontier's barrenness. It wasn't quite that important: the "Old's" of the frontier were indifferent to spiritual insufficiency and were old because they had had experience in containing liquors. The brand on sale at Johntown was known as tarantula juice and, through Old Virginia, has a place in history. He came to Johntown as James Finney, but after a while, when no sheriff followed him, resumed his last previous name, James Fennimore.

Both Old Pancake and Old Virginia welcomed a thaw in early January, 1859. They went up to the head of Gold Canyon, farther than any diggings had yet extended, found a ledge and washed out some promising color. They located claims, and called the place Gold Hill. They were, remember, ex-Californians, which is to say, placer-miners, and gold was something you washed out in a pan, a tom, or a sluice-box. The Gold Hill claims, almost at once, began to yield gold in greater quantities than had ever before been seen in Utah. It was a pale gold, to be sure, very fine and adulterated

with some white and baser metal that kept its value per ounce about one-quarter less than that of California dust. Still, it was about four times as plentiful as Johntown's earlier best, and Johntown removed to Gold Hill unanimously. History hears no more of it.

Some weeks later, other friends of Old Pancake, notably Pat McLaughlin and Peter O'Reilly, opened a trench far up Six Mile Canyon, a narrow gulch that, from quite a distance away, slanted up the side of Sun Mountain to within a mile or so of the new Gold Hill. There, at a depth of four feet, they struck a curious decomposed rock which, on being washed, returned an amount of gold far beyond anything discovered at Gold Hill. The spirits had worked upon Comstock's mustang to stray into the hills and had told Old Pancake to follow after it, so that the discovery was but an hour or two old when Comstock wandered into it.

He immediately informed the locators of the new claim that they were trespassing on his land—he had a shadowy, perhaps mythical, title to it—and were using his water. He was admitted to the extemporaneous partnership, and this new location, like that at Gold Hill, was entered as a placer claim for gold. It was called the Ophir. Within a day or two Old Virginia entered another claim nearby; before long he sold it for "an old horse, a pair of blankets, and a bottle of whiskey." That was the way luck dealt with Virginia—his claim could have bought all the whiskey in the world.

Almost at once the Ophir went into bonanza. Several hundred dollars a day in gold dust was a common yield. Word went out over Utah and cisalpine California, and from all the surrounding camps and valleys the population swarmed in to the new diggings. It was a spectacular mining rush, but for the moment only a local one. The boys spread out over Sun Mountain, uniting Gold Hill and the Ophir with a continuous line of claims. Brush huts and log shacks went up; saloonkeepers, gamblers, and ladies of gaiety moved in; a stage line opened operations—in short, the familiar boom of the fly-by-night camp got under way.

The new village was called Pleasant Hill, then Mount Pleasant Point, sometimes Ophir, and sometimes Ophir Diggings; and then Old Virginia made his one contribution to geography. He dined well one evening, while in the company of Comstock, and, tripping, fell on the bottle of tarantula juice in his pocket. The loss was not irreparable in those days, and, rising with some difficulty, James Fennimore, alias Finney, sprinkled the remaining drops on the earth and said, "I baptize this ground Virginia." Thus the new camp became, for all time, Virginia City.

They were gold-miners, these pioneers. They washed gravel in a cradle or a sluice-box and picked up the gold dust that was left. Using these methods, they made money in the curiously whitened dust of Virginia City. Sometimes it seemed to grow scarcer, sometimes more plentiful, but always it was accompanied by a strange black rock that hampered them. They swore at this obstacle and sometimes ground it down in extemporized *arastras* and increased their gleanings.

But the rock itself they threw away, despising it. Then, in the mid-Summer of 1859, some one carried a specimen of it into Grass Valley, in transalpine California and submitted it for assay. Word came back that the black rock was a sulphuret of silver, worth, by the specimen, about $1500 a ton in silver, and, as a by-product of the reduction, about $1200 a ton in gold. With the word came, also, a good part of California, on the run. Virginia City, on the basis of a silver-bearing lode named permanently after Comstock, was a bonanza. Comstock gave his name to the lode because he claimed everything and talked unceasingly, but he sold out for a microscopic fraction of what he might have asked, and passed on to spiritualism and suicide, a phosphorescent name in history and no more.

II

California came to Washoe too late. Sulphurets of silver could not be mined with water, being imbedded in the fundamental rock. A proverb appeared: "You must have a gold mine to run a silver mine," and it meant that all but the wealthy or the lucky were shut out. The old gold-miner, in fact, disappeared. His art was a development of the California gravel beds, and he had learned it too well, too earnestly, too long ago, ever to change it. The Californian came to Virginia City, staked out his claims above hard rock, and soon afterward went to work in the Comstock at four dollars a day. He had been beaten by progress, by finance. His claims languished under foreclosure or relocation into the hands of speculators, who listed their stocks on the San Francisco exchange, ran a shaft downward for a few feet, and sold out to the come-ons. The miner, child of an idyllic era that could sing about the washbowl on its knee, could not cope with progress. A moment of elegy for his passing: he had had his grandeur.

Progress sent Virginia City stocks kiting, especially the worthless ones, the vast majority. Hundreds of wildcat mines were listed on the exchange, and in California nurse-girls clubbed together to buy them up, charwomen, policemen, hostlers, waitresses, roustabouts, and the very loafers in the parks joining them. And in Virginia City everyone traded. One's pockets filled with odd lots, five, ten, twenty-five feet in new mines that were going to tap the Comstock within the week, or were going to tap a vein that would make the Comstock lilliputian. The *Enterprise's* most illustrious reporter seldom drew his salary: friends gave him shares as they would stand treat for cigars, and promoters let him in on every new shaft that could use publicity, so that when he wanted funds he chose a certificate at random and negotiated it. While the dawn lasted, they were all good.

While the wildcat mines made fortunes in manipulation, the Comstock mines poured out a stream of solid bullion from the mills. All told there were not many claims on the Comstock itself, and they were rapidly consolidated as the financiers, the archangels of progress, took them over. The archangels were not miners then; few of them ever had been. In the brave days of California, men had sometimes made fortunes with pick and cradle, but even in that anarchic time wealth tended to gravitate less to the miner, who worked for it and sang about his washbowl on his knee, than to the shopkeeper who had followed him. Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Darius Ogden Mills—such giants came after the miner, sold him supplies at a certain premium, and bought his dust over their own scales. Such men and their bankers and manipulators—William Lent, William Sharon, Alvinza Hayward—moved upon the Comstock and prevented unseemly distribution of wealth. None of the original locators shared in the bonanza. One of them is rumored, no doubt erroneously, to have sold out for $80,000; Comstock got about $10,000; the rest were bought for liquor and a little cash, or were crowded out. When, in John Mackay and Jim Fair, men did rise to control from the hard rock itself, the first flush era was ended and its nabobs had gone back to California.

Out of the mines, wildcat and sound, sprang a city that had neither infancy nor adolescence. It sprawled over the steep sides of Sun Mountain, now Mount Davidson, an ulcerous, jerry-built chaos. A plank shack with canvas walls was the unit of construction, displaced, as the town grew, by clapboarded or even brick edifices with three stories in front and five or six behind, where the hillside sloped away. Twice the city was burned flat, and only the social competition of fire companies preserved it from daily disaster. Streets climbed crazily uphill and were crossed by avenues terraced pyramidally above one another, and all trembled with the blasts that exploded underground.

III

But the city was more than the repellent huddle of shacks it has seemed to the literary-minded of our day. It was the sublimated essence of the mining-town, it was the superlative extreme of the mineral West. One must not be misled by the distress of studious amateurs. Of course the miners were hardboiled. Most of them had been schooled in the California mines, and when they poured up from the shafts, when the shift was done, they paused only to take the pulse of the stock market, and went about the diversions of men who were in no particular undersexed. They gave the Sazerac cocktail to civilization, and in a full hundred bars this was but one of many score confections purveyed by artists who had been drafted from the East. Refreshment was glamourous in taverns where the mirrors had been brought from Europe, the bars carved by sculptors temporarily down on their luck, and the murals painted, in the fleshly manner, by alien geniuses making the grand tour.

Sin was more brilliant still, for the city, almost at once, acquired the most cosmopolitan group of *hetaræ* east of Singapore. The light ladies of the frontier followed the serious money, and Virginia money was the most serious yet developed. They built buildings of stone and brick; they imported clothes as near to Paris as any worn in New York; they taught Washoe the graces of good wines and good cooking; and they legislated good behavior. They were, in short, an aristocracy and a civilizing force on the Comstock. Literature has done vilely by them and they are without comment in the statuary of the West, as they are unacknowledged in the genealogy, but a historian will some day declare them the vanguard of culture.

Gambling palaces in profusion assisted in Virginia's pleasure; but, after all, liquor, *hetaræ*, and green baize tables are the commonplaces of the West, and Virginia had other diversions. It was unique, then, among mining camps, in that it concentrated its population instead of dissipating it over many square leagues, and so it could bring to them the amusements for which the California miner had to go to San Francisco, the Coloradan to Denver. The bust, the annual trip to the big town, is a legendary symbol; here in Virginia, uniquely, the bust was continuous. The saloons had hardly opened in quantity when there were also lecture halls and opera houses. The itinerant performers of America, from trained fleas to transcendentalists, from Schuyler Colfax and Samuel Bowles to Artemus Ward and Orpheus C. Kerr, followed the serious money to the Comstock. Lyceum nightingales from Boston, giving off the odor of Brook Farm, preached about tomorrow's more ethical economic order, and the next night dank seals bounced rubber balls across the same stage. Free Soil prophets harangued applauding audiences that would, tomorrow, be just as delirious over the can-can.

Armina crossed the plank at Maguire's Opera House, and a door or two away Sutcliffe's Melodeon, with a band allegedly from the Black Watch, gave the *hetaræ* a chance to display Paris fashions at the ball of a volunteer fire company. Tomorrow, "Somnambula" would open at Maguire's, or perhaps Adah Isaacs Menken's "Mazeppa," and delirious miners would shower down silver dollars on either, with the same fervor they would, next week, expend on the contortions of Little Egypt. At the Niagara Concert Hall, Christy's Minstrels, or one of its hundred imitators, sang the productions of an *Ur*-Tin-Pan-Alley, pathetic minor chants that would some day pass themselves off as the authentic soul of the black race in slavery. And, after the minstrels had departed, the Niagara would present the Renowned Basilicon thaumaturgist, who could do deft things with cards and make rose-trees spring from the boards.

There was amusement enough, if all these jaded, in the city itself. All day and all night the narrow alleys were full of spectacle. Piutes lolled along the store-

fronts, an impromptu sanitary corps who swept up decaying food and grain for provender, begged continually for fire water, and when charity was not extended, would even work. Chinese, in native costume variously compromised with blue jean, balanced huge bundles of laundry on their heads, or hawked firewood from skyscraper piles erected on the backs of small donkeys.

There was the endless traffic of the mines, ore-wagons in perpetual cavalcade carrying out such rock as could not be worked at the local mills, the equally ceaseless lumber trains bringing in timbers for the mines, and the ancient procession of bullwhackers snaking their whips above incoming freight. Stages careened in from all the West—and stage-driving was the most spectacular art of the frontier. Axes and helmets and plumes, shields and fasces and fezzes, were a-swaying flame in the streets while fraternal orders paraded or buried their dead. Then there were five military companies and seven volunteer fire brigades who could wear uniforms as handsomely as any Shriner. And, beyond all the clamor of traffic, the sudden drama of a brawl with the clang-tone voice of the Colts rising above it.

IV

In Bad Men as in other Western staples, Washoe was individual. The song of the Colts was common there, and the duello, both ceremonious and impromptu, was an institution. Manslaughter in a fair fight carried with it no social stigma whatever, and in the city streets, unmolested by the law and unavoided by the citizenry, walked hundreds of men who had settled arguments with the one invincible syllogism. But Virginia City was not the Southwest, and it was the Southwest—Texas, Arizona, New Mexico—that gave the novel and the screen their Bad Man. The West, of which Virginia City was the pure essence, did not encourage the breed, did not, in fact, tolerate it. The Bad Man was a killer who had a reputation to keep bright. He was a man who swaggered, bullied, and rose in his profession according to the nicks in his gun-butt. Usually he was a veteran of the border warfare—a poor-white who had served his apprenticeship shooting defenceless Negroes in the canebrakes. Publicity created and sustained him—and, in the Southwest, frequently got him a job as peace officer to destroy others of his kind.

Not so the West. From the earliest days in California, the Regulator or the Vigilante dealt with the Bad Man. The hair on any man's chest was not felt to be a public concern, but professional murder was never tolerated. Innumerable Bad Men entered upon careers; all of them were extinguished. Private citizens destroyed them individually in the public interest, or, if they improvised an organization, the vigilantes rose and that was an end. Virginia City had its committee, the Six Hundred and One, of unimpeachable efficiency. That, however, is routine, and the way of the private citizen is more instructive.

There was, for instance, Sam Brown, an embryo Bad Man of the Southwestern type, a huge thick-witted brute with sidewhiskers so long that he tied them under his chin. He came to Virginia City in 1860, when society was still chaotic, and made arrangements for a début. He carved a man with a knife, one night, and then, to show how terrible he was, rolled up in a blanket and slept the night out beside the corpse. Unquestionably, this performance would have given him, in the Southwest, honor, affluence, dominance over his city, and a reputation that would have protected him for years. Four more murders among the timorous hangers-on at "bit" bars followed quickly, and Sam felt himself secure in his rôle.

So, hearing of a murder trial at Genoa, he announced that he would force the court to acquit the defendant on his testimony and rode away to make good. Assisting the prosecutor, however, was one William M. Stewart, soon to be the first Senator from Nevada. Brown entered the

court-room radiating terror, and found himself looking into the muzzles of two six-shooters held in his face by the unimpressed Stewart, who then denounced him, forced him to confess that he knew nothing of the case, and made him admit that the defendant had a bad reputation. Counsel for the defence objected: Mr. Stewart was intimidating Mr. Brown. Mr. Stewart, caressing his six-shooters, asked Mr. Brown if he were intimidated. The suggestion being one that any Bad Man must repudiate, Mr. Brown declared that he was not intimidated and had appeared in court only to retain Mr. Stewart to defend him against a charge then pending elsewhere. He then offered Stewart a retainer of five hundred dollars in cash, which the bland Stewart accepted, and asked court to adjourn for a general treat.

It was a tragic deflation for a Bad Man. Riding out of Genoa, Brown brooded on the damage to his career. He passed the tavern of one Henry Vansickle and, seeing the proprietor, asked him how he felt. Mr. Vansickle reported himself in good health and Brown became Southwestern. "Guess you're feeling too damn well," he said. "Guess I'll take a shot at you just for luck." It was the conventional thing to do, the behavior required by the etiquette of Texas; and so Brown drew his revolver and opened fire. It was not a deadly fire: revolver shooting seldom is, in spite of the tradition. Mr. Vansickle ducked inside, loaded a shotgun, and set out in pursuit. Coming just within range, he courteously waved aside an acquaintance who had joined Brown and blew Brown off his horse, but not fatally.

Brown, shooting wide and handsome with his revolvers, mounted again and made off. Vansickle had neglected to bring extra ammunition, but, sport-loving bystanders supplying it, he hurried on and completed his job. Thus, typically, ended the career of Sam Brown, who would have gone big in Texas. Two days later a public-spirited jury sat on the corpse and, prophetically, did Alfred Henry Lewis a service by bringing in a verdict that Sam Brown had come to his death from "a just dispensation of an all-wise Providence."

For a brief time one John Blackburn was sheriff of Ormsby county, and exercised his office after the Southwestern fashion, quarreling with the men he arrested and then murdering them. But Henry Plummer, soon to be killed by vigilantes at Bannock, fled from California and sought temporary refuge with an acquaintance in Carson City, a gambler named Mayfield who was not loved by Mr. Blackburn. Blackburn descended on Mayfield after Plummer had been passed on to other friends and, not finding him, began to abuse Mayfield. Shortly thereafter he tried to arrest Mayfield without a warrant, and, starting for him with a gun, was efficiently stabbed to death.

Mark, now, the course of Washoe justice. Mayfield had killed a peace-officer. The peace-officer was a deplorable character and his murder was in the public interest, but the sanctity of the law must be upheld. Mayfield was tried, sentenced to be hanged, and guarded in prison by a company of troops from Fort Churchill. Then a feast was arranged for the governor of the prison, and Mayfield was supplied with tools, money, and a horse. He moved as far as Truckee Meadows, where he took up residence and began to publish a serialized account of his escape in the Virginia City *Enterprise*. Some scandal attaching to his immunity there, after a while Sheriff Gasherie, successor to Blackburn, civilly sent word that he must soon come to look for him. His hostess was a superb cook, however, and Mayfield was a gourmet, so that when Gasherie and his posse finally made their call he was still at hand. The good woman concealed him behind some dresses that hung on the wall, almost or quite to his boot-tops. The posse, entering, searched the house microscopically and then rode back to Carson. The escaped Mr. Mayfield, Sheriff Gasherie reported, was not at Truckee Meadows and the allegation that he was must be a lie inspired by enemies of the administration. He felt

no obligation, he added, to look inside any boots that might be present in a lady's boudoir.

To steal from the Wells-Fargo Company was held venial or even praiseworthy. The social consciousness of Washoe observed that Wells-Fargo levied a tribute on the people which differed only technically from robbery, and felt that stage hold-ups were a redistribution of spoils actually in the public interest. Wherefore a caste of specialists in the art sprang up in the Territory and flourished without more than a perfunctory opposition and quite without social penalty. The stages rolled in from Placerville, Henness, Dutch Flat, Overland, Esmeralda and other near-by camps, and, on the long haul, from Sacramento and Salt Lake City. On them, usually, was an iron box filled with the squat bricks of bullion from the mills. The drivers, though hard as sequoia roots, felt no obligation to defend the riches of others when masked gentlemen appeared at a turn of the road, displaying hardware, and ordered them to "throw down the box." Therefore Wells-Fargo took to sending armed messengers with every shipment of bullion; and of these some were dauntless, some purchasable, and some merely human. They did not threaten an established industry. As one chronicler has recorded, "The week that went by without one or more stages being held up produced a feeling of dull times generally and was sure to be followed by a depression in the tenderloin district."

The system thriftily hired observers on the express company's staff so that energy need not be wasted outraging stages that carried no bullion. They subsidized some drivers, though the honor of the caste was usually too sensitive for purchase, and rather more messengers. Organization prospered. One Jack Davis lived in Virginia City, where he displayed a perfect tact in his relations with millionaires, a cultivated knowledge of rare vintages, and a collection of first editions to which he added, legitimately, from the catalogues of Eastern dealers. He prospered on the output of a silver mill in Six Mile Canyon, which produced a steady stream of bullion and suffered little from the periodic *barrasca* that afflicted its rivals.

Polite interest observed the constant procession of ore-wagons that carried to Six Mile rock that looked alarmingly poor, and might well have noticed the consistency with which the mill's shipments of bullion escaped robbery. In fact, the most trustworthy insurance a Wells-Fargo stage could carry was a shipment from Davis's mill, and its output was of exceptional purity for it was twice refined, once from the brick. Davis gave road-agenting in Washoe a grace it had known nowhere else except in the tales of Bret Harte. His hand is patent in an outrage of 1866, one of a long series that kept the tenderloin undepressed. Masked horsemen detained an Esmeralda stage, cleaned out the box, and levied upon such of the passengers as could best afford contributions. Then, finding wines and delicacies in shipment, they spread buffalo robes on the ground, invited the passengers to a banquet, and went among the ladies serving champagne and discussing the vagaries of fashion in Washoe. And that scene, too, has found a resting place in fiction, without asterisks.

William M. Stewart, whose taming of Sam Brown has been recounted, had his own method with the gentry. During a hiatus in his long career as Senator from Nevada, he went prospecting in the Bullfrog fields, far distant from Virginia City. A gloomy canyon there had served as a refuge for low-caste outlaws, unable to satisfy the requirements of the Davis organization. Between outrages they had amused themselves locating veins, and they readily sold to Stewart the most promising of their discoveries. They watched the development that followed, establishing a pleasant concord with Stewart and his forces. His mill soon began to turn out bullion, to the immediate interest of the desperadoes—who had sold their mine merely to evade the expense of operating it. But

the Honorable Stewart outguessed them. He abandoned the convention of casting bullion in small bricks; instead, he rolled it into enormous balls weighing some eight hundred pounds apiece.

There were no bullion-robberies from Stewart's mill. The blow was serious to these small-time outlaws, and, a little before in Virginia City, Mr. Jack Davis had been having his private troubles. The Central Pacific had been completed and the Virginia and Truckee Railroad had joined Virginia City to the main line. The established industry languished: how could one profit from robbing stages when the bullion now moved on trains? The situation called for the originality of Washoe. Mr. Davis took thought, and promptly thereafter Washoe, through his agency, contributed to America and fiction a memorable occasion and a new art. On the first day of November, 1870, the Overland Express, a crack train as trains went on the C. P., was stopped near Verdi, and the employés of Mr. Jack Davis opened up on the employés of Wells-Fargo. It was the old theme in a new variation, a very new one. Forty thousand dollars in bullion and expressed valuables rewarded the initiators, and a new school of fiction was born. It was the first train robbery ever recorded.

V

The references already made to William M. Stewart suggest the quality of the men produced by the Comstock. He is not forgotten in the Senate, as are Leland Stanford and Jim Fair, both of whom added a Senatorship to their Western perquisites. Neither was truly of the Comstock bouquet, whose quintessence is, in millionaires, best exhibited by the undismayed John Mackay. Such men as Stewart had more in common with Mackay than with the manipulators who took their profit and vanished. In all that pyrotechnic ballet of lawyers whom the Comstock made, Stewart was perhaps the soundest and certainly the most spectacular. His enormous fees became fortunes as the rocks showed silver, and dissolved away when they ran out in quartz, for Bill was of the Comstock and loyal to its vicissitudes. He could invent the law extempore with the best of his rivals, nor was any detail of the subliminal warfare among juries and witnesses a mystery to him. The passionate oratory that made songbirds of that whole generation of American public men was an instrument so fitted to his use that he once won the State against the concentrated wealth of all the millionaires. And the Comstock knew what he was about and knew that he knew. "If Heaven gives up the poor miner," a local proverb said drawlingly, in the Western manner, "then he'll be turned over to Bill Stewart."

So Bill went to Washington when Lincoln needed two more votes in a War Senate, and Bill gave Washington a lesson in the West. Gunmen had not dismayed him in Virginia, nor were the personages of the day, Sumner, Stevens, and their like, more frightful than Sam Brown of Virginia City. He tamed Secretary Stanton in one withering interview. He saved Mr. Lincoln's war programme at vital places, when the radicals were losing heart, and was rewarded by being asked along on occasions about which certain of the great lived to lie deplorably.

Then he sponsored the Fifteenth Amendment, to the despair of Susan Anthony, and fought his way on through many years of combat for which the Comstock had been a serviceable preparatory school. Free silver killed him in the end, as it must kill any Nevada Senator, and, departing, he had to say of William McKinley that Cleveland's successor altered the silver question in no particular except that there was now a gentleman in the White House. He departed—but he had made Nevada a little greater, a little more splendid, than it has ever been again, and he had shown the truly important that the West was not impecunious in men, and he had conducted his formidable warfare according to a code of honor now vanished from among us. And, it is worth remembering, he had de-

feated the Force Bill of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge.

Mr. Lodge also suffered pain at the hands of another Comstock Senator, John Percival Jones, an open-hearted pedant, less practised than Stewart at the piracies and oratories of Washoe, less combative than old Bill, too, but as learned in the undeceived wisdom of the frontier. Conkling and Cameron were his friends, he could admire McKinley, and he spoke one of the few tributes to Mr. Harrison. Such men were of the world and Jones could live with them. But Mr. Lodge distressed him. "Senator," he told the frigid elegant, "I have heard many of your speeches and I have read all your published thoughts." The Comstock drawl lengthened offensively. "It is a pleasure to me to tell you that you are an eloquent speaker; that with your epigrams and metaphors, your logic and figures of speech, and your speaking the exact words needed to make clear your thoughts, it is a delight to read your books. Only—" the slow speech came gently from one in whose blood ran none of the inheritance that could justify reproof to Cabot Lodge—"only, Senator, you have never come down to earth. You don't know a blessed thing in the world of how a poor man goes to work to make a living and to feed his babies."

Similarly, James W. Nye, who went to the Senate with Stewart and who helped old Bill to convince the grandees that those who came fledgling from Washoe were not babes. Chance or design gave him a desk, for awe, next to Charles Sumner, who was in full stature what Mr. Lodge, a little dwarfed, came afterward to be in the Brahmin culture. Jim Nye was not awed. The glacial Sumner began to greet him from across an expanse of superior birth and sanctity. "Good morning, Senator Nye," he would say, frostily, when the Senate convened, and, "Good morning, Senator Sumner," Nye would answer with the inattentive glance of a Comstock aristocrat. In time the Brahmin softened. "Good morning, Mr. Nye," he would say, and Jim would give him back, "Good morning, Mr. Sumner." The amelioration went on as the uncouth Westerner showed capabilities in debate. Till at last, Nye related, "I went in one morning and Sumner said, 'Good morning, James,' and I said, 'Charlie, my boy, how are you?'"

Unimpressed, drawling, immeasurably wise in the knowledge of men that the hard-rock Comstock gave its sons, the Washoe statesmen touch the investigator's heart. The republic has been drearier since they ended. But they are less memorable than another flowering of the Comstock, the fraternity of good fellows who made the Virginia City *Enterprise* the most remarkable newspaper of its day. From Washoe's journalism few names have come down. Perhaps of the other papers only Tom Fitch and Harry Mighels and Sam Davis are known even in the indexes of today, and of the *Enterprise* staff only Joe Goodman, C. C. Goodwin, Dan De Quille, R. M. Daggett, and—Mark Twain, a signature which Clemens first used in its columns. But these and a dozen others were a part of Washoe's greatness.

VI

It is all in "Roughing It," all that gorgeous burst of energy. Much of it is repeated in Clemens's other books, and in his letters and autobiography. For though Mr. Brooks is too repelled by the Comstock's violence to believe that it could have on Mark Twain any influence but an evil one, the truth is that Mark was never anything but a Mississippi pilot who became a Comstock miner and journalist, and that the Comstock part of him is equal to the rest. The innocent histrionism that led Mark to adopt the slouch hat, straggly beard, flannel shirt and six-shooter of the province, seems to Mr. Brooks evidence that his soul was deteriorating, but must not be so solemnly interpreted. Always afterward, Mark looked back to that astounding vigor with the nostalgia of a man who has lost something admirable, he cannot understand just why. He went through that unimaginable

mad energy, and life was strong in his pulse. He saw the murders and the mines, the brothels and the legislatures, the whole strength and color of the West at white heat. He wrote his "Petrified Man" and "Massacre at Dutch Nick's." He presided over the Third House. He lived, among friends, a life that shared the dynamic fervor of Virginia City, and he felt himself a part of it. He was a Comstock man; and that, though the tender-minded are distressed, does not need apology.

But it is all in his books, and so this sketch may end with Artemus Ward coming over the divide from Caleveras to meet Mark Twain. Hingston, Ward's manager, preceded him, under the chaperonage of a stage driver, who did not repeat Uncle John Gibbons's reassurance to another literary traveler. Uncle John had said, "Don't be scairt; the Pioneer Company's rich and responsible, and if you git killed they'll pay you all you're worth, without buckin' or sweatin' a h'ar." But Hingston's driver was depressed by the frequency of accidents and the damage suits that resulted from them. If *this* stage overturned, he informed Hingston, and if he, the driver, was not killed, there'd be no extra expense to the company. He would attend to that: he'd go round and knock the wounded in the head, for "dead men don't sue." The incident, elaborated, appears in Artemus's works.

Also there was an inebriated gentleman who flourished a pistol and announced, "There'll be a man for breakfast tonight." There was, too, the inebriated one finding a victim in Carson. So Artemus lectured at Carson and came on to Virginia, where the *Enterprise* fraternity captured him and held him for three weeks while the Comstock glowed with a new fellowship. Goodman and De Quille and Mark Twain showed Artemus the town by day, and by night, yarned and laughed and made orations at dinners that echo through the years. They lasted, these symposiums, while a man's tongue remained controllable, and then Mark and Artemus went out to see dawn come up over the desert. Mark must not think of himself as the only chastely humorous writer on to the Pacific slope, Artemus wrote back from Salt Lake City, which perhaps suggests a little. And in the same letter he said, "Why did you not go with me and save me the night I left you after the dinner party? I went and got drunker, beating, I may say, Alexander the Great in his most drunkenest days, and I blackened my face at the Malodeonard and made a gibbering, idiotic speech." Here sadness came upon him, as he remembered, and he added, "Some of the finest intellects in the world have been flouted by liquor."

Artemus pauses, writing from a sick-bed in the Salt Lake House, and in that pause is all of the Comstock. One feels the earth quaking as blasts go off underfoot, and hears, outside the window, a bullwhacker snaking a long whip above his twelve-mule team, a phrase of high tranquillity helping out the blacksnake. And catches the perfume of men at ease with one another, just indoors from an American crucible. That perfume is more poignant still in a letter Mark Twain wrote to Thomas Bailey Aldrich years later, when time had buried the Comstock irretrievably, beyond the reach of everything but memory. Mark lingers over the unforgettable fragrance and looks backward to the mountain of the sun:

> Just at this moment a picture flits before me: Scene—private room in Barnum's Restaurant, Virginia, Nevada; present, Artemus Ward, Joseph T. Goodman (editor and proprietor of the *Daily Enterprise*), and Dan De Quille and myself, reporters for same; remnants of the feast thin and scattering, but *such* tautology and repetition of empty bottles everywhere visible as to be offensive to the sensitive eye; time 2:30 A.M. Artemus thickly reciting a poem about a certain infant you wot of [Aldrich's "Baby Bell"], and interrupting himself and *being* interrupted every few lines by poundings on the table and shouts of "Splendid, by Shorze!" Finally, a long, vociferous, poundiferous, and vitreous jingling of applause announces the conclusion, and then Artemus, "Let every man 'at loves his fellow man and 'preciates a poet 'at loves *his* fellow man, stan' up!—stan' up and drink health and long life to Thomas Bailey Aldrich!—and drink it *flanning!*" (On all hands, fervent, enthusiastic, and sincerely honest attempts to comply.) Then Artemus, "Well—consider it stanning and drink it just as you are!"

THE PADRONE

BY F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

PIACENZA is on the river Po, on the line between Lombardy and Emilia. It is a good-sized town, an agricultural center and the location of the largest army-post in Northern Italy. Only a short distance to the southeast is the village of Fiorenzuola l'Arda. Twenty-four kilometres of easy land, cut by three small tributary streams, separate the two settlements.

When the *padrone* went back to visit Italy a few months ago he stopped at Fiorenzuola to pay a visit to his brother's wife and her family. The brother had fallen on the Piave; after the war his widow had taken her brood of four youngsters and returned to this, her native village. Here she had established herself with Maria, sixteen; Tomaso, fourteen; Alessandro, thirteen, and Lisabeta, twelve. There was a factory nearby where work for the mother could be had, at desperately small wages; Maria was able to add a few lire to the family budget, and Tomaso sometimes found odd jobs to do. The mother had sold everything she and her husband had possessed except the tiny house in Fiorenzuola, and by this and by that made a go of living.

"When we get to Fiorenzuola," said the *padrone*, "it is Sunday, and the peoples they are coming out of church. When we see my brother's wife and my nephews and nieces, my wife she say to me, 'Tony, look how clean and good-dressed they are!' And I tell you I was surprised. The girls they have on pretty dresses, and the boys nice shirts and neckties—so—and they look as good as anybody's children. I tell you they were surprised to see me.

"How that woman make it go for so long I don't know. She tell me that she sew—what you say—fancy sewing—yes! embroidery—for people in the village, besides working in the factory; and sometimes she get to bed at four o'clock in the morning, sleep a few hours, and then get up to go to work. She look all worn out—thin—but the children they are well-fed.

"But she is sad for one thing. The children they cannot go to school—not to finish their school. It is too espensive. There are books and things, and besides each one must work as soon as he is old enough. Maria, the oldest girl, she work hard; she get—let me see—about eighty-five lire a month. Tomaso he gets a little money sometimes too; much less than his sister. All must work as soon as they can begin.

"Now imagine: after I leave Fiorenzuola I go a few kilometres farther on, and I am in Piacenza. I have some nephews there on my wife's side of the family. There is one young man, very clever. I tell you he is smart. He was a major in the army when he was only twenty-three. Imagine! Only twenty-three. Just after he is made major he is taken prisoner by the Austrians. That probably save his life.

"Anyway, he is a bright boy; he went through school always on prizes, prizes—what you say?—yes, scholarships. Now he is a lawyer and a big cheese in Piacenza. He espect to be made *podesta*—it is like a judge—because he must give up practising the law. You see, before he was made major he was wounded by a bullet that pierce his kidney—here—and he cannot now argue a case because when he wave his arms it will bring on to bleed inside—what you

say?—hemorrhage. So he is in politics and will be made *podesta*.

"Now imagine: I tell him about my brother's wife and how sad she is that the children will not be able to finish their school. He listen to me all through, and then he say:

"'Why, she is crazy! Every child of a soldier who die in the war is entitled to help from the state for their school. It is the law. She can have all her children go to school and finish. Why didn't she go to the state for help? It was her right.'

"Well, you know, I never thought of that, and my brother's wife she didn't know either. It is funny: here ten years have passed since the war, and she never learn that the state will help her children to go to school. Fiorenzuola is not such a very big place, and she is proud and never tell anybody about how sad she is. It sounds funny, but it is so. She never knew.

"So this nephew on my wife's side—he is smart, I tell you—he has a pull. He go to the right officials, and see the right people, and he fix everything so that my brother's wife can have her children go to school. It take a little money, but I am glad to help with that. It is too late for Maria, but Tomaso, Alessandro and Lisabeta they are sure of their school from now on. Pretty soon I will send Alessandro to college. He is a good boy.

"When everything is fixed up and I am to go on my way, I ask my nephew—the smart one—'Why did you not tell your aunt a long time ago? Then the children they could get their school and everything would be lovely.'

"Well, he tell me, and I see where I am stupid. He has never seen me. I marry my wife here in America, and never see her brothers and sisters or their children. The children know that they have an uncle Tony, but he is in America. My nephew he never think that his uncle might have a relation living in Fiorenzuola.

"But imagine the coincidence! They are living almost next door to each other for ten years! It is too bad about Maria, but the others they get their school. It is nice that after keeping them good and clean for ten years my brother's wife she can rest a little and get some sleep instead of staying up till four in the morning."

II

Among the *padrone's* regular customers is a Frenchman—I think he comes from Avignon, or perhaps Aix-en-Provence—at any rate, from some place near enough to the Italian border to make him to all intents and purposes a compatriot. He appears in the restaurant only once a week, on Wednesday noons, and has for years lunched magnificently on veal kidneys. The waiters know him, of course, and he never gives an order; he simply takes a seat at his accustomed table, raises his hand in an imperial gesture, and in a few minutes is served with his favorite dish.

One Wednesday he arrived and took his seat as usual. It happened that on that particular day his table was in charge of a waiter who had only recently joined the *padrone's* staff. Instead of hurrying off to place the order in response to the Frenchman's lordly gesture, this neophyte hovered over the table, offering the menu for his guest's consideration. Outraged at this departure from custom, the Frenchman was about to burst into vituperation; but when he noticed that the waiter was a stranger to him he decided to make allowances.

"Veal kidneys," said he, with a wave of dismissal such as Francis I might have used when forced to repeat a command. But instead of hurrying abjectly away to the kitchen the waiter stood his ground.

"We have no veal kidneys," he said.

The Frenchman glared. This was entirely out of his experience. His neck swelled against his collar.

"You have veal kidneys!" he stated flatly.

"We have no veal kidneys," repeated the waiter.

From his station at the desk the *padrone*

had overheard the argument. His booming basso sawed through the air.

"We have veal kidneys!"

The waiter shrugged; the Frenchman sat back triumphantly. To the kitchen went the *padrone* in person, to try to mitigate by personal service this unheard-of affront to a patron.

"Veal kidneys!" he commanded his chef.

"We have no veal kidneys!" returned the chef. Before the bursting *padrone* he flung open the door of the ice-box. It was true; they had no veal kidneys.

There is a side door opening from the *padrone's* kitchen to the street. Just around the corner his pet butcher does business. Thither he hurried.

"Veal kidneys!"

The butcher's ears almost disappeared between his shoulders.

"We have no veal kidneys!"

No longer did the *padrone* tarry where such miserable service was given. Hatless as he was, he rushed into the street. In response to his shoutings a taxi hummed up—and taxis in Mulberry street are seldom the low-rate kind. In a surprisingly short time an expensive uptown fancy-catering establishment was wondering over the smallest single sale of veal kidneys that they had ever made; in not too many minutes more the *padrone* himself, all smiles, deposited before his Gallic customer a smoking dish of his favorite food. I suppose, counting time and wear and tear, that that ninety-cent portion of veal kidneys set the *padrone* back about six dollars.

III

Landlords have never been noted for liberality; but the particular landlord from whom the *padrone* rented his little restaurant when he started in business might have been used as the archetype of close-fistedness. He demanded two months' rent in advance, he insisted on guarantees, he charged the last least nickel the traffic would bear; he called for his rents sharp on the first of the month, and unhappy was the tenant who didn't have his money ready!

"I never like that man," said the *padrone*, encouraged to reminiscence by a glass of his own wine for which somebody else, owing to an unfortunate fall of the dice, was paying. "I make up my mind that I will be even with him because he trouble me so about the rent.

"I was just starting in business then, and I have to do most of the work myself. My boys are not big enough and my wife is not strong enough, and I cannot afford to hire a man to bring in the stuff that I buy and put it away. I roll in the barrels of wine, I bring in the cases, and put them away myself.

"One day my landlord is in the restaurant when I get a big delivery—some wines and different things. Out behind my place there is a little back yard, and I keep most of my stuff out there. It is good and safe, for there is a fence all around, and nobody ever go out there in the back of the restaurant.

"Well, I ask my landlord if he will help me put the stuff back in the yard. I could not take the time to do it all by myself, for it is noontime and business is pretty good, so I must watch the place. Well, he help me roll out the barrels and carry out the cases, and I decide that he is not such a bad fellow after all. I think I will give him something for his trouble, and maybe he will treat me better on the next rent day.

"So when we have all the stuff out in the back and safe, I offer him a bottle of *strega*. You know—I have good *strega* now, too. He thank me and take the bottle, and go away with it all wrapped up under his arm. I am feeling pretty good, for I figure now he is my friend.

"About two weeks later it is rent day, and my landlord come around to collect, and he is just as nasty as he ever was. I tell you I was mad, but I had the money ready for him. When I had paid him he stick around for a while, and then he say:

"'Tony, that is good *strega* you have. How much do you charge for a bottle?'

"Well, I am angry because he has been so mean about the rent, and I say to myself, 'Here is where I get even with that tight *canaglio*.' I sell my *strega* for six dollar a bottle then. But here is my landlord who wants some more. So I see my chance to soak him, and I say: 'Eight dollars a bottle. You want some?'

"Well, you know, he take out from under his coat the bottle I had given him the other day, and he say, 'I don't want this bottle. I will sell it back to you. Give me the eight dollars.'

"Well, I tell you I was mad. But what could I do? He sell the bottle back to me for eight dollars, and then he go away, and I never see him again until next rent day."

IV

When three or four of the *padrone's* regular customers are gathered together in the restaurant, in the hours when trade is slack, it is the customary thing to have the cards and chips brought out for a refreshing session at poker. There is no telling when a game may start; there is also no telling when it may stop.

One Winter afternoon a five-handed game sprang into being in the little office that overlooks the floor of the restaurant. The party proceeded without much incident until dinner-time. The *padrone* had to withdraw for a while to attend to business; the players ate sandwiches and played desultory stud with the deuces wild. Presently the dinner-rush was over and the *padrone* returned. The game was renewed with vigor.

Midnight came and went; the small hours ticked by; still the cards were dealt, the chips rattled merrily, the lone waiter who had been retained after hours was kept busy bringing refreshments to the thirsty. At last the windows became blue in the dull light of early morning. Somebody looked at his watch.

"My lord! It's a quarter of seven. Let's have a last round and quit. What say?"

The unshaven players, suddenly weary, agreed. The stakes, which had increased as the night waned, were doubled. Four pots were played without starting much action. Then came the last, with everybody in before the deal.

The hands were distributed. The player on the dealer's left opened under the guns. The *padrone*, waiting only long enough for one other gambler to contribute, raised with vigor. His raise was met and hiked again. The pace became pretty hot; one by one three of the players dropped out with cursings. Only the opener and the *padrone* were left. At last one of these called—not the *padrone*, by the way. The opener took two cards, tipping off three of a kind. The *padrone*, after some consideration, drew one.

The opener naturally figured his opponent for having gone in with a four-straight or flush; the heavy raising before the draw was only natural at that time of the morning, and anyway the *padrone* has a well-deserved reputation for forcing a hand. As a general rule, of course, the holder of threes would hesitate to bet into a one-card draw; but, again, it was that time in the morning and the waiter had been especially busy in the opener's corner. He tossed in chips representing the limit.

The *padrone* raised at once.

The opener carefully skinned his cards; and then madness came upon him. Defiantly he raised again. The pile of chips on the table was by this time of huge proportions —it was far and away the biggest pot of the evening. The three onlookers were tense. The *padrone*, thus challenged, hesitated. He spread his hand open near his face and began to study the cards. The silence grew portentous. Not a soul moved while those fateful pasteboards were being examined. What would happen—another raise, a call, or a surrender? A full minute passed. Then the player next to the *padrone*, unable to restrain his curiosity, leaned over to look at the hand. In a second he began to laugh. With the best pot of the night in front of him, and a beautiful winning king-high flush in his hand, the *padrone* had gone to sleep!

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

In the Matter of the Lid.—The one big unanswered question concerning censorship as we engage it in this day and hour is this: why is it that that censorship, designed by its own admission to safeguard the young, the susceptible and the ignorant, four times out of five disports itself not in that quarter at all but exercises itself sedulously against institutions and works whose appeal is directly and almostly entirely to unsusceptible and intelligent adults? A scrutiny of the subjects of censorship suppression in the United States during the last ten years discloses a preponderance of such subjects that by no stretch of the human imagination may be considered as even remotely to the taste and understanding of the young and ignorant and that, by their very nature, call for an educated, intelligent and sophisticated audience. Irrespective of the artistic value or lack of value of these subjects, it will certainly be granted that such works as James Joyce's "Ulysses," Radcliffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness," Cabell's "Jurgen," Dreiser's "The 'Genius,'" George Moore's "A Story Teller's Holiday" and Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages" can have small interest for the unintelligent, whether young or old, and must remain, for all the possible curiosity of the latter, very difficult of reading and assimilation for them, and largely unintelligible. It requires a proficient fancy to imagine a school-girl or a school-boy wading through the literary intricacies of any one of them. Yet it is the untutored, inexperienced and susceptible youngsterhood of the land that invariably in such cases provides censorship with its loudest court-room indignation and argument.

No man, not an ass, contends that the selling of dirty postcards and cheap pornography to the impressionable young should not be frowned upon and put an end to by the cops, if they can find enough time for the job from their chief business of selling tickets to police charity balls and the like, or by the censors if the cops are too busy in that direction. Nor can any rational person greatly work himself up over the suppression of photographs of naked burlesque show queens palmed off as art studies, or over the censorship of such pornographic tripe as "Fleurette's Adventures in the Harem" and "Green Girls in Paris." No doubt the ignorant and the young do get ideas looking at such photographs and reading such stuff, since neither the looking nor the reading imposes any strain upon their undeveloped faculties. But just how a young idiot, or an adult one, for that matter, is supposed to be morally damaged by such higher literature as I have named, which demands a considerable measure of sophisticated intelligence and patience for its mere perusal, is hard to figure out.

A possible reason for the professional moralists' crusade against works of the kind presents itself. The suppression of French postcards, "Only a Boy," "art" magazines and other such out-and-out rubbish, being reasonable, naturally attracts neither opposition nor notice further than a half-stick buried in the newspapers to the effect that agents of this or that anti-vice organization descended upon Moe Schafskopf's little cigar store near Public School No. 18 and arrested Moe for selling a picture of Gaby Plaisir, of the Moulin Rouge, in one of her more emotional moments. But the attempted or negotiated suppression of a work meant for the adult

understanding, whether it be critically praiseworthy or not, equally naturally arouses the notice and opposition of adult and understanding men and women, many of them conspicuous in the arts and in national life, and the newspapers as a consequence may be expected to spread themselves in the situation.

This newspaper publicity attracts to the moralists' organizations the notice necessary to their very life and maintenance, for sustaining funds are not born out of the dark but out of the limelight. And it is this publicity that they must get by hook or crook, or perish. No moralist organization can work *in camera* for long and survive. The New York Anti-Vice Society has already found that out. For a short time, due to an agreement with the District Attorney's office, it was brought to conduct its work under cover, only to learn that its exchequer was rapidly and sadly going to pot. But, though the agreement with the District Attorney's office may still be supposed to be in effect, it has lately again removed the diaper from its face, come out into the open and, by way of attracting the all-important mazuma, made the necessary public noises with the resulting valuable journalistic publicity.

It is not a matter of safeguarding morals so much as it is a simple and comprehensible matter of business. Had God had a grouch against me and inculcated me at birth with a nosey moralistic nature, I should undoubtedly have supported myself in the world by the same technique that these less fortunate fellows are currently driven to. I would not be wasting my time and starving to death hunting around for copies of "One Voluptuous Night" and "Mamie Mushhead's Adventures with the White Slavers," but I'd get on my toes, prepare to jump upon the Dreisers, Cabells, Joyces and Moores, arouse the indignation of reputable publishers, writers, editors and lawyers, get a lot of excellent publicity and so make myself heard of and draw in the sucker money. The moralists are not fools; they know which side of the bread has the butter on it; and so they shrewdly do that very thing.

The Movies and the Arts.—I. Poetry.—Mr. D. W. Griffith, in honor of Mr. George Fawcett's birthday party, as reported in the New York *Mirror:*

> Now George if you don't like this
> Little birthday scene,
> We'll have Bill Boyd crown you
> Three times on the bean;
> Or, standing beneath the
> Golden candelabra,
> We'll have gentle Lupe kick you
> Upon your young casaba.

II. Literature.—From a pronunciamento by Mr. Ronald Colman, as quoted by the *Motion Picture Magazine:*

> And how do the Fitzgeralds and Andersons of today's literary world compare with the Scotts, the Dickenses of yesterday? And do they, in turn, rank with the Percy Shelleys and the Byrons before them?

III. Epistolography.—From a letter by Mr. Louis Corarity, leading moving picture exhibitor of Oxbridge, Mass.:

> I would like to know whom ever gives this order and if that is any order was giving by somebody let them pay for as I am never give such order and will never pay for it!

IV. Drama.—Mr. Richard Dix, in an interview in *Screenland:*

> If I'm not boring you, I might as well hand out another mouthful of truth. My executives always make me play the good boy. I'm sick to death of playing the Goo-goo-goo-good-boy. I've played the good boy so long I feel full of goo. Mind you, I don't want to play criminal or low characters. But I'm a man. Flesh and blood. With a strong love of life and adventure in my heart. But do you think they would ever let me play a rôle in which I showed I felt a cosmic urge for a woman? Not on your life!
>
> There was one wonderful story I begged for. It has the most magnificent climax in it you could ever imagine. Here are a man and woman shipwrecked on a raft. The woman is of the streets. And the man hates her, because it was she who separated him from the only woman he ever loved. There they are on this raft. Salt water all around them and only a dram of fresh water between them and death! A scant half-cup in a canteen. The man is an atheist. He doesn't believe in God —never has believed. And there he is on the raft, cursing and scoffing while a terrible tropical sun beats down upon him from a terrible tropical sky.

The water is sufficient to save only one life. Shall he give it to the woman he loathes? The woman who has done him irreparable harm?

Suddenly the man leans over, grabs the canteen, twists off the top—and hands it to the woman he loathes. She gulps it down greedily, without thanks. He raves. He curses. Then, out of a sky which was clear only a moment before, the rain begins to pour. It falls on his parched tongue. Rain, sweet and cooling. Rain, sent straight from God—the God in which he didn't believe.

Can you imagine anything more stirring than that? When I read it, it lifted my heart out of my bosom!

V. Criticism.—Mr. Rex Ingram, in the New York *World:*

I believe that motion-picture audiences have more intelligence than they are given credit for. You can't tell me that a public that puts Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" into the best-seller class isn't an intelligent public. It stands to reason that the tremendous sale of such a book means that people have good minds. And the same goes for E. M. Hull's book, "The Sheik."

VI. Criticism of Criticism.—Miss Adèle Curtis, of Hollywood, Cal., in *Photoplay:*

I'm just a poor working girl in Hollywood, but do you know that motion pictures taught me my business poise? They taught me how to smile, how to apply for a position, how to dress, how to act around a business man. And yet some dumb people criticize motion pictures!

VII. Metaphysical Autobiography.—From Mr. Gary Cooper's reminiscences, published in the same periodical:

At the edge of Andy's creek, I pause, my toes squirming among the cool, damp grasses, then I throw myself on to the ground, belly to the kind earth, arms stretched out, utterly relaxed. The earth has its message of health and vitality that seeps through the pores. I roll over on my back. Perhaps I am the creator of all this bliss. Who knows? Surely, at midnight, and all by myself, I am king of the world. A Genghis Khan of this one perfect moment. Alexander and Napoleon and Tamerlane were puny midgets, rushing madly about like frightened gnomes with their stunted ideals.

Thoughts race on. What of the Indians who once roamed over here? Threw themselves flat on the cool grass, as I had done, slaked their thirst in the icy water. Pitched their tepees, perhaps, on this very spot. Lived and loved and fought and died—and loved. What was this mystery about women, anyway? There were few women on our ranch—mother, the school teacher, a few little girls who were neighbors, a few slatternly women who cooked and scrubbed and kept the bunkhouse clean. But what was all this mystery of sex? Someday, when I was older, I would meet a girl and ask her to marry me, and she would. I would get a little house and then there would be children.

VIII. Argumentum ad verecundiam.—Advertisement in the daily press:

In Person! Lily Damita, starring in the film version of Joseph Conrad's "The Rescue," will personally autograph copies of this novel purchased tomorrow afternoon—starting at 3 o'clock—at the Doubleday-Doran Bookshop, 562 Lexington avenue.

The Thinking Quill.—One of the fallacies that hovers over the literary art is that the writer who thinks clearly will pretty generally write clearly, whereas the one whose thought is muddled will write in a muddled manner. Conan Doyle, when he enters the field of spooks and metaphysics, shows a mind as muddled as a tureen of potage Mongol, yet he writes simply, clearly and, so far as mere writing goes, effectively. The same is true of G. K. Chesterton when he goes in for religion, as it is true of Benedetto Croce when he tackles the higher metaphysics of criticism. On the other hand, a measure of the writing of the world's first and clearest philosophical thinkers is, from the viewpoint of mere writing as writing, ambiguous, defective, involved and clumsy. For one Nietzsche or Huxley who has written as clearly as he thought, you will find sufficient instances of clear thought transcribed groggily to paper—by way of example, some portions of Spinoza's "Ethics" and many more in the works of Kant.

The fallacy of the short sentence as a symbol of clear and direct thought is equally persistent. The clearest and most important philosophical thought that has been contributed to man has often been expressed in sentences so long that it is difficult to remember the beginning of them by the time one has plowed one's way past the middle. The most planless and idiotic thought of the most idiotic writers has been visited upon us in the crisp, short and speciously effective sentences of political diatribes, newspaper editorials and dime novels.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Drama of War

For a reason that I have never been able to make out, there seems to be a general critical belief that a great war should subsequently give birth to great war plays. The simple fact that, since the time of the Greeks, no war has ever immediately inspired and produced a great war play appears to be lost upon the critics. Doubtless basing their conviction upon the theory that fine emotional drama should promptly flower from high emotion experienced and suffered and upon the collateral theory that war, as no other human enterprise, offers opportunity for such experience and suffering, they continue to argue theory grounded upon theory in the face of disturbingly opposing fact.

Why a great war should not give sudden birth to a great war play, I do not know. There doesn't seem to be any good reason why it should not. If such minor catastrophes as a single man's death have provided the material for great tragedy, why should not the death of tens of thousands of men provide the material for tragedy even greater? As I say, I do not know. Yet the truth seems to be that, since centuries before the birth of Christ, war has never immediately converted itself into fine emotional dramatic literature. Æschylus, himself a warrior, having written the "Persians," with its notable description of the battle of Salamis, is perhaps the father of the enduring critical faith, a faith that persists, even in its consideration of the classics, in overlooking the farcical satire visited upon the emotions of war by the ribald Aristophanes. Great war and great emotional war drama, for more than two thousand centuries, have not gone hand in hand. Long time must pass until genius, born centuries later, may look backward upon legend and history and in rare instance convert that look into proud drama. And such genius seldom itself is found to have worn a sword or carried a gun.

Of the large number of plays born directly out of the late war and dealing directly with it—Werfel's "Goat Song" does not come within that classification—only two may be said to merit discussion on the point of even relative quality, yet two, at that, is a high average considering the statistics since the years of Themistocles and Miltiades. The two are the American Anderson's and Stallings' "What Price Glory?" and the English Sherriff's "Journey's End," the former infinitely better than the latter. France has produced nothing. Its high-water mark, Raynal's "Le Tombeau Sous l'Arc de Triomphe," is an unsuccessful attempt to conceal a superior indignation in inferior dramatic prosody. For the rest, the Gallic war drama has consisted entirely in spectacles showing us the emotional disturbances of loyal French women married to Alsatians of dubious patriotism, the melodrama incidental to the unmasking of spies and the agony incidental to the loss of female chastity at the hands of German lieutenants. Italy, Austria and Belgium have been completely sterile. Germany has turned out little save violent tracts against militarism, a considerable proportion of them couched in the Expressionistic madness, and various odds and ends deploring the capitalistic and monarchical impulses behind slaughter. England has produced, aside from Galsworthy's "The Mob," which does not fall into the direct category under discussion, nothing but Sherriff's play, and the United States nothing but Anderson's and Stallings'. The rest, in both countries, has been

in the main little more than the sort of stuff retrospectively evoked, in Europe, by the Franco-Prussian war and, in America, by the Civil—that is, the banal triangle drama with uniforms substituted for evening dress and a pounding upon bass-drums for the clatter of tea cups, with now and then the addition of some such climacteric melodramatic rubbish as the dash of a cavalry horse across the stage or the swinging of the heroine on the tongue of a bell.

From this grease-paint emotionalism both "What Price Glory?" and "Journey's End" emerge as oddities. Neither comes, of course, under the head of great drama of which we have been speaking, but both are superior to all the other plays of the war and both, by the estimates of present-day drama, take their places fairly high in the list. Of the twain, as I have observed, "What Price Glory?" gets the palm. A diagnosis of the reasons for the award need not be entered into here; I have already reviewed the merits of the American play at length. The relative status of the two exhibits may be appreciated, however, from a present consideration of the English work. That work, the first play written by its author and originally designed as a vehicle for the talents of a group of amateurs, deals with the influences of war upon a number of English civilians, now officers in a dug-out in the British trench before St. Quentin in March of 1918. Its virtues, which are several, lie in the periodic sound and logical evocation of emotion proceeding from character closely observed and simply transcribed, in the general avoidance of the fault of most plays dealing with war, to wit, over-dramatization, and in the occasional adroit development of character in terms of ever-sensed, ever-felt and ever-heard but still more or less shadowy external forces. The war hovers over Sherriff's manuscript like a child's inarticulate dread of the dark; it lays hold of his personages with a ghostly hand; it insinuates itself into the chambers of their hearts, minds and souls; but, though they laugh it off or cower before it, it comes down upon them from without and makes them its own. It is the undertone, in a word, that drowns out the overtones of antecedent character.

So much Sherriff has contrived and contrived well. But at many moments when his writing is about to reach its highest point of persuasibility and conviction, he vitiates his work by the injection into it of cheap theatrical fetches. I call attention, for example, to such obvious slices of hokum as the introduction of a Cockney out of a Harry Tate vaudeville sketch, with his wheezes about soup, to relieve dramatic tension; as the scene in which men in the face of impending danger affect a strainful unconcern and even nonchalance; as the hero's elaborate pretence of merriment to conceal a breaking heart, or the equivalent thereof; as the nostalgic meditations on England in the Springtime; as the heavy jokes about bad cooking, including the one about the biscuit that one has to break by hitting it against a chair; and as the scene out of a score of ham melodramas in which an audience startle is negotiated for in the business of having a man with a revolver in his hand confront another man and of having him slowly count the seconds before he announces that he will shoot. These are patently the devices of the mob theatre; they are hardly those of authentic and estimable drama.

Another element that works somewhat humorously against the honesty of Sherriff's play is the over-stressed and slightly offensive implication of the stupendous heroism and gentlemanliness of Englishmen in the mass. Sherriff's characters are clearly set forth not as isolated specimens but as symbols of the general, and his admiration and respect for the superior qualities of his fellow countrymen are embodied in the various types that he offers. Now, while I personally share some of his admiration and respect for some Englishmen, I experience considerable difficulty in accepting his comprehensive valuation as he asks me to. Englishmen are surely not always and invariably the heroic and gentlemanly crea-

tures that he elects to have us believe, any more than Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Liberians or Americans are. Yet Sherriff's Englishmen, even to his English coward who changes his colors under the fine indignation of another Englishman and who goes into battle and to possible death under the stern nobility of English ordered duty, are not only the salt of soldiery but gentlemen *de luxe* among gentlemen.

With all the esteem in the world for Englishmen—well, I don't believe it. I don't believe that eight or nine Englishmen such as Sherriff shows us gathered together in a dugout in France would have comported themselves as Sherriff requests us to imagine they would or did. I may be wrong but, though I appreciate that when an American gets drunk he talks wistfully about his dear little wife and when an Englishman does he talks wistfully about the primroses blooming back home in the April gardens, I still doubt that, drunk or sober and with the Hun less than a hundred yards away, Englishmen at St. Quentin delivered themselves of such tender meditations out of the worst of the early Horace Annesley Vachell plays. Nor can I persuade myself, with all the good will and respect in the world, to imagine a group of British soldiers, some of them already more than three years in the filth and fury of war, carefully refraining from even a trace of high profanity, conducting the bulk of their speech much after the punctilio of Pinero actors, treating the dugout in the light of a gentleman's club, disgustedly objecting to allusions to loose women, and condescending to masculinity in the rough only in desultory and somewhat abashed references to whiskey, cockroaches and French post cards. Finally, may I add a bit of skepticism that men—whether English, American or what not—are generally in the habit of facing death, be they heroes or just ordinary soldiers, with such indifferent and carefree *prosits* as "Cheero" or "Righto."

Where "Journey's End" lifts itself above the bulk of the war plays and above its own shortcomings is in its occasional scenes of honest emotion dredged up out of character unsentimentalized and momentarily caught for what it honestly is, in its periodic strainlessness and dramatic ease, and in its skilful suggestion of external psychic forces operating upon its personages. The play is acted with a perfection that one seldom encounters.

II

Vox Brieux

It becomes increasingly evident that a considerable number of Anglo-American playwrights and producers confuse a mere loud statement of some hitherto theatrically unspoken phase of sex with meritorious drama. In the last few years we have had any number of inferior plays that would surely never have got a hearing save for a scene in their second acts wherein the heroine, elaborating upon Houghton's La Hawthorne, delivered herself of some kind of sexual Trotskyism or wherein the hero, elaborating upon Brieux's physician, delivered himself of some choice bits out of Marie Stopes. The theatres have been filled with plays, none of them worth the powder to blow them up, that have offered utterly nothing in the way of drama but speeches proclaiming the desirability of countenancing adultery to avoid divorce, the justifiability of having babies out of wedlock, the merits of indiscriminate gazumping, and the idiocy of such rococo persons as still believe in the common precepts of morality and decency.

Once in a blue moon a playwright comes along and, despite the circumstance that he has a relatively new observation to make on sexual conduct, yet remains mindful of the fact that it is necessary for him to exercise some literary and dramatic skill in its development and presentation. But, in the general run of things, our playwrights seem to imagine that they can startle an audience out of the consciousness of their immaturity as craftsmen merely by booming suddenly into its ears some hypo-

thetically shocking anatomical philosophy. The nonsense has grown into the proportions of a fashion, which continues stubbornly for all the audiences' noticeable disinclination to submit themselves to it.

The latest example of this post-Brieux stuff is a Theatre Guild exhibit, "Man's Estate," by Beatrice Blackmar and Bruce Gould. After a first act of laborious preparation that brings down its curtain on the familiar movie episode showing the hero significantly leading the young heroine down to the river bank, we are given the stereotyped second act that hangs around the stage waiting for the authors to speak their theoretically startling little piece. The piece duly spoken, the play then ritualistically reverts again to the old established form and ends on the conventional note of marriage and a little house in the country. All that the play relies upon are a few lines in the second act asserting that it is better for a woman to live with a man than to marry him and ruin his career, that an illegitimate baby may be glorified by love, and that a certain surgical operation (the stage is free to speak of matters that are forbidden to magazines by the post-office department, thus imposing upon the latter the necessity for delicate circumlocution) is not nearly so serious a feat as it is commonly supposed to be. The drawing of character, the action, the humor, the writing grace revealed in the play are negligible; the one and only thing upon which it rests its claim to a hearing are the animadversions noted.

It is strange to find the Theatre Guild, the most intelligent and praiseworthy force in our theatre, devoting itself to such a manuscript. Is it possible that it has fallen for the patriotic critical flapdoodle that argues it to be the duty of producers to give American playwrights a hearing willy-nilly? If it permits itself unduly to succumb to that bosh, I shall entertain serious fears for its future. American playwrights deserve a hearing only when they are good; the theatre is not a nursery for immaturity. A writer's private workshop is the place for his struggles to make something of himself. There was a time when the Guild was properly to be criticized for not giving native playwrights a chance, when it mule-like declined to give an ear even to O'Neill. But it has some time since showed that its heart was in the right place and has earned sufficient absolution. There is no reason for it to humble its position now in presentations that have nothing more to recommend them than the dubious circumstance that they were not written by Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen or Italians.

The idea that there are dozens of excellent American plays lying in desk drawers because no producer will spend his money on them only proves—if they are anything like the dozens of American plays I have read in manuscript—what sagacious critics and business men the aforesaid producers are. Let us stop all this gabble about giving the American playwright the hearing that is denied him; if he is any good at all, he always gets that hearing. What is more, he seems to get it often enough when he is no good. A glance back at the hundreds of American plays produced during the last four or five years proves that sufficiently. I repeat what I have often written: I happen, in the line of professional activities, to be pretty well in touch with the great body of hopeful American playwrights; I read and have read their manuscripts until my eyes have given out; and never yet—in the fifteen years I have thus been serving God—have I encountered a reputable or even half-way reputable play that wasn't eagerly pounced upon by some producer or other and put on view in a New York theatre. Instead of wasting its efforts upon an American play like this "Man's Estate"—which the critically prudent Mr. Jed Harris had abandoned after a brief road try-out—the Guild might much better have produced some such French play as Amiel's "The Image," some such German play as Hasenclever's "Marriages Are Made in Heaven," some such Italian play as "Death Takes a Holiday," or some such Irish play as Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie."

III

Mr. Drinkwater's Chuckle

In "Bird in Hand," John Drinkwater, after much heavy effort at the rewriting of history in terms of the box-office, turns on his unsuspected humorous taps and produces a comedy with a full body of fun. Like much that Mr. Drinkwater has written for the theatre, the play betrays an impulse deliberately to tickle the prejudices of paying audiences, but on this occasion the author has embellished the carefully planned tickle with so much jocosity that one loses sight of it. At bottom, his play is the venerable hokum implicit in the fable of the superiority of the commoner to the blue-blood—the hokum of show-house stuff since our childhood; but he employs it merely as a springboard from which to dive into fresh and laughing waters.

Drinkwater, abandoning his commercial solemnities on the theoretical English admiration of American heroes, along with Stuart and Cromwellian Madame Tussaud exhibitions, now kicks up his heels with an engaging facility. It may or may not be true that Englishmen as a race have no sense of humor, but it certainly is noticeable that most of England's serious authors often surprise one with a sense of humor that no one has hitherto surmised. Galsworthy, Moore, Bennett, Wells (who has always intrinsically been an ironically waggish fellow), Kipling, Montague, even Chesterton have now and again shown a nice gift of humor, and they are but a few out of many. Drinkwater's comicalities, true enough, are of a much lower order, but they are none the less comicalities grounded upon a pretty fair grade of observation of life and character.

"Bird in Hand" is simply the tale of three ill-assorted Englishmen who happen into a wayside inn, who are drawn into the innkeeper's family's troubles, and who assist in their resolution. It is out of these three characters that Drinkwater extracts his comedy. Imbedded in external happenings that treat stalely of a box-office Yorkshireman's hostility to his daughter's marrying into a titled family, they are yet kept bounceful and alive by a dozen and one touches of reality and by a humorous comprehension of the three separate orders of men they represent and depict. The idiotically vain member of the bar, preening his self-importance like some rained-on peacock, the addle-pated young Englishman who imagines himself to be searching for material for a novel, the tender, humble little traveling salesman in sardines—these, save in such instances as the mechanical plot catches them in its wheels, are recognizably human and eminently droll achievements. In act, mind, tone and comportment they are not merely actors reciting lines in character; they are characters. Not being the artist that some such fellow-countryman as, say, Ashley Dukes or Maugham is, Drinkwater is periodically unable to sustain their integrity and on such occasions they relapse into mere anticking actors. But when he manages to forget the box-office for a spell and, with it, the necessity for arbitrary clowning, he contrives to make them soundly and imaginatively photographic.

Sitting before the exhibit, the manner in which English actors garble the matter of English articulation and pronunciation is again impressed upon us. If American actors conducted their speech after any such fashion the critics would have ample justification in marching upon the headquarters of the local Actors' Equity union and setting the torch to it. *Possible* rendered as *pawssible*, *were* as *ware*, and *here* as *h'yaw* may conceivably be appropriate to the stage of a London vaudeville theatre, but they are hardly to be regarded as parts of the English language.

IV

The Provincial Bier

To believe that it is bad plays that have killed what is known in theatrical parlance as the road—the contention of the majority of critics—is to have a magnifi-

cent faith in the sudden achievement of æsthetic perception on the part of millions of Americans. It might be well to call to the attention of these critics the fact that the road was in its heyday when the fare it got consisted of such junk as "The Old Homestead," "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "The County Fair," "A Parlor Match," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Shepherd King," "A Trip to Chinatown," "The Gladiator," "Christopher, Jr.," "The Eagle's Nest," "The Charity Ball," "Darkest Russia," one-bloodhound "Uncle Tom" troupes, "Trilby," "Blue Jeans," "The Heart of Maryland," "Shenandoah," "Because She Loved Him So," "The Lost Paradise," "The Coronet of the Duchess," "A Fool of Fortune," "David Harum," "The White Slave," "The Helmet of Navarre," "Virginius," "In Old Kentucky," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Mlle. Mliss," "Are You a Mason?," "All on Account of Eliza," "Quo Vadis," "Mice and Men," and "A Poor Relation." When the road was at the height of its glory, the plays were at their very worst. For every meritorious new play or revival of a classic that the average American road city got, it got a dozen beside which such low dishes and failures of the last season as "Hotbed," "These Days" and "Vermont" were authentic works of art.

The theory, furthermore, that large numbers of erstwhile theatregoers in the hinterland have deserted the theatre for the movies must be believed chiefly by such persons as are persuaded that men and women whose taste is for the drama, however seldom that taste may be gratified with something worth-while, can possibly be interested in the movies even as a periodic diet. If such men and women don't go to the theatre, they stay at home. Certainly no film joint gets them.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

What Is It All About?

THE MODERN TEMPER, by Joseph Wood Krutch. $2.50. 8¼ x 5¼; 249 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

SCIENCE & GOOD BEHAVIOR, by H. M. Parshley. $2.50. 8 x 5¼; 281 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION *and Other Essays*, by Alfred North Whitehead. $2.50. 7¾ x 4⅞; 247 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

ALL three of these authors grapple with the dark problems arising out of the relations between human progress and human happiness. Are we really getting on? Is modern man better off or worse off than his ancestors? And what do the fates seem to promise him hereafter? The answer of Dr. Krutch is completely pessimistic. "Ours," he concludes gloomily, "is a lost cause, and there is no place for us in the natural universe." He hastens to add that "we are not, for all that, sorry to be human" and "should rather die as men than live as animals," but it seems to me that in this brave appendix there is a falsetto touch: he is really quite ready for the coroner. Dr. Whitehead is far more confident and comfortable. What with Einstein bearing down upon him to windward and Planck bristling to leeward, he is obviously not as certain as he'd like to be about the future, but he continues to put a hearty, John Bullish reliance in the present. "The present," he says, "contains all that there is. It is holy ground." Dr. Parshley goes the rest of the way. He sees nothing ahead save improvement. Soon or late, he believes, we'll get rid of both the old theology and the new mathematics, and go back to hard facts. Human conduct, ceasing to be grounded on superstition and metaphysics, will get its sanctions from observation and experiment, and man will become a fully rational animal at last. Parshley, like Krutch, is not sorry to be human. But his lack of sorrow is not mere politeness to God; it is high confidence in man.

Krutch, in his preface, invites the *ad hominem* attack. His book, he says, was "written largely for my own satisfaction, and grew out of an effort to understand myself." What ails him, I suspect, is simply a bad case of Christian *Katzenjammer*. Born and reared in the great Baptist commonwealth of Tennessee and introduced to the humanities in her Talmud-Torah schools, he had reached man's estate before he made his escape. That escape has already taken him far, but there is not room enough in one man's life to take him all the way. He is at pains, in "Who's Who in America," to give notice that he is an agnostic. His sons, if he has any, will scarcely think it worth while to mention the fact; his grandsons will accept it quite as naturally as they accept the fact that they are white. But Krutch himself, for all his fine intelligence and independent character, is bound to show some of the tide marks of the baptismal pool. He simply can't shake off the Christian delusion that human life is animated by some transcendental and grandiose purpose, that a mysterious divine plan runs through it, that there are lessons in it for philosophers, which is to say, for theologians. All that, I make so bold as to believe, is what Al calls bolony. The one demonstrable aim of man is to hang on gallantly to his ball of mud, whirling through space. That hanging on, viewed realistically, is a superb adventure, and it has bred and developed, within the brief span of human history, a series of qualities that are sturdy, useful and noble. Will

they diminish as man learns better tricks, and hence hangs on more securely, and has a safer and pleasanter ride? Are they diminishing today? I see no indication of it. On the contrary, it seems to me that there is a steady improvement. The notion to the contrary arises out of a sentimental nostalgia for the old facile certainties, like that of a grown woman for her dolls.

Dr. Krutch somewhere speaks of an increasing "meanness of human life"—as I recall it, in a passage dealing with Shakespeare. That is more bolony. Human life is quite as spacious and charming today as ever it was. Shakespeare himself, compared to Wagner, lived like a pig. Aristotle, compared to Einstein, was an ignoramus. Is it a sign of decay that the Greek tragedies no longer make us tremble? Plainly not. It is a sign that we are better men than the Greeks were. They never invented anything half so ingenious as the printing press or the photographic camera. They never discovered anything as important as the cell. They never produced a political document to compare to the Bill of Rights. Their governments were transitory and corrupt, their wars were bloody and idiotic, their pleasures were barbaric, and their comforts were those of prisoners in a chain-gang. I do not argue here, remember, that the present age has brought in complete human felicity; I do not even argue that it is better than any age of the past, for I believe that the Eighteenth Century, in more than one way, was superior to it. But that it is dull and mean, and that its ideas are vain and invalid—this I deny in a voice of brass. Dr. Krutch, rehearsing all the familiar theological objections to modern science, maintains that its light "is not adapted to our eyes, and is not anything by which we can see." What could be more ridiculous? If it had enabled us to see nothing save the flatulent imbecility of theology it would have served us far better than any light that ever dazzled the past. To be sure, we still have wars and politicians, but is it nothing to have got rid of gods and ghosts?

Parshley is on far firmer ground. A zoölogist by trade, he stands clear of that irresolution which afflicts, of late, so many of his scientific brethren. He makes no effort to compromise with the superstitions which come down to us from ignorant and ignoble ages. He sees no reason why men of intelligence should mourn the dead gods; he is plainly glad that they are dead, and convinced that man will get along better without them than he ever got along with them. He rejects the ridiculous assumption that religion is "the sum total of worthy aspirations," and shows that many of the worthiest of aspirations are in conflict with it, or it with them. He sees human existence as the great adventure that I have described, and believes that man will meet its challenge with increasing courage and success as his knowledge increases. He can see nothing virtuous in ignorance, even when it is pious; he can see nothing ignoble in knowledge, even when it is useless. To dismiss this position as materialistic, as theologians are fond of doing, is sheer nonsense. It is really the reverse of materialistic. It posits man, not as a slave laboring miserably for meagre and uncertain rewards, but as a soldier waging a good fight. It makes for courage, self-respect, nobility. It is completely and singularly human. And on the ethical plane it meets every pragmatic test, for it works better than any other scheme of things, old or new. Who ever heard of an archbishop who was as dignified and admirable a man as Charles Darwin?

Dr. Whitehead, as I have said, lurks in the wilderness between Parshley and Krutch. There are moments when he seems to be following some of his mathematical colleagues into the gaudy metaphysics which now entertains them, but always he hauls himself up and replants himself firmly upon solid earth. "Our only exact data as to the physical world," he says on his last page, "are our sensible perceptions." It is a comforting assurance. Reading such amateur theologians as Eddington, one is apt to conclude despondently

that the universe is no more than a series of mirages, without order and without substance. The incompleteness of human knowledge begins to be thought of as proof that knowledge is impossible. It is—to metaphysicians. But not, let us hope, to better men. Dr. Whitehead devotes a large part of his book to discussing ways and means of propagating it. What he has to say is unfailingly persuasive. He warns against theories that are merely theories. Theorizing, to be sure, has its high uses, but unless what is proved can be utilized it need not be given too much attention. The central concern of the educational process is "the problem of keeping knowledge alive, of preventing it from becoming inert. . . . Today we maintain ourselves. Tomorrow science will have moved forward yet one more step, and there will be no appeal from the judgment which will then be pronounced on the uneducated. . . . Where attainable knowledge could have changed the issue, ignorance has the guilt of vice." Amen!

Of the three books, Dr. Parshley's is the easiest to read. His writing is clear and free-flowing, and he is full of pungent examples and other stimulants of the attention. There are some charming *obiter dicta* in it—for example, on religion, on taboo and on honor—, and he performs mightily against such wind-jammers as C. E. Ayres. Dr. Whitehead also writes well, but now and then he falls into mathematical jargon and pollutes his discourse with equations. Dr. Krutch has a graceful and dignified style, but it tends to become monotonous. There is no bounce in it, no shifting of mood, no rhythmic variety.

Experiments by Old Hands

SWORDS & ROSES, by Joseph Hergesheimer. $3.50. 8⅜ x 5⅝; 327 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

HELLO TOWNS! by Sherwood Anderson. $3. 8⅛ x 5¼; 338 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

HERE we have two veteran performers trying new tricks. Hergesheimer, turning aside from his novels of the exquisite, sets up as an historian of the Civil War, and Anderson, abandoning his novels of the *mashuggah*, offers a series of portraits of the real people of a real country town, named by name and pointed out on the map. It seems to me that neither makes a complete success, but that both manage to be extraordinarily interesting. Hergesheimer's weakness for the past, and especially for the not too distant American past, is well known: it informs every line of "The Three Black Pennys," "Java Head," "Balisand" and "The Bright Shawl," not to mention "From an Old House." Here he yields to it voluptuously, and his own delight in it drenches his pages. Seldom has he written anything more gorgeous than certain parts of "The Deep South," his first chapter. And seldom has he thrown more plausible lights into the dark recesses of his people. The Varina Howell Davis that he presents may not be the woman who was Jefferson Davis's second wife, but for all that she is brilliantly real. And so with the incredible Nathan Bedford Forrest, the even more incredible Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, and the quite fabulous John Newland Maffitt. His gallery, like that of Gamaliel Bradford, contributes something genuine and valuable to an understanding of the Civil War. He makes the South romantic, but he also makes it human.

There are, to be sure, serious defects in his book. One of them is a certain disconcerting inconsistency. On page 28 he explains that the Southerners had no respect for the democratic ideal—that they did not believe "that the dignity of the entire human race is implied and represented by every individual"; but on page 162, in seeking to account for the unpopularity of Beauregard, he argues that they had a strong "feeling for equality, of the integrity of the individual," and that "Thomas Jefferson had not been long enough dead for them to have become aristocratic at heart." The contradiction, of course, is not wholly Hergesheimer's. It lies implicit in the facts. The aristocratic tradition, in the South as elsewhere, was necessarily the possession of only a small class;

the common people were democrats, as they have been at all times and everywhere. But the Civil War, below the Potomac, broke down all the bars of class; it became, at least at one stage, an almost universal uprising. Thus it threw up men of all kinds, and the *post-bellum* Southern habit of thinking of them all as aristocrats is no more than a sentimentality. Some of them, and among them men of great importance, were actually Methodists and Baptists. No Methodist or Baptist has ever been an aristocrat, in the South or anywhere else. Certainly Stonewall Jackson was not. Certainly Forrest was not. Was Jeff Davis? I doubt it. He always disliked Beauregard, who was one, and he was greatly disliked in his turn by Lee, who was another. The whole matter needs more investigation than Hergesheimer has given to it. His book shows a spirit of patient inquiry, but it leaves me with a feeling that, for all his delight in the Old South, he is yet rather a stranger to it.

In the new rôle of historian he sometimes manages to be dull. Consider, for example, this passage from the chapter on Albert Sidney Johnston:

> He left Los Angeles with his Negro servant Randolph on the twenty-fifth of June, Eighteen-sixty, and went to Chino ranch and then to Warner's ranch; on the thirtieth of June he was at Vallecito. He left Vallecito that Sunday night, and rode eighteen miles to Carrizo Wells. He left Carrizo Wells three o'clock on the afternoon of Jui, first, and reached Indian Springs, thirty-seven miles distant, leaving the next day for Alamo Springs. It was twenty-eight miles; he went on at once—this was the third of July—thirty miles to Cook's Wells, and on the Fourth he continued to Fort Yuma. He left Yeager's Ferry, at Fort Yuma, on the seventh, and followed the Gila river, and thence two hundred and seventy miles to Tuscon. He reached there on the eighteenth, departed on the twenty-second, and rode thirty miles. On the twenty-third he rode forty miles to arrive at the bitter disappointment of a dry desert camp.

And so on, and so on. There are whole paragraphs of such stuff, mainly in descriptions of battles. All the habitual charm of the author vanishes, and the reader heaves and pitches as if beset by the balderdash of Dr. Hoover. Nor are matters made any better by such affectations as "the twenty-fifth of June, Eighteen-sixty." Why not June 25, 1860? If an artist turns statistician, then it is surely not unreasonable to ask him to use the straightforward symbols of statistics.

Anderson's book is made up of reprints from the two weekly papers that he runs down in Marion, Va., in the Blue Ridge, with a few additions from magazines. He reports a murder trial; he tells about the high jinks of the Marion Kiwanians; he describes a row in a Dunkard church; he recounts the life history of the town quarryman; he protests against the squalor of the town jail; he boosts the town band and cadges money for it; he proposes that a park be laid out, and gives it *in utero* the name of a notorious Christian theologian; he pokes fun at the town checker players, the mayor, the two cops, the sheriff, the barber, and other worthies. All this is done in English reduced to its elements. It seems, at times, to be the language of a little child, so naïve it is and bright in color. The book has little weight. Despite many typically Andersonian speculations about human motive and character, it keeps mainly to the surface. But it is charming reading for all that, and something new in the world. No one, so far as I know, has ever tried to do quite the same thing.

Is it generally known that Anderson, in one of his papers, supports Prohibition? It may seem incredible, but it is a fact. During the campaign last Fall it lavished goose-grease upon Bishop Cannon, and so probably helped to carry Smythe county for Hoover, the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. Let the fact be remembered the next time Anderson comes North and begins swimming in champagne, the old curse of the literati. But let it be remembered also, in justice to him, that his other paper supported Al. He inherited their clashing politics when he bought them. The old owner operated both of them for years, and to the complete satisfaction of the gentry and *bourgeoisie* of Marion.

American Worthies

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE: *A Political Fantasy*, by Gerald W. Johnson. $3.60. 8 x 6; 278 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

BRYAN, by M. R. Werner. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅜; 374 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

PLAIN PEOPLE, by E. W. Howe. $3. 8⅝ x 5⅜; 317 pp. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

THE United States may not be rich in giants, but it has always produced great shoals of odd fish. Here are three in a row—one dead so long that he is almost forgotten, another but lately translated to the Elysii Campi, and the third still very much alive. Why is so little heard, in these later days, about John Randolph of Roanoke? He was in politics for thirty years, and yet he was everything that the standard American politician is not. Call him an aristocratic La Follette, with overtones of Ingalls and Reed, and you have come near describing him. For a whole generation, in season and out of season, he flogged the dolts and rogues at Washington. More, he had enough steam left to flog a whole host of more or less honest men, including Jefferson. The man was all gall. He never built up; he always tore down. But he was one of the most useful job-holders ever to draw pay from the national treasury, and Mr. Johnson did well to write this excellent character sketch of him. It does not challenge William Cabell Bruce's exhaustive biography; it is frankly only a sketch. But, like Mr. Johnson's similar work on Andrew Jackson, it shows a thorough knowledge of the man and his time, and an extraordinary capacity for vivid and penetrating characterization.

Mr. Werner's book on Bryan is also good, though getting its great mass of facts into 359 pages occasionally subjects the author to painful and visible strains. The man that emerges is both pathetic and ridiculous, and rather more ridiculous than pathetic. Bryan, indeed, will probably go down into history as a comic character. As the idiotic mud-hole Christianity which was his life-long passion succumbs to the advancing enlightenment, he will become more and more unintelligible. It already seems half fabulous that a man of his worldly experience should have wallowed in such imbecilities. Mr. Werner shows how, as the hope of reaching the White House faded, they gradually dominated his life, and were reinforced by a typically theological malignancy. Bryan, in his last days, was no more than a walking boil. Whatever was esteemed by educated men was the target of his hatred. He died writhing, like a witch. Posterity, I believe, will be kind to him. It will not detest him, but laugh at him.

Mr. Howe's autobiography starts off superbly with a picture of his forlorn boyhood, but after that it is corrupted by reticences. The fact that it was written for the *Saturday Evening Post* is probably to blame. He is not only strangely secretive, for a man otherwise so frank, about his transactions with women; he is also careful to say next to nothing about Prohibition, a great pestilence in Kansas in his time. His account of his career as a newspaper editor, though it often mentions elections, avoids their issues. At the end of his narrative he prints the *principia* of his familiar philosophy. It is, for a Kansas product, curiously civilized. There are some oddities in it, but at bottom it is the philosophy of a gentleman. The most valuable thing in the world, he believes, is common decency. Ah, that William Allen White, Henry J. Allen, Charlie Curtis, and the rest of the cow-country sages could be taught that elemental fact!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), *was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher.*

JAMES BRANCH CABELL'S *latest book is "The White Robe."* [Cabell *has the accent on the first syllable, which is pronounced exactly like* cab.]

JAMES M. CAIN *is a newspaper man, now living in New York. During the war he was a private in the Headquarters Troop of the 79th Division, and after the Armistice was editor-in-chief of the* Lorraine Cross, *the division newspaper. The episode he relates actually took place.*

LOUISE CONANT *is the* nom de plume *of an employée in a New York Borax House.*

LOYAL DAVIS, M.D., PH.D., *is a graduate of Northwestern University, and associate professor of surgery in its medical school. His specialty is neurological surgery.*

BERNARD DEVOTO *is writing a critical biography of Mark Twain. He was formerly a member of the English department at Northwestern University.*

CHARLES J. FINGER *was born in England and educated at King's College, London, and at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He has been sailor, explorer, prospector in the Klondike, receiver for a group of railroads, director of a musical conservatory, and editor and publisher. He is the author of a dozen books. His present home is in Arkansas.*

H. J. GREENWOOL *is the pen name of a Chicago trade unionist who has regularly attended the recent conventions of the American Federation of Labor.*

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK *was educated at Yale. He was formerly one of the editors of* Judge *and is now on the staff of the New York* Sunday World.

GERALD W. JOHNSON *is an editorial writer on the Baltimore* Evening Sun.

DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT *was born in Maine, and educated at Yale College and the Harvard Law School. During the war he was in the Naval Air Forces. He is practicing law in Wilmington, Del.*

LAWRENCE M. MAYNARD *was born in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1900. A rover in his teens, he became a press agent at twenty, and later joined a traveling faith healing outfit. When it broke up he went to sea, and then drifted into the underworld. Convicted of burglary in New Jersey, he is now serving a seven years' term at Trenton. During the past year he has published eight articles and short stories and written a novel. He is also part author of a play.*

HOWARD LEE MCBAIN, PH.D., *is dean of the faculties of political science, philosophy, pure science and fine arts, and Ruggles professor of constitutional law, at Columbia. He is the author of numerous books, the most recent of which are "Prohibition, Legal and Illegal," and "The Living Constitution."*

JAMES ONEAL *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER *is the author of half a dozen volumes of verse and the editor of a number of anthologies, and is well known as a critic of poetry.*

CHARLES MORROW WILSON *was born in Fayetteville, Ark., in 1905, and was graduated from the University of Arkansas in 1926. He writes occasionally for the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

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*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names are fictitious.

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Editorial NOTES

JAMES ONEAL, whose article, "The Umpire of Fairness," appears in this issue, is one of the leading Socialist publicists in America. He was born in Indianapolis on March 13, 1875, the son of an American father and an English mother. His father served in the Civil War, and died in 1890. James, who was then fifteen, was thus forced to leave public school, and go to work in a rolling-mill. He did not finish the sixth grade, and this was all the formal education he has ever had. Whatever reading he did thereafter, he did in hours when not at work. "I consumed a great deal of trash," he says,

James Oneal

> before I learned to discriminate. My interest gradually turned to American economic, social, and political history. I turned a political rebel in 1898, and have never been reclaimed. I followed the late Eugene V. Debs into the Socialist movement. I left the rolling-mill in 1903 and rambled around the country, soapboxing, occasionally editing some weekly, writing pamphlets and doing odd jobs in the radical movement. In 1910 I brought out a small book entitled "The Workers in American History," which took so well that I expanded it into a larger book a few years later. It is now in its fourth edition, and still in demand. My other works include "American Communism" (1927), which steered clear of the Hughes-Coolidge-Kellogg version of the Russian imp and of the Bolshevik version of a Russian saint; "History of the Amalgamated Garment Cutters'

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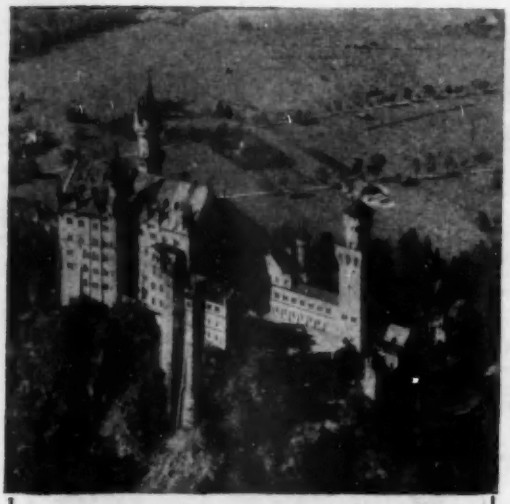

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

Union" (1927), a study of a skilled union in the ladies' wear section of the garment industry; and about a dozen pamphlets on a variety of economic and political questions. I am a special writer for the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and the Milwaukee *Leader*. At present I am writing a book on American politics from the colonial beginnings to the present. I was an editorial writer on the defunct New York *Call* from 1918 to the time of its collapse in 1923, and am now editor of the *New Leader*, a Labor and Socialist weekly, published in New York.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is offering two prizes of $500 each, one to male students and the other to women students, for the best essays on college life in America, received before August 1. The aim of the contest is to show how the four years of college life appear to actual graduates. In the treatment of the subject a wide margin will be allowed, but it is hoped that contestants will confine themselves as much as possible to personal experiences. The conditions:

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2. Each must be a wholly original work by a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or its equivalent.
3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college frequented, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.
4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.
5. THE AMERICAN MERCURY may make offers for a few MSS. other than those awarded prizes, but their authors are free to decline such offers.
6. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the sole judge of the competition.

The honoraria will be paid on August 2, and the two prize-winning articles will be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October. The MSS. of all other articles, if accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelopes, will be returned to their authors on August 3.

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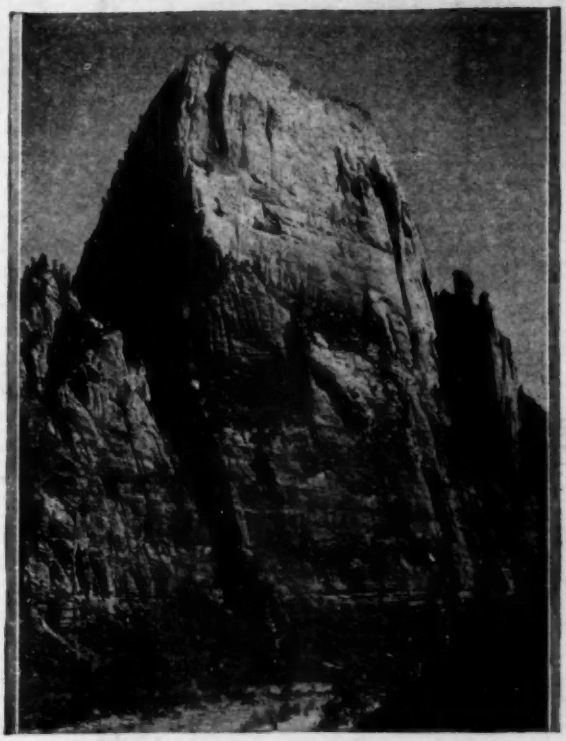

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The INVESTOR

PREFERRED STOCKS

By Rudolph L. Weissman

For three-quarters of a century the preferred stock was accepted as a satisfactory medium for investment. Recently, as a result of the insatiable appetite for common stocks, and of a critical attitude involving the revision of many financial theories, the desirability of the preferred stock as a group has been questioned. For instance, Dr. R. E. Badger, in his "Investment Principles and Practices" reaches the conclusion that "as a class preferred stocks, particularly those of industrial companies, are the least desirable of all securities. This is particularly true of non-cumulative issues, while participating or convertible issues may be classed as more desirable than common stocks, where the rights are liberally given. There are many who hold that preferred stocks are undesirable, because they have all the weaknesses of bonds, with none of their advantages; and all the weaknesses of common stocks, with none of their advantages."

One is tempted to inquire, then, how preferred stocks came into existence, and if their essential position is so fundamentally weak, how the large volume of issues flows to the market. Dr. Badger, together with other authorities, seems to think that the preferred stock had its origin in the exigencies of railroad reorganizations, since the preferred stock was first used in this country in connection with railroad financing. Recent studies, however, indicate that it developed as a result of an attempt to secure new subscribers to early railroad

Continued on page xxxii

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxx

projects. The plan, as Mr. G. H. Evans, Jr., recently pointed out in the *American Economic Review*, was to promise a definite dividend until the road was on a paying basis, and when this condition had been reached, to convert the preferred into common shares. Later, in the first great period of industrial consolidation, the 7% preferred stock became a standard part of the capital plan. Industrial bonds were frowned upon, and the usual method was to issue a preferred stock in the amount of the tangible assets, large portions usually going to the retiring owners of the constituent corporations, while the common stock was issued against future earning power and goodwill. Having become part of the accepted scheme of things, the preferred stock was found to fit in nicely in the philosophy of corporation finance. It was held that between the bond, with its small risk and little return, and the common stock, with its large risk and possibilities of large dividends, there was room for a security which yielded a greater return than might be expected on a bond, and on which the whole risk of industrial fluctuations was not shouldered.

Aside from the fundamental distinction that preferred stock represents ownership, however limited, and that a bond is an obligation to pay a fixed sum, with stated interest, the rights of the holder are determined by the terms of the contract under which the preferred stock has been issued. It is entirely settled that calling stock preferred does not of itself determine the holder's rights. All attempts to devise a form of security which should possess all the attributes of stock, and at the same time preserve a specific lien upon the corporation's assets, which should be superior to the claims of creditors, have been defeated for the two things are inherently inconsistent. There are many instances in which

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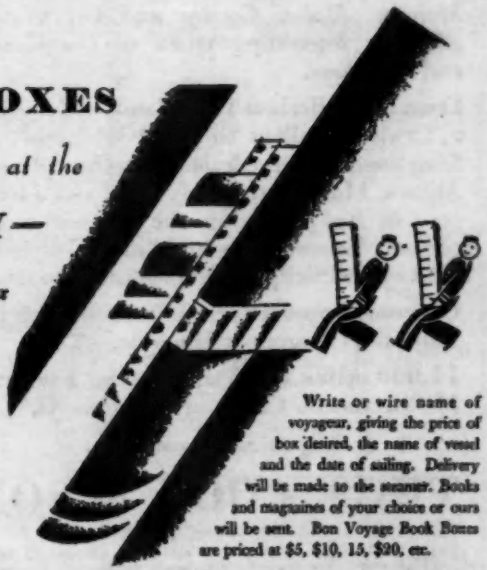

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxii

the courts have held securities denominated bonds to be stock, and *vice versa*.

A preferred stock is said to be cumulative if in the event that dividends for any period are not paid, whether actually earned or not, the arrears must be paid before a distribution is possible on the common stock. In the case of a non-cumulative preferred stock, on the other hand, a dividend that is not declared is lost. This naturally works to the disadvantage of the preferred stockholder.

Efforts have been made to strengthen the position of non-cumulative preferred stockholders. Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr. of the Columbia University Law School took up the cudgels against the long-held popular interpretation that the word non-cumulative means that dividends, once passed or omitted, are dead. The courts, in two important instances, have maintained on principles of equity, rather than on anything that could be spelled directly out of the provisions of the contract, that since the failure to pay dividends operates to the exclusive advantage of common stockholders, there is great danger that the judgment of the directors, chosen by the latter, will be warped. The most recent success is in connection with the class A preferred stock of the Wabash Railway Company, issued under the following terms: "The 5% Profit Sharing Preferred Stock A shall be entitled to receive preferential dividends in each fiscal year up to the amount of 5% before any dividends shall be paid upon any other stock of this corporation, but such dividends on the 5% Profit Sharing Preferred A shall be non-cumulative." Nevertheless, the Circuit Court of Appeals held that the earnings of each year became a surplus account, marked, in a sense, in favor of such stockholders, *i.e.*, year by year an inchoate right in undivided surplus arose in favor of the preferred shareholders which could not be

Continued on page xxxvi

. . . After a hard day -all in - just don't want to 'go nowhere or do nothin'"

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XXXV

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ART CRAFTS
GUILD TRAVEL BUREAU
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180 North Michigan, CHICAGO

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxiv

divested. According to this position, if dividends are earned in any particular year, even though they are used for improvements and betterments, common stockholders cannot share in the profits unless and until dividends have been paid on the preferred stock up to the amount of the earnings of the particular year. The distinction between cumulative and non-cumulative stock was declared to be that dividends on the former must be paid without regard to the year in which they were earned, but non-cumulative dividends, payable in any year, were wholly dependent upon the earnings of the year in which they were paid.

Of great importance are the provisions now favored, protecting the stockholder against the creation of mortgages, or other funded debt, maturing in more than twelve months from the making thereof. Usually, the consent of two-thirds or three-fourths in interest of the stock outstanding is necessary. Before additional preferred shares shall be issued, it is customary to require a certain ratio of net tangible assets and of earnings in the period immediately preceding. It would be salutary if an insistent demand arose for the insertion of a provision against the impairment of the corporation's working capital position. Such provisions are common in debenture obligations, and the preferred stockholder should not be helpless in the face of a management with whose interests it is all too infrequently identified.

Redemption and sinking fund features add to the hybrid nature of preferred stocks. They were practically unknown until industrial corporations began to use preferred stocks as convenient substitutes for bonds. The redemption price is generally fixed at a premium above the original offering price. The weak corporation rarely avails itself of the option, and the price at which the preferred stock of a corporation

Continued on page xxxviii

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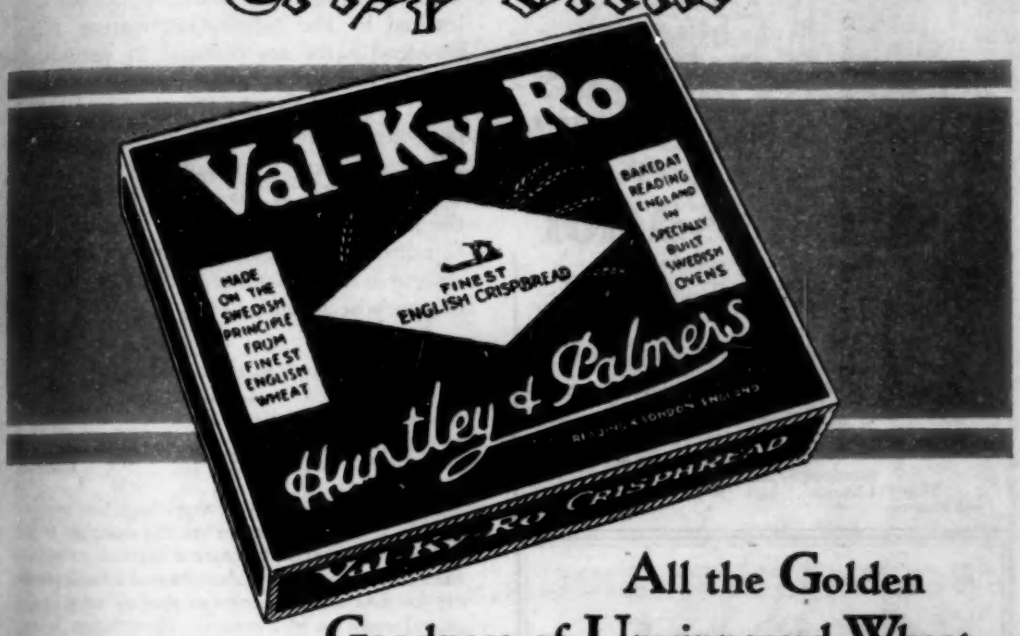
Crisp Bread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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxvi

in a strong financial position can reach is limited by the redemption feature. High dividend rates are reduced in periods of credit ease, and reinvestment is necessary under unfavorable conditions. The sinking fund nominally increases the assets available for the stock remaining outstanding. Unfortunately, it may not operate when the stock cannot be bought below the redemption price. The creation of a dividend reserve in these instances would accomplish the purpose intended.

New Financial Books

ELEMENTS OF BUSINESS FINANCE.
By Joseph Howard Bonneville. *Prentice-Hall*
$5 6 x 9; 421 pp. *New York*

This is a revised edition of a text-book used in many schools. It is clearly written and the essentials of the subject are treated with constant reference to present financial practice. The author planned a book primarily for class use and recognizes that its value to the general reader has been impaired. Nevertheless, it constitutes a most satisfactory introduction. In a brief volume of this kind, the devotion of an entire chapter to illegal combinations, and of barely a page to integration in industry, seems to be ill-advised. The author is assistant professor of finance at New York University. The book contains an index, and questions and problems.

MANAGERIAL PROFIT SHARING.
By C. Canby Balderston. *John Wiley & Sons*
$2.50 6¼ x 9¼; 127 pp. *New York*

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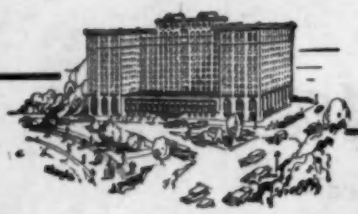

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THE PURSUIT OF THE QUARRY

For those whose hobby is searching out literary treasures, The Literary Bazaar and the announcements of booksellers found on pages XXII & XXIII of this issue offer many interesting trails to follow.

turn to front advertising section—pages XXII & XXIII

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* April, 1929

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner).
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SAMUEL KNOPF
(Business Manager)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1929.
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Cert. filed in N. Y. Co., No. 149, Reg. No. [illegible]
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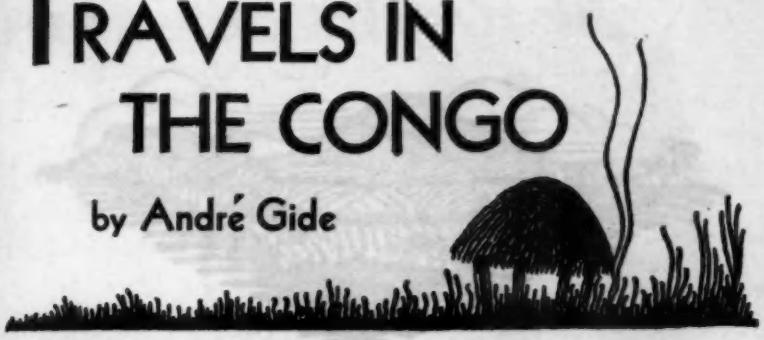

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